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A PASTEL BY
NEYSA McMEIN

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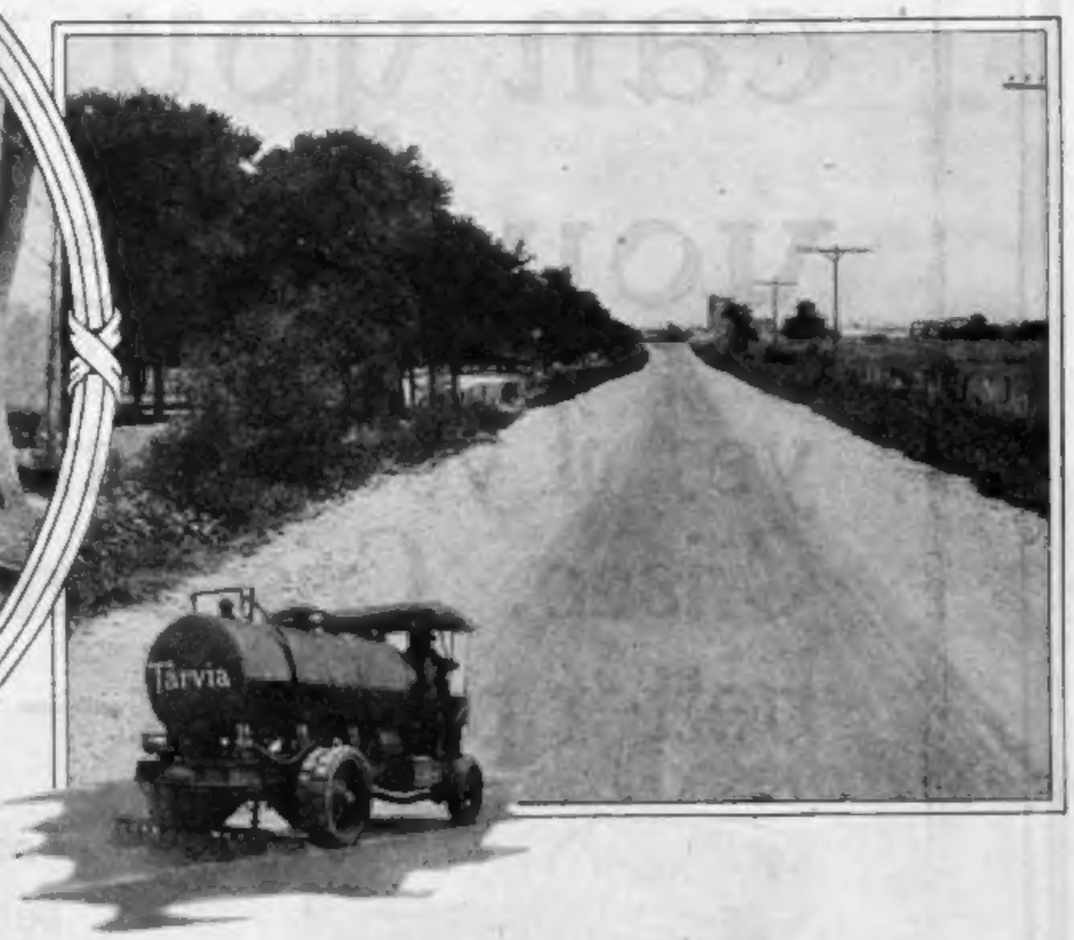

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DECLARE YOURSELF IN

By William G. Shepherd

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

NOW that the election is over, the question rises, How much did you and I—we folks who are known as Mister Common People—have to do with it? When we went to the polls in our old-fashioned derby, our rather ragged side whiskers, our baggy trousers, and with the proverbial worried look on our faces entered the polling booths, how much did we really have to do with choosing a President and a Congress? As householders, as business men, as family men, as salaried men, who follow a daily trail to and from the office, how much of a say did we really have in choosing our Government for the coming four years?

And how much did our wives, proud of their newly acquired right to walk into a polling booth in the near-by barber shop and cast a vote for a presidential candidate, really have to say about who should be President of these United States?

Now be it understood that in trying to answer these not unimportant queries what is hereinunder written was set down some weeks before election day and some time before anyone knew for certain which of the two leading candidates was to have the mandate of the people.

We know now in all likelihood just who will stand up on the platform on Capitol Hill that snowy, bleak day next March and take the oath of presidential office, and more or less we are all ready to stand behind him, as best we may during the ensuing four years, in the good old-fashioned American way that differentiates us from lesser republics which find difficulty in abiding by election-day returns. We shall struggle along with him some way, and he will struggle along with us; and we know that, take it all in all, the old United States will yaw along somehow toward its destiny. For all we know, what with his help and our own, plus the aid of the providence of nations, his term may bring our country more prosperity and progress than it has ever known before.

The Two Thousand Who Did the Selecting

BUT we are not, at this early day, passing on him. The questions I have asked have nothing at all to do with the President-elect. The answers that are purported to be made to these questions do not pertain to him individually in any way, to his personality, his ability, his career or his prospects. These questions are not about candidates, but about us folks who did the voting on election day.

A lot of us voted for the man who lost and more of us voted for the man who won. To those of us who voted for the loser the question, "What did you do in the great election?" may not at this time, with political wounds still open, seem to come with any degree of tact or grace. For those who voted for the winner the question gives opportunity for a flood of happy triumphant answers; as, for instance, "What do you mean, what did I do?" or, "Oh, not much, except that my vote helped to put him in."

But in reality, lumping us all together as American citizens, voters for the winner as well as for the loser, how much, way down deep, did we really have to do with the selection of our new President?

Hold tight now, for the answer is not a pleasant one. It is an answer that does not reflect on the President-elect, or on the political institutions of the United States, or even to any great extent on our political methods. It reflects entirely on us to the extent of making us look like a lot of dubs, with only ourselves to blame for our dubbishness. The answer is that, no matter how estimable our coming President may prove to be, you and I, as common, ordinary, everyday citizens and voters, had very, very little to do with selecting him.

In reality less than one-tenth of one per cent of the citizens of the United States chose this man; and you and I, on election day, went to the polls and confirmed their selection. We had the choice of two men, who had been chosen by minorities of the citizenry; and what we did, in truth, on election day was to confirm the selection of one of these men and reject the other.

While you and I, belonging to the great majority, had a choice between two men, there were other citizens of the United States, much in the minority, who had a wider range of selection. This minority, consisting of some 2000 citizens who gathered in the two conventions of the great parties, had before them the names of some twenty-eight citizens who were candidates for the nomination. Out of the twenty-eight men these 2000 Republican and Democratic citizens, who had gathered from every corner of the land, selected the two gentlemen for whom we cast our votes in the November election.

The Individual Voter Not Consulted

THESE 2000 citizens of both parties, who bravely fought and cheered and yelled and voted their way through days of excitement, were known as delegates. They got to Chicago and to San Francisco by perfectly legal means, provided for in the system of government in these United States, and they did their work legally and quite within all the rules of law and politics.

But how did it come, you and I may ask, that they had a field of some twenty-eight men from whom to choose two candidates, while you and I never had a chance to raise our voices until two men stood before us asking for our votes?

Someone sent them to the conventions. Theoretically it was you and I who voted for them as delegates and told them to go to Chicago and San Francisco and pick their candidates; but in reality how much did you and I really have to do with selecting these delegates and telling them what we would like to have done?

Consider a minute and see if you can remember the name of the man or woman who represented your district in either the Chicago or the San Francisco convention. What part did you play, even if it should so happen that you do know the name of this important individual, in selecting him or her and letting him or her know what you as a citizen would like to have done at the convention, what you thought would be best for your city, your district, your state and your country?

Granted that you are the average American citizen, busy with his business, occupied in the heart of his home when he is not at his daily occupation, I must give these answers, based on what I learned, as an inquirer, at first hand at both the Chicago and the San Francisco conventions and what I have discovered since that time in energetic inquiry:

The average American citizen had nothing to do with the selection of delegates to the two conventions.

The average American citizen in all probability did not know the day or place when and where the delegates in his district were chosen.

The chances are that the average American citizen, if he had desired to assist in the selection of delegates, would not have known without deep inquiry how to go about the business of making his voice legally and effectively heard in the selection of such delegates.

The average American citizen—and, remember, we are not criticizing the delegates, for the impression of anyone who attended these conventions was that most of them did the best they could under the circumstances—watched the approach of the conventions with some interest, without realizing in the slightest that his interest should have developed along about the time that the delegates from his district were being chosen.

The average American, after the conventions—and this is true not only of the 1920 conventions but of all conventions within recent decades—has a feeling that somehow he has been left out of the game, sidetracked as it were, while his candidates were chosen for him.

The most important point of all is that while the average American citizen was suffering under this feeling of neglect he might have taken a hand in affairs and had his say if he had wanted to go to the trouble. Indeed, while he is blaming the people who are doing the work of making selections for him, these same people, known to most of us as politicians, were blaming him for not making himself vocal and letting them know what he had on his chest.

You and I shouted during the conventions, it is true. In both Chicago and San Francisco the galleries of common citizens went crazy and stayed crazy for many minutes at the mention of names which the conventions repudiated, but all this enthusiasm came too late. While you and I, before the conventions, before the selection of delegates even, were occupied with our own personal affairs, letting the country run as best it could, work was being done by others during our silence that could not be overthrown by mere shouting from a convention gallery.

The Professionals and the Amateurs

YOU and I are convention-time politicians; the men who really select the candidates in American conventions are all-the-year-round politicians. You and I are willing to play the big time in politics; they play the small time as well. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and fifty-two weeks in the year they are preparing for the big conventions and for the other great as well as small events in politics. They are in politics—in up to their necks; you and I are not even onlookers. Once every four years they give us the choice between two men and ask us to confirm one of their two selections, which we do, complaining meanwhile that they had twenty-eight men—indeed, thousands of men—to pick from, while we had only two.

Let us look at the politician's side of it for a moment. Suppose you go with me through my recent investigation of the political system in the United States and look at affairs through the eyes of ordinary citizens on a tour of discovery. The 1920 conventions were novelties to me. My work had attracted me to foreign wars and revolutions rather than to home affairs, and what I didn't know about American politics and the political system was all that any average American citizen doesn't know—and perhaps more.

As you sit in the press stand or in the gallery of a convention and see the delegates in their seats you find yourself wondering, "How did these folks get here? Who chose 'em? How will they know what to do?" Some of them are uninstructed; they have come here on their own hook. Others have been told what to do and how to vote; even as you look at them, the heads of their delegations may be giving them orders. They are supposed to represent the wishes of approximately half the voting population of the United States. Indeed, they hope and claim that they represent more than half. How does it come that half the voting population of the United States had so little to do with their selection and now has so little control over their actions?

At the mention of a certain name some of them go wild; others sit glumly in their seats, waiting for their time to go insane at the mention of some other name. Feelings are bitter, fully as bitter as those that will exist between the two parties at election time. You and I, as average citizens, know that before the convention is adjourned all of these delegates will go wildly happy over some man the mention of whose name now leaves them cold. What will be the influence that will wipe out all these animosities and make all these different-seeing Americans finally see as one? To our view these delegates in the seats look like ordinary folks, very much like you and me. Here are American men and women dressed as we are, coming from homes like ours, leaving businesses like ours for a convention hubbub; and they, under the mysterious influence that will finally bind them all together, will choose from a considerable list of names the name of one man for whom we shall be expected to cast our vote. What is this mysterious influence that will sway them?

You and I answer immediately "Politics." But if you ask us to go beyond that, to explain what politics really is and how it does its work, you have us dead to rights. We don't know anything about politics. A good many of us average American citizens say this proudly and boastingly. We don't know, we say, and we don't want to know. We say it's dirty business, not to be engaged in by a decent householder, and we sigh at the thought that Uncle Sam's continually recurring governments are thus selected.

An American business man who returned from the two conventions, which he had attended out of curiosity, declared to his friends, "I've got a respect for the virility of these United States that I'll never lose. After seeing those conventions I know that the United States is unkillable and eternal. Any country that can stand up under such a system as that will live forever. And to think that it has been going on for a hundred years! My money is on the United States forever! She's a cat for lives!"

You and I, too, may have this same feeling. While the bands blare and the crowds shout and the delegates tear up banners and stamp and jump and yell and march, we sigh and say to each other, "So that's the way we pick our governments in the United States! Mysterious politics puts its mysterious touch on these American citizens who are delegates, and the thing is done, without you or me having a word to say about it." Or we might feel like a certain correspondent who sat in the press stands at the two conventions and who had spent most of his mature years in Europe engaged in writing European politics for the American press. Time and again, as various demonstrations started, I heard him say, "Good Lord! I'm glad I haven't got some European friend sitting beside me asking what it all means."

So here's our mystery for us, made before our eyes: Who are these people? How did they get here to represent you and me? Why do not you and I have something to say about their being sent here, and why in the name of all that's sensible and important in running the affairs of this country do we not have something to say about the choice they will make of a candidate?

Why, one of the two men they choose in this seemingly offhanded and excited fashion will more or less fix our taxes for us, make our laws, settle our relations with other countries and perhaps commit our nation to policies that our children must follow for centuries to come! One of these two men will exercise a power that will reach right into our homes and our pocketbooks and our business offices and into the very heart of our lives! We shall be forced to commit into his hands all the past and present and future of the United States. All the great things that George Washington did and Thomas Jefferson did and Abraham Lincoln did; all that our fathers gained by toil and suffering and much war and bloodshed will repose in his hands during his term of office; to him we shall give more power for a period of four years than any monarch in the world to-day possesses. And though there were many men in the United States who might be great enough for this responsibility and for this honor, you and I, out of these many men, have the opportunity to select from only two, and these two are chosen by these smiling delegates who were sent to these conventions without the approval or the dissent of a vast majority of citizens and voters.

"Hats off," we say, "to the United States for surviving even four years under such a system as that!"

Politicians Bitter Toward the Public

SOON we begin to look round for someone to blame. I did at both conventions. Let us go to some of the politicians, as I actually did, and ask them how it is that so few average citizens have anything to do with the selection of either convention delegates or convention candidates. You'll find very soon that it's a question that makes them hot. If you think you're going to put one of these boys on the defensive you're mistaken. To your surprise, just as soon as one of them discovers you're an ordinary citizen, asking such a question, he'll attack you straight from the shoulder.

"If citizens don't like this it's their own fault," is the answer you'll get from both Republican and Democratic political leaders. "You can't get Americans interested in politics. All they'll do is to go to the polls on election day. The whole game is open to them if they want to come in; but they won't, and that's all there is to it."

I haven't imagined this answer; almost word for word it was given to me by one of the most prominent political bosses in the United States. In other forms it was repeated time and again by other politicians with whom I talked. During the conventions, as a correspondent, I had opportunity, with my average-citizen's viewpoint, to rub shoulders for days with the mightiest politicians of this land, and I found them all sincerely bitter against you and me for not coming into the political game, as they call it, and making our voices and our influences heard and felt.

That's the first jolt you get in your investigation of politics. Up there in the gallery or down in the press stand you sort of sensed that these politicians had none too much respect for you as Mister Common Citizen, and now you hear with your own ears an expression of that disrespect.

Don't let's hang round these politicians any too long. These men can make things mighty uncomfortable for us. They'll talk personal, and that will be embarrassing. But let them go for a minute to get the drift of what they think of us.

"I'll bet neither one of you knows in what district you live," says one of them. "You can't tell me the number

(Continued on Page 71)

SCARLET IBIS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

COMFORTABLY spread in the light bow of the canoe, Lynn Graves realized for the first time how supremely much he owed to Ettie. Not, he added mentally, in any essential thing—he was indebted to no woman, not even his sister, for what might now safely be called his success in life. But still, in ways that were—well—purely ornamental, she had brought him a new conception of the art of being. And this had come to her, and through Ettie to him, because of qualities certainly not essential in her; rather from trivial, superficial reasons. If Ettie hadn't been so graceful and if she had lacked her marked ability to invest her dress, her person, with the intangible quality inadequately called smartness, Sanford would never have loved her; and, that failing, it was probable that he, Lynn Graves, wouldn't have been paddled by a dexterous and silent Ojibway Indian over Lake Quamba.

Except in the vaguest manner, the chances were he would not have known that such pleasure existed. Graves of course had heard of the Canadian woods, the lakes of Ontario—men with money and leisure had camps there and traveled and fished with Indian guides—but they had seemed so far from him, so remote from his friends, and he hadn't given them a thought. Then Ettie, in France—that late place of chaotic emotions—had become engaged to Sanford Bassett; and, rapidly and imperceptibly, the change of which Lake Quamba was characteristic had come over their living, his and his sister's.

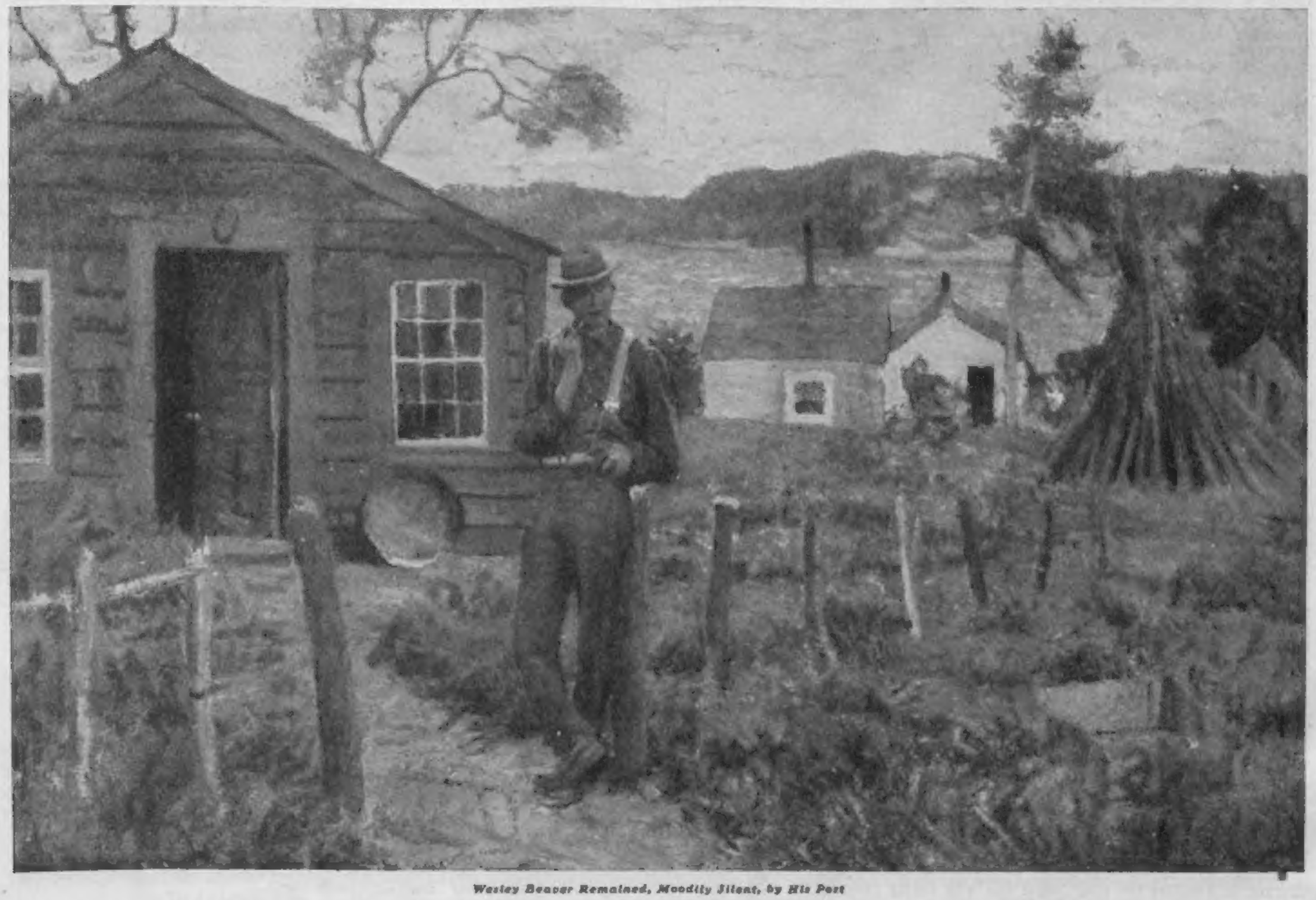
It wasn't, however, he told himself, at all as though they were in any social sense inferior—at bottom the Graveses were as good as the Bassetts; and they were in no way fallen from a better estate. Only, but for Ettie's personality, they weren't smart; he disliked that word excessively and tried to discover another, more satisfactory and descriptive, but he found nothing except "fashionable"—worse, if possible. The Bassetts were, then, to put it baldly, smart; and the entire atmosphere of that select condition was different from what, in the town of Eastlake, he had absorbed and known. In many ways he liked the new better than the old, discovering in himself clear evidence of snobbishness; and at the same time he was frequently uneasy. The servants—professional servants and not the temporary resentful females of Eastlake—bothered him a little; Graves was conscious of an annoyance, a quality of fundamental Americanism, at the contented servility of strong young men and men in the serious middle years. He had to restrain his impatience at the number of times he was addressed as sir. This, especially in the woods, seemed inappropriate, out of keeping with the surrounding simplicity. Yet to have, even here, his bath drawn in the morning; to have, as never before, his clothes in a perfection of pressed order, saturated him with a most grateful feeling of luxury; while the wandering breakfast with the hot dishes on the buffet, the broiled trout and silver racks of toast; the late dinner, well past eight, at once formal and easy, gave him a sensation of having penetrated to the region of the politest English romantic comedy.

Personally, when he was home, Lynn Graves lived very well indeed; his aunt, who kept his house, had a reputation in Eastlake—a place of mingled shrewdness and bounty—for precisely that; but she had a direct pride and interest in his dishes, a supervising communication with her kitchen, wholly absent from Oak Island, where all the sources were carefully concealed. Yes, Oak Island, on the surface, was another existence entirely from his; and at this realization he began to wonder if what he had called superficial was actually as unimportant as the term implied. Look how Ettie's bearing, the mere seductiveness of her wrists and hands, had profoundly affected, altered, her life. Undoubtedly she had splendid traits of character, which Sanford fully recognized. But they hadn't attracted him; he would never have discovered them to appreciate if Ettie hadn't been—— He avoided the stereotyped phrase and substituted "lovely." She wasn't that, though, he was forced to admit. Well, just what was she?

What, to put it more comprehensively, were, at bottom, the people into whose lives his had been projected? They were, his sister had told him more than once, now to be his people. She was very proud of him, of so much that he had accomplished; and she was determined that, since he could so well afford it, he should move into the more urban existence. What was it and what were they? Now and then he was almost shocked, plainly uneasy; particularly at the women. He could never quite get used to the whiskies and sodas they consumed; to the cigarette cases and cigarettes; or to the humor. The last frankly upset him; not so much for its impropriety, which was but incidental, but because of the amazing broadness of the subjects lightly touched.

His aunt, and Ettie's, would have indignantly denied that they were good women—indeed, she'd have called them hussies—and he was aware of a sympathy, a kinship, with her view that, for fear of being derided, he hid at all cost from Ettie. His sister, he thought, amused, was herself a hussy; she had always been one from early childhood. He had watched her last night, dressed in scanty green chiffon, with a sense of detachment, of difference, hardly removed from criticism. He must watch that, discourage it; Lynn Graves didn't want to be narrow or old-fashioned. He was just at the age, forty-five, when he was conscious of the loss of some elasticity—some, but not much; his state was mental rather than physical. He had always been continent, there was no tendency to fat and his strength, if not his complete flexibility, was unimpaired. Lynn was yet, he reminded himself, a swimmer of exceptional power and endurance; no other exercise required such absolute skillful staying qualities.

Perhaps, rather than his body, his ideas had stiffened, taken permanently the shape and conservative color of Eastlake. That he resented and determined to conquer. And though Oak Island was, in the manner he had considered, alien to him, Quamba Lake, Ontario, was, for all its unfamiliarity, deeply, utterly satisfying. He had never breathed such a crystal, immaculate air; the lake, long and irregular, set with islands, brightening in the dawn or fading into the blue twilight of the shores, filled him with an instinctive, thrilled pleasure. At present, toward the



Wesley Beaver Remained, Moodily Silent, by His Post

The Lake Was Drowsy; the Measured Flash of Beaver's Paddle Blade Had a Hypnotic Effect

end of afternoon, placid, a haze enveloped the wooded banks, the circular islands and shining water and gave to the stillness a dreamlike immaterial quality hardly broken by the dip of the cedar paddle that lifted the canoe forward. Across the lake there was an opening in the woods; emerald fields reached smoothly back to groves again blue in shadow. On the right, where the shore was near, the water was at once black and transparent; rock plunged starkly into cool, deceptive depths; and shallow indentations were spread with the broad floating leaves and yellow buds of water lilies.

A fish jumped with a silver splash, leaving widening ripples, and a swimming loon, its head only visible, raised a sudden cry like a demented being, a laughing that ended in a prolonged series of cynical inhuman chuckles. It startled Lynn Graves; and his subconscious reflex movement upset the tranquillity, the equilibrium, of the canoe. The Indian shifted his position instinctively.

"You are not fishing," he reminded Graves in a serious voice.

It was a constant surprise to the other—that adequate, thoughtful speech, with its English intonation, reserved, in Lynn Graves' experience, for the expression of an utmost sophistication. Beaver—his name in full was Wesley Beaver—spoke but seldom; it was his peculiarity to say nothing until he had something definite to express, and then his words, carefully chosen, selected with a concentration of thought, were not only almost comic in their rich gravity but weighted with purpose. His air was invested with authority. In this he was totally different from the servants round the camp. When Sanford had sent to the Ojibway village, seven miles distant over the lake, for a guide, he had explained to Lynn that the Indian might or might not fancy him; he might guide him or, with equal facility and no discoverable reason, turn on his heel and walk away.

This humiliation, fortunately, Graves had been spared; Beaver accepted him with a smile, and from then on he met him at the float in the morning, delivered him from the canoe at dusk, with a skillful, unwavering attention to their mutual engagement. He was a young Indian, in the early twenties, a thin, sinewy figure with nondescript trousers secured by both a belt and suspenders on a shirt of blue cotton open at the throat. His face was broad, nearly Mongolian in type, and evenly bronze in color, with a strongly marked chin, and short coarse black hair. There were in all the village, Lynn Graves had learned, no Indians of unmixed blood; and the others he saw about the landing showed plainly the dilution and features of another parentage. Some were quite white, and spectacled, resembling male school-teachers combining their summer recess with a pleasant source of profit; others, immemorial half-breeds, were slovenly, like their canoes. But, except for one fact, Wesley Beaver, to the closest scrutiny, remained in appearance and fiber native to his original heritage.

That exception was his mouth, for, though the rest of his countenance was enigmatic in its entire reserve, his mouth was sensitive, mobile and troubled. It twisted as he paddled and drooped as he gazed into the assembling dusk. Every other aspect was confident, secure, closed; his eyes, as quick as the reflections on brown water, swept in a constant assaying scrutiny, a calm acceptance, over every variation of incident and lake and weather. The rhythm of his motion, the kneeling thrust of his body against the paddle, the recovery of his stroke and direction on the canoe's rim were absolute in economy and precision. But his lips, fuller than their birthright, bore against the protection of his stolidity a treacherous and inappropriate fineness and need.

Beaver, with a gesture following his words, indicated Lynn Graves' trolling line, the lure, wrapped with weed, skittering vainly over the surface.

"No 'nonge here," he added, substituting the older term for the familiar 'lunge; "but you can bass fish."

Graves explained that his enthusiasm for casting, so late in the day, was spent.

"I'll pick up a bass as we go along," he continued, and changed to a lighter rod lying beside him with its tip extended in the rear. He searched among the bright metal spinners, the hooks and flies of his leather case, and extracted a fly tied with a brilliant red hackle. "We'll try a scarlet ibis," he announced, "with a small buffalo spinner."

As he attached the fly to the leader the barbed hook, concealed in the bright feather, dug viciously at a finger, and he thought how cunningly it was designed, how fascinating it appeared on the water: the body was wrapped with silver thread, and that contributed to its show, while in reality it was a thing of steel, of brutal strength and death.

As it dropped glittering and revolving behind their progress the lure seemed symbolical of different and greater concerns, not of fish but of men, of life. His mind became speculative, touched with fantasy; it might be that all objective life, all hope, was not more than a scarlet ibis fly, an affair of glittering colors concealing only the coldness, the cruelty, of death.

It was an unusual idea for him and, since Lynn Graves had a decided pride in what he called his complete normality, he put it from his thoughts as unhealthy. Yet the figure was extremely apposite; it had a full application where bass were concerned; and in spite of his contrary determination it returned. The thing was, of course, he told himself irritably, to distinguish between the actual sustaining insects and the gaudy sham. There were plenty of the former for every reasonable fish; and, for men, the world was full of healthy reality. But though that, he began to see, was obviously true, he had yet to dispose of the fact that men somehow had largely lost their power of discrimination. That they had once possessed it Wesley Beaver made clear. Or, to express it more plainly, Beaver, except for his mouth, was closely knit into his setting and life. He was in harmony with the elements of his life and death, a state impossible for himself, Lynn Graves.

There was, he realized, between him and natural existence a bar, a chasm; he had lost what Beaver in a great measure still preserved. On the other hand, he asserted in a silent impatience, he had gained enormously over the Indian, who, after all, outside his skill in a canoe and in the trapping of furs, was an ignorant figure of a race condemned by civilization to a swift oblivion, whereas Graves was the result of the society—the energy and ideals—that was forming that earth for its own responsible superior end. He had at that moment a fleet vision of the camp on Oak Island. He saw Ettie, with her hair artificially crimped, brightening her lips with an odorous gold-cased lip stick; there was Sanford, no older than Beaver, bracing his youth with champagne cup; and Sanford's mother, older than that briskly employed aunt in Eastlake, playing auction at gambler's stakes every afternoon, every night, and, when she appeared, a majority of the mornings. If this was, as it was generally considered, the accomplishment of civilization, the top of leisure and money and art, was Wesley Beaver so very badly off, so abjectly ignorant?

There was a savage pull at his line, the rod bent dangerously, and Graves was conscious of the stopping of the canoe as he played a heavy and sluggish fish.

"It's only a green bass," the Indian said at once. "You got him from the weeds back."

He watched the struggle with a perfunctory interest, the net ready; and, at the one right moment, with a single dip, landed the fish. It was, as he had recognized, a large-mouth bass, a spoil without interest. The small-mouth black bass were aristocrats, the maskinonge were savage, murderous brutes; but what he had just caught was nothing—a stolid shape that had only made itself ridiculous by its plunge for the scarlet ibis. Graves swung it by the tail into the water, where, after floating dazed for a brief space, the fish swam strongly and fast to safety.

"That's enough," he decided; "we'll go back to the camp."

Wesley Beaver leaned forward from his knees and backed his paddle. The canoe left the shore and traveled out on the clouded mirror of the lake, on a surface that seemed to be convex, to slip down to the chalky green far banks; the wooded hills beyond were veiled in a shimmer of delicate amber light that merged into a sky like another inverted lake with archipelagoes of rose islands.

II

OAK ISLAND, like those surrounding it at varying distances, was circular, regular in shape, and thickly wooded with tall trees—maple, oak and spruce—rising abruptly from the water. Two broad avenues had been cleared from shore to shore, crossing at the center, where the camp was built. This, a structure of log and brown shingles, with a gallery against the second story and lower wings, was not remarkable in exterior. Inside, too, the long living room and spaces above were simple; but it was a simplicity, Lynn Graves realized, of a very exact and misleading order; a long high fireplace had a flagged hearth extended into the floor and, before it, a narrow leather-cushioned bench, Jacobean in inception and name. There was no attempt at a rustic effect, but low walnut gate-legged tables, gay English glazed chintzes, Eastern wicker chairs—all the subconscious incidentals, the silver cigarette boxes, painted fans, siphons, sporting monthlies and photographs in silver or leather frames, that gathered about such people as the Bassetts.

Sanford, not yet changed for dinner, was sitting with his feet, in heavy socks and canoe packs, hanging over the arm of his chair, and as Graves entered he looked up with a sufficient nod. He was hardly more than a boy—perhaps four years younger than Ettie, a slender, vigorous figure with a long-jawed, healthy, self-confident face, engaging gray eyes and very light orderly hair. He was, Graves knew, particularly devoted to horses; he rode with success in gentlemen's flat races, and considered Oak Island more of a nuisance than not. However, Sanford had the frankest possible affection for Ettie; he was entirely happy to be with her anywhere. Beneath the unstudied arrogance of his position, his privileges and tastes, he was normal, warm and easy in disposition.

"Any luck?" he demanded. "I went up to the log chute for bait, but we could only get perch and sunfish. The mosquitoes were rather awful too. Ettie got silly and waded about till she near lost a leg in the rocks."

He rose as Lynn's sister entered, a remarkably erect cool girl in a dress of soft blue silks, a draping of dark checkered blue on a lighter, with a great bow at the back and a short skirt above beautifully rounded ankles. She, as well, inquired about the results of Graves' day, then lighted a cigarette in a holder brightly banded with the colors of France. Another girl appeared, in a dull red dress with an eccentric sleeveless jacket, an individual with whom Lynn felt at a perpetual disadvantage. She seemed to take an endless pleasure in quizzing him, in turning to him with demands, questions, that he was never able to satisfy. She swore, as well, with a frequency he found deplorable.

In his room, above, a despondency settled over him. He told himself that here he was a stranger; the Bassetts and their friends accepted him only because of Ettie. He was, he recognized, lonely, and wished to be back in Eastlake; but there, he continued, before he had come to Oak Island, he had been lonely in precisely the same way. He ought to, he wanted to, marry.

Yet the girls, the women, he knew failed to attract him. At least he had this in common with Ettie—that a purely domestic local existence, a marriage without—well—charming excitement, didn't move him. He had the other now; his aunt, in her attention to his comfort, was far more adequate than any imaginable young person. But, equally, he couldn't picture himself wedded to a Martha Read, the girl in the red dress, even if she could bring herself to consider him. Lynn Graves didn't, at heart, want his wife wreathed in cigarette smoke or smelling of gin cocktails. No, he required something very different from all he knew. In addition to that he'd have to hurry; he was dangerously approaching fifty. However, Graves was again reassured, this time by his mirror. Dressing, he paused at a window, gazing through the open vista at the lake, ethereally blue. The islands seemed delicately fashioned in glowing glass. There had never been a tenderer light in the world.

He was, lingering, late for dinner; it had begun, and two cocktails were standing at his place. Mrs. Bassett smiled at him through half-closed eyes, poised in the consideration of a subject he had missed. Lynn Graves couldn't make up his mind about her—there were times when she looked positively lovely, the finest essence of which women were compounded; and again she was white, dragged—dissipated was what he called her then. But her manner, her cordiality, was flawless; he had never before encountered such an invariable perfection of effortless hospitality—where her acquaintances, the people she approved, were concerned! She reached, on occasion, with equal ease, remarkable heights of the disagreeable. All the Bassetts, with their friends, were snobs, in another sense from that suspected of himself; they looked down, while he gazed up, in a way not untouched with—with meanness.

The conversation, he discovered, was about absinth. Martha Read had described its effects on her, Sanford had characterized it as a rotten smell, while Mrs. Bassett recalled the fact that, observed through her husband—now dead—she had found it both amusing and decidedly trying. Ettie repeated the assertion that she cared for nothing but rye whisky, and Graves admitted a small partiality for Scotch.

"For the country at large—yes, for everyone," he admitted with a trace of defiance—"I'm in favor of prohibition." He didn't care if for once he had annoyed Ettie; he had a right, here as elsewhere, to his own opinions.

"I dare say you're right," Mrs. Bassett pleasantly replied; "drinking can be a terrific nuisance."

The others were silent and regarded him with a scarcely masked curiosity.

"It's a mistake certainly to give whisky to the Indians," Ettie put in when the pause had grown threatening. "I saw one fearfully drunk at the landing at Buckhorn yesterday." She turned to Mrs. Bassett. "Didn't I see Margaret Tyler at the camp this evening?"

The other nodded. "James William brought her to help me with some sewing; ridiculous little glass beads that had come off a sleeve. It's wonderful how she got them back; you'd never guess what patience and good taste. I want to keep her with me, but even if she is part Indian I couldn't think of Margaret in an inferior position; she might have absorbed all the dignity of the village."

"That may be true," Sanford objected, "but if you're any Indian you are all Indian. You don't know them, or the village, as well as I do. You mustn't be sentimental about them; nothing but a lot of dirty loafers!"

"My guide, Wesley Beaver, is as clean as anyone," Graves insisted, still on the defensive. "I'd like to know him better; and if I got through my responsibilities as well as he does I'd be very well satisfied."

Sanford admitted that Beaver was, for an Ojibway, unusually satisfactory.

"But you ought to see some of the older ones," he continued. "Wesley's young now and an ambitious bird. He'll lose all that and get sloppy; they always do. In the woods, on the lake, it's right to be dirty; on our landing stage, though, it's quite different. When a dirty person comes in contact with a clean one the trouble's on. Perhaps it's just civilized dirt that's so impossible. Before we came through here the Indians were splendid. The funniest thing of all, the very funniest, is that they are prudish. I asked John Fish if his girls smoked or ever got a pull at the bottle, and he was almost eloquent; he said no. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd refuse to paddle Ettie in that bathing suit of hers; he keeps her as far across the lake from the village as he can manage."

III

THE morning following, into which Graves' canoe stole, was so still that the lake seemed held in a vacuum. The sunlight had the appearance not of one source but of enveloping the earth in an even bath of brilliancy; the water was so still that the insects above it had the look of brushing a solid blue surface. Hot glitters flashed far across the surface, and shadows lay as transparent and perceptible on the water as in the air, while the contracted tall islands had a green magical unreality. There was apparently no other world but the clear depths embracing wooded points and shores, covering stone and roots, over which young perch hung with wavering fins. Already, before the heat of the day, the lake was drowsy; the measured flash of Beaver's lifted paddle blade had a hypnotic effect.

"Bad for fishing," he declared; "but we can keep in, put on a little lead and try down deep for bass."

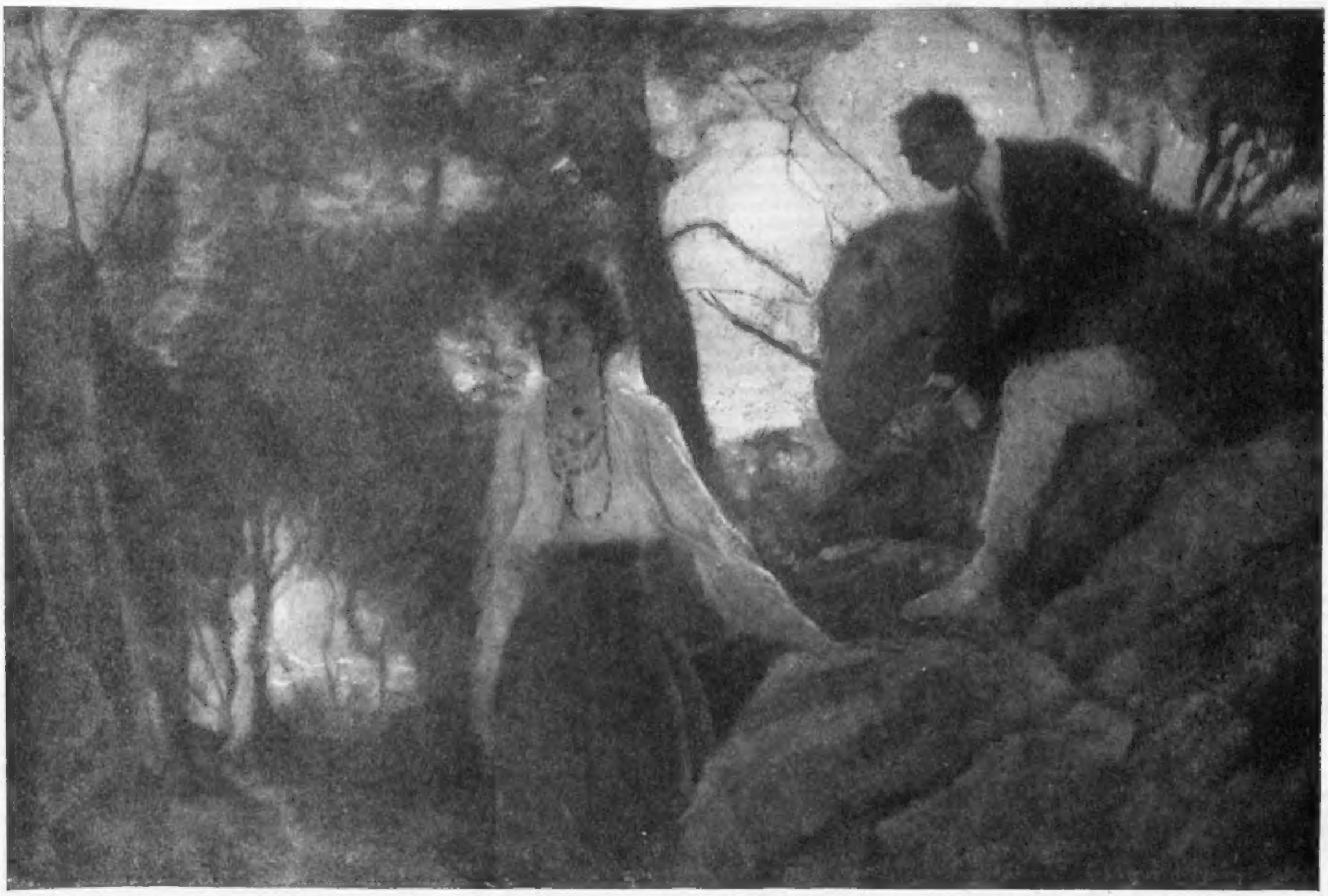
Even that failed; and when at noon they left the canoe there was nothing to eat but the bacon, the toasted bread and jam and tea from Oak Island. The Indian prepared lunch swiftly; a fire no larger than a handful of wood coals served for the bacon and boiling water at once, while he peeled a forked stick for the toast. When Graves had finished, Wesley Beaver, sitting on his heels a short distance away, drank his black tea and gathered up, obliterated, every trace of cooking; then, chipping tobacco from a plug, he retired to the shore and left Graves uninterrupted in ease.

He reviewed sleepily the conversation at dinner of the evening past, about the Ojibways; and the name Margaret Tyler flashed through his mind, his imagination stirred at the image of her with an immemorial primitive skill sewing glass beads on Mrs. Bassett's filmy supercivilized sleeves. What Sanford had said about the Indians, in spite of his own instinctive spirit of disagreement, struck him as probably true; there was, beyond a trivial occupation, nothing open to Beaver, nothing to which, signally, he was addressed. Guiding, fishing and trapping—pursuits in themselves of skill—were deadening to any larger ambition; the fact that Wesley was admittedly superior only served to make his ultimate disillusionment, his final surrender, more imminent and bitterly thorough.

The other appeared after an hour more had been lost in the breathless hush and suggested an effort to catch a big 'nonge at the mouth of a stream filled with weed. It was a remote place, and as he drove the canoe forward a mat of sweat spread, glistening, over his broad dark face. Beaver ignored it, as he paid no attention to his cramped position. Lynn Graves studied this; no man could remain so long on his knees, with nothing softer between him and the bottom of the canoe than a piece of bagging, without discomfort and active pain. The other's knees were, like his own, flesh and sinew and susceptible to aggravated cramping; but, while with him, Graves, the hurt would master the determined performance of paddling, Wesley Beaver, through a stoical inheritance, could disregard, to that extent anyhow, the flesh.

Lynn Graves trolled at the entrance to the creek for a long period with no result. At times his spinners ceased playing and he reeled in the line, freed it from the weeds; twice he changed the lure; but no maskinonge struck. Then he was conscious of a sudden darkening of the air and, looking up, he saw a low bank of maroon cloud

(Continued on Page 61)

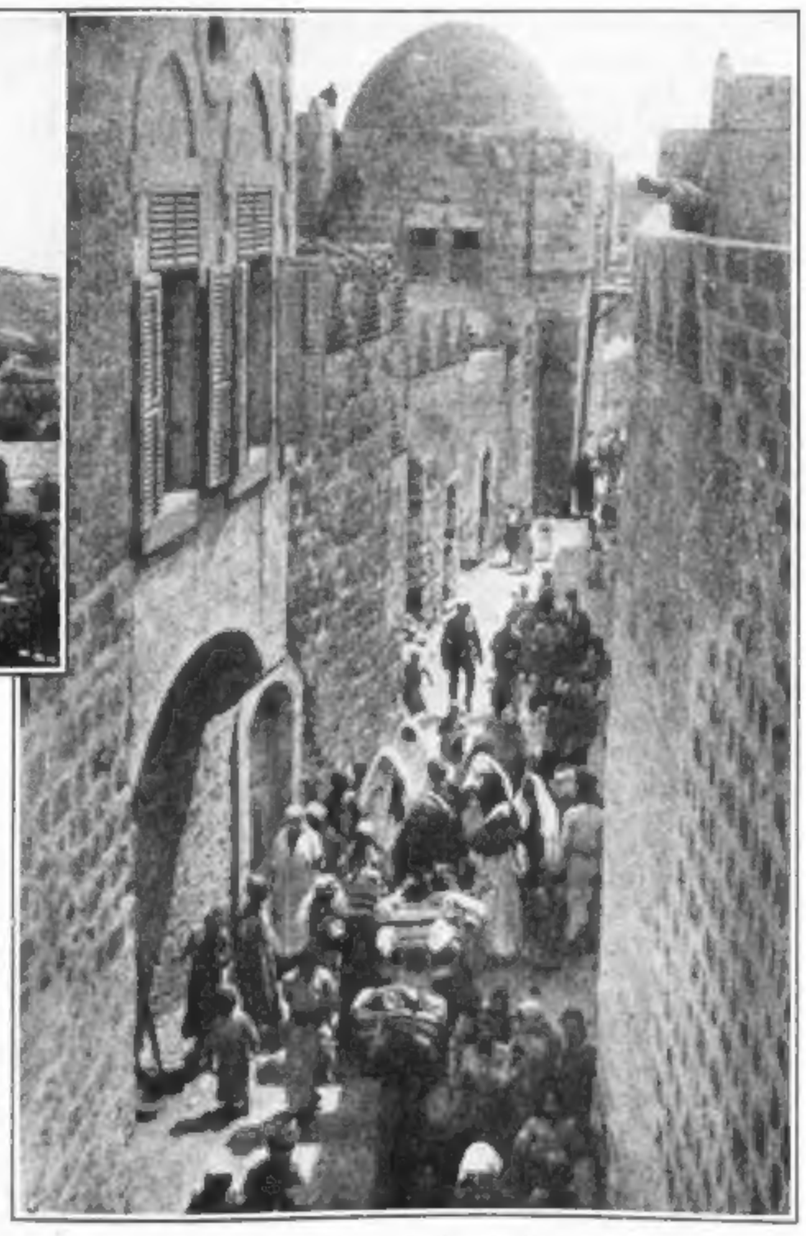


A New Feeling Stirred in Him; It Enhanced the Still Lake and Gave the Sound of a Whippoorwill in the Evergreens a Fresh Throbbing Intensity

PROMISED LAND

Jaffa Gate and the Clock Tower Built by the Kaiser

Gethsemane, Palestine



A Jerusalem Street—Tomb of David in the Distance

By Maude Radford Warren

TO WHOM is the land of Palestine promised? That is what three sets of people in the country are asking—Arabs, Jews and Christians—and they are asking it in tones clear though not clamorous. The British Government believes that it has supplied the answer in its declaration that there will be, under the mandate, complete freedom and equality for all religions, equal justice for every person in the land, regardless of his station, his race or his creed.

The day before and the day after I reached Palestine I met two claimants and savored their love for the country. The first was a Jewish lad who had been born in Russia, brought up in the United States, and who had early become a Zionist. When the war broke out he had seen a chance of getting to Palestine by enlisting in Canada. He did finally reach Palestine with the British Army, and fought and advanced, in his rest camp taking a course in agriculture. When I met him he was wearing civilian clothes for the first time in six years.

"I am going back to Palestine," this boy said, "to work for the Jews in my country in whatever way I can. I want to be a farmer and I have enough money to buy a little land. Besides that my father owns some land there, though the Arabs are squatting on it, and the papers are in Bolshevikland. But I can rent land or go on one of the settlements. I am not going to make a choice. I will say to them: 'You choose for me.' What I am afraid of is that they will choose for me to be a soldier and make a part of the Jewish battalion now to be formed in Palestine. I hate soldiering worse than anything I ever tried, but if my country needs me that way I'll be a soldier. For years I have wanted to do just this; to come to Palestine and live and die for it without any thought of myself."

A Sad Arab Bride

ALL this he said while we coped in Port Said with Egyptian soldiers who didn't want us to do anything we wanted to do, and with a pretty Turkish girl we were trying to look after. We would struggle fiercely, and this young Paul would be a man of action. Then would come a breathing spell, and he would turn into a poet, a patriot, a dreamer of dreams about the new Jerusalem.

Some twenty-four hours later I was in an Arab village a few miles out of Jerusalem, attending an Arab wedding, with some members of the American colony. We were sitting on carpets in the guest house watching a man make coffee, and remembering the Scriptures about thorns crackling under a pot, for that's just what the camel thorn was doing, making a big and brief blaze. Our hosts, all men, were showing us the perfect hospitality of the East. The bridegroom was not exactly the center of the party; it was the celebration itself, including especially the big feast he was paying for and that the women were getting ready.

Being wishful to see the bride, we went to a place that was half a cavern and half a house, built over a cellar where the animals stayed. It was without doors and had rocky shelves for sleeping rooms. The little bride, a pretty girl of fourteen, kept her head down and looked sad, as is the custom. I wouldn't blame a Moslem woman for looking sad under the circumstances. We wished her happiness and gave her wedding presents; then took our way in the starlight down narrow winding alleys, escorted by half the village, listening to marriage cries uttered by an ancient lady with sheet-iron lungs, and helped over bad places by slender, lean hands with the thumbs curved out.

Presently the tall Arab at my side said: "Cit"—which is "Lady" or "Madam," when a foreigner is addressed—"I spik English. I was in Chicago seven-eight years—Clark Street. I had the cart with oranges. I like it, living in Chicago."

Here I asked the obvious question.

"Cit, I came back because I have land and parents and a wife. I make more money in Chicago, but this is home here, and I am the only young man in the family. If I stayed in Chicago maybe my father would get tired. He would have debts and some day they would make him to pay or do something to him. Then maybe he would sell his land to the Jews. The Jews would have that land outside the village where I was born. My father would look out and see them on his land. I am young and strong and I will not sell to Jews. So it is better I come back and help keep Arabs in this village that has never had Jews in it. Palestine is an Arab country, but they do not know it in Chicago."

Things Not in the Lesson Leaf

PALESTINE is claimed by all three of us—Arabs and Jews and Christians. If the average American who has not been off his own continent were to be magically transported to Palestine it would seem vaguely familiar to him, and presently he would understand where he was. He would recognize the stony hills, the sparsely wooded spaces, the little flat-roofed buildings, the stately sheiks in long robes with shawl-covered cinctured heads sitting on donkeys, the tall women by wells with water vessels on their heads, the lonely shepherds on long slopes beside their huddled sheep. He would know it all, because he has been taught it vaguely in the Bible stories of his childhood. He has hung over religious pictures on Sundays, that being the main amusement allowed him; he has studied them in the lesson leaf in Sunday school, for want of other distraction, and what he has learned has remained in the hinterland of his mind, clothed with dignity and reverence.

But there is a good deal that has been left out of his knowledge. He hasn't seen a couple of Orientals squabbling with unutterable fierceness over the ownership of a measure of wheat, so that you'd think there'd be a murder presently. He has not seen them beating animals for no reason except habit. There aren't any Bible pictures that I recall which show the women carrying heavy bundles of thorn firewood, while the men ride beside them on donkeys. This, by the way, used very much to annoy the Australians, who were among the first troops to occupy Palestine. They used to take the man off

The Military Governor of Beersheba and His Sheiks

the donkey, put the thorns on his head, pressing them down firmly, then set the lady in what they called her rightful place. What happened to the lady, once the soldiers were out of sight, history saith not, but one hopes that for a little space she enjoyed herself; that it was worth the subsequent proceedings.

Moreover, the average man has a vague idea that Palestine belongs to the Jews and that some day they must return to their old home. Ages ago the Israelites took Palestine by conquest from other races. Here they reached a magnificent state of spiritual development. The glories of Solomon still live, because the Jews have never let any of us forget them. But two thousand years ago the Jews lost by the sword what they had taken by the sword. Roman and Arab and Turk have ruled the land since those days and have dominated the remnant of the Jewish nation that remained faithful to Palestine; and yet in one sense the Jews have never lost the country. They have certainly been able to make the average American forget who else has claims on Palestine. It is very hard to get statistics here—a relic of the terror the Turks inspired—but there is, roughly speaking, one Jew to every eight or nine other Palestinians. And the other Palestinians, mostly Arabs, care just as much about keeping the country as the Jews care about getting it.

Palestine is a country to touch one's sense of romance, of mystery and reverence. In the spring, when the bare hills are alight with scarlet anemones and blue and lavender and white flowers, it is a dream of beauty. I have seen it under the moonlight or the starlight, wrapped in the same loveliness that called forth the awe of the Three Wise Men. It has a compelling allure. But to live here forever, to come from overseas and pledge perpetual allegiance—well, that makes me think of a remark a pretty American woman made to me the other day.

We had traveled about eighty miles on a villainous road in a sort of tin can called a car to visit a friend, a military governor, who lives like a king among thousands of Bedouins, who adore him. I don't blame them, for he is the best type of Englishman—generous, feudal perhaps in his feelings, but just and dependable. We saw everything, sheiks in their tents, sheiks holding court, the clubhouse originated by the governor, the market that has been held in the same place for three thousand years. We were given royal salutes by the police whenever we went outdoors. We saw avenues our host had laid out, gardens he had established. We saw perfect housekeeping in the desert. My pretty companion didn't miss a thing. She saw all that could be done for the native women.

Jerusalem the Golden

AS WE strolled through the market I knew she was longing to lay her hands on the babies and show their mothers how to care for them. When we set off on our journey again we were both regretful at going and both a little dreamy perhaps, because it had all been very romantic.

Once on the road, romance fled from me very promptly. Never have I felt such heat or known such blazing sunshine. Our tin can had to stop, so the sun beat on us unimpeded. I wore a topee, but my friend wore only a layer of straw over her head and a veil across her face. The sun faded her veil and tanned her face and blistered her neck. The dust swirled in on us and choked us. The hills were one glare of gray, staring rock and burnt grass. Donkeys and camels kept getting in our way, and more than once we were in danger—or thought so—of having a load of furniture shunted off a camel's back upon our heads. My friend's face lost its tender softness and stiffened itself to endure. She closed her lips hard; she looked with growing distaste at everything she saw; and at last, after two or three hours, she said tensely: "I can understand how people would be willing to live in almost any part of the United States, but as to this country—well, anyone can have it, so far as I'm concerned."

A Sheik of the Temple Area, Jerusalem

It might be hard for the average American to adopt Palestine as a permanent home, yet as Christians we have an interest in it, especially in Jerusalem. Indeed Jerusalem to-day shows signs of American enterprise. There is the American colony, a religious cooperative community, which does a great deal of good with its shops and stores and charities. There is the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and the Near East Relief, all of which have made their mark on the city.

The sewerage system in Jerusalem is due to the American Y. M. C. A. When the city was occupied neither the British military nor the civil organizations saw their way to appropriating money for a sewerage system. The American secretary at the head of the Y. M. C. A., who had had experience with the disease that comes from a city whose sewage is badly handled, acted promptly, sent to Cairo and bought a secondhand outfit he knew of, a steam pump, sealed carts, and so on, which are still in use.

If it had not been for the war we should have been lavishly represented in the oil business. But it is as tourists that we have shown an especial flair for Jerusalem. How many of us have had our inspiration on the Mount of Olives, gazing at the slopes which those we have learned to revere used to see! We have climbed to the Temple Rock and seen the Mosque of Omar; we have gone down the Street of Sorrows, passed through the Damascus Gate; we have perhaps felt with a fresh shock, as people do ten or twenty times during their three score years and ten, the strangeness of this common thing called life. We have felt the picturesqueness of the heterogeneous races in Jerusalem: Jews and Samaritans, Arabs and Christians of varying creeds—Jews with their pale faces and long curls and fur-brimmed hats; Bedouins in their striped yellow silk underrobes and long black abas, their fine, dark faces showing keen under their head coverings; other Arabs in European dress, some of them blinded in the right eye in childhood by their mothers that they might escape being conscripted by the Turks; still other Arabs on the road to European dress, wearing robes with coats and waistcoats; street venders and carriage drivers, donkeys and strings of camels, color and graceful motion, chatter and street cries, church bells, and in the background the gaunt hills, the olive orchards and here and there the dark spires of the cypress trees.

The Wailing Place of the Jews

WHAT happens ultimately to Palestine is the concern of half the world, since every Moslem, Jew and Christian sees in Palestine a holy land. We all have a claim, but in a sense the Jew's claim is the deepest, because he has never let Palestine go out of his soul. Throughout all the ages, since the Romans swept away the last traces of the Jewish nation, the Jews have turned to Jerusalem in their Feasts of the Passover, in their services and prayers. They believe in the promise of Jehovah: "Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers."

The poets among them, from David down to some little East Side Jew crouched over his machine, making verses during the most mechanical moments of his toil—they all sing of the passion of the exile for his home, his Zion. Only yesterday I stood at the Wailing Place of the Jews, the foot of a wall which was probably once part of the temple. A magnificent structure it is, made of great stones, some sixty feet above where the road used to be. There are old nails pounded in between the courses to symbolize possession in accordance with the passage in Ezra, "to give us a nail in his holy place." The crevices are blackened where the Jews have set in candles which burned as they prayed. And such wailing as it was! They swayed back and forth, reading from their holy books of their bygone glories, tears streaming down their faces. "For the temple that is destroyed," they chanted, "we sit in solitude and mourn."

And mourn they did, hour after hour. There were two girls who sobbed and wept most appallingly. I couldn't help wondering if they were not unhappy over some personal loss besides the loss of their kingdom. A regular organized chance to wail might sometimes be a relief to women with a grief that must be hidden from the world. But no one could listen to the wailing without wishing that the Jews could somehow have what they want. On the other hand, as I walked homeward, climbing innumerable steps to get to the Street of David, I passed sixty Arab beggars also wanting something, not only immediate assistance, but

(Continued on Page 130)

Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner of Palestine (Right), Colonel Storrs, Military Governor of Jerusalem, and Arabs

BIRD OF PRAY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

KEEFE GAINES sagged sadly in the doorway of his mortuary emporium, his habitually cheerful smile glaringly conspicuous by its absence. Florian Slappey, his pal of many years, lounged commiseratingly beside the melancholy one. For fifteen minutes they carried on a wordless conversation, and then Keefe unleashed a profound sigh.

"Dawg-gone!"

Florian bestowed upon him a look of sympathy. "Feelin' punk, Keefe?"

"Wuss'n that, Florian."

"How come?"

"They's a man in this town, Brother Slappey, which I is jes' nachelly got to meet up with."

"Name which?"

"Pluvius Jackson."

"That cullud aviator which is been flyin' out to the Fair Grounds? Means him?"

"Yassuh—I mos' suttinly does. That man ——"

Suddenly Keefe stiffened and his eyes became fixed intently on a couple that rounded the corner of Eighteenth Street and sauntered leisurely through the crowds and into the inviting portals of Champion Theater, where the thirteenth episode of The Gory Avenger was showing.

"Yonder he went, Florian. Did you see him?"

"Uh-huh! I done!"

Nor was Florian the only gentleman of leisure who had been keenly interested in the exotic personality of Mr. Pluvius Jackson.

As a pedestrian Pluvius was about as hard to miss as an undressed colored youth in a snowstorm. Being by profession an aviator and by instinct an excellent publicity man, Pluvius wore his aviation costume at all hours—knee breeches, putties, olive-drab shirt and leather jacket open down the front. As a sop to civilian convention he topped the professional effect with a low-flung derby, on the front of which he had sewed a pair of emblematic silver wings.

Pluvius Jackson was considerable man, and, though still a stranger to Birmingham's Darktown, he had been seized and clasped to its bosom.

Six Cattle Keened to the Scandal Scent. With Butterfly in the Society Spotlight Anything Someone Had Heard and Did Not Believe Was Brought With Interest

Prior to 1917 Pluvius had been an automobile mechanic, and an unusually good one. The squabble with Germany and the ensuing draft law catapulted Pluvius into the Army, where his undoubted genius for gasoline motors placed him with the aviation section.

There he had blossomed, even as seven or eight green bay trees. He qualified as a mechanician and eventually was taken up by his lieutenant as a passenger. Much to his surprise he returned to earth as whole as ever. A few days' careful thought convinced him that the experience of flying was not half bad. He besought a second flight, and was accommodated. He returned from that flight air-broke. He wanted more. He got it—in spirals, loops, falling leaves, Immelman turns and nose dives. The plane lighted and the lieutenant turned expectantly, anticipating much fun from his passenger.

"How'd you like it, Pluvius?"

But no terror shone from the eyes of the dusky mechanician. "That sho' was fine, cap'n. When does you aim to do some regular stunts with me?"

That won the pilot. Thereafter he tucked Pluvius under his official wings and taught him frequently and much. Within two months Pluvius was doing solo work, having his beloved lieutenant as a passenger. Of course the lieutenant was careful to ascend with Pluvius in training planes only—planes that were equipped with duplicate controls. But never had he been given occasion to resort to this safety device. He pronounced Pluvius the best natural flyer he had ever seen.

Pluvius went to France. He remained in France for many long months. His cap'n-lieutenant was designated an instructor, and Pluvius virtually had things his own way at the training school. Also, he received no pay. As a result, when the world fracas ended and Pluvius returned on an evil-smelling transport he found awaiting him much overdue salary and a sixty-dollar discharge bonus. Six months later he procured an army plane at auction.

From then on things looked up for Pluvius. Billed as The Greatest, Daringest, Death-Defyingest Colored Aviator in the World he became a red-letter attraction at colored fairs. All of which accounts for his presence in Birmingham. It explains also the reasons for his lionizing. To put it very mildly, Pluvius Jackson was in soft; very soft indeed.

Florian Slappey turned his gaze again to the mournful face of Keefe Gaines.

"You craves to meet up with Pluvius Jackson?"

"I does, Florian."

"Whaffo'?"

"They's two reasons."

"Specified which?"

Keefe Gaines elevated a pudgy forefinger and designated the sign that hung over his place of business. Florian's gaze followed and he took in once again the gilt glories of the emblem of trade.

KEEFE GAINES
UNDERTAKER

WE BURY OTHERS, WHY NOT YOU? SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
EMBALMING NEATLY DONE

"That," explained Keefe hopefully, "is one of the reasons."

Florian shook his head in puzzlement. "Don' git you, Keefe."

"Pluvius is a aviator," clarified Keefe. "Ise a undertaker. Business has been rotten lately."

"H'm! Tha's on'y one reason. Wha's t'other?"

"You seen Pluvius go into the Champeen Theater?"

"Yeh?"

"He wa'n't alone, was he?"

"Not specially."

"Does you know the name of the gal which was with him?"

"I di'n't prezac'ly see her face. Who 'twas?"

"Her," moaned Keefe, "was Miss Butterfly Gryson. I craves to make ma'iage with that gal, Florian."

"Huh!" ejaculated Florian, the misogynist. "The mo' fool you! Not that I is got anything agin Butterfly, Keefe—she's 'bout as good as gals gits to be. But they ain't none of 'em wuth us men."

"You ain't never be'n in love," gloomed Keefe disconsolately.

"I has!" corrected Florian positively. "Tha's how come I to know!"

"Anyway, Florian, I ain't got a chance with that gal now that Pluvius is come to Bummin'ham. But some day"—Keefe's face grew grim—"Ise gwine drive that feller on a ride he ain't gwine know nothin' 'bout."

"Then they ain't nothin' fo' you to feel sad 'bout?"

"You talks foolishment, Florian. I ain't aimin' to ma'y no aviator's widder. What I needs Flo'ian, is he'p. What I ain't got with Butterfly now, is no chance. What do she care 'bout a undertaker when they's a flyin' man hangin' roun' her? Specially when all the wimmin is chasin' him, too? What you reckon I c'n do?"

Florian was flattered. "You is talkin' with the right feller, Keefe. Fixin' up things fo' other folks is 'bout the fondes' thing I is of."

"You reckon ——"

"When Florian Slappey stahts out to do sumthin', Keefe, he mos' usually does it. Or leastwise, he always does. You jes' leave things to me, an' in less'n no time a-tall Ise gwine have Butterfly Gryson eatin' out of yo' han'."

Keefe sighed. "You reckon ——"

"Reckon? I knows!"

"When you aims to staht?"

Florian turned away. "Ain't no time like the presence, Keefe. I travels!"

Florian traveled well, but with no startling display of wisdom. He bought his way into the Champion Theater and waited with infinite patience until the seat next the aviator and his fair companion was vacated. Into this

"Says I is in a Pickle. I is Got to —— Say, Wha's the Matter With You Makin' That Twen'y-Five Dollars?"

chair Florian insinuated himself, bowing genially to Miss Butterfly Gryson.

Neither Miss Gryson nor Mr. Jackson exhibited any untoward delight over Mr. Slappey's advent. As a matter of fact, he had advented at the psychologically wrong moment. Three seconds before Florian occupied that seat Pluvius had been contemplating holding hands with Butterfly, and Butterfly had been hoping that the contemplation would result in action.

"Evenin', Miss Butterfly," said Florian imperturbably.

"Howdy, Mistuh Slappey," returned that damsel with what good nature she could muster. "How you is this evenin'?"

"Tol'able; jes' tol'able. Who's yo' gen'leman frien'?"

Butterfly introduced them.

"I is hearn tell of you, Mistuh Slappey."

"You has the adwantage of me, Mistuh Jackson. What you does fo' a livin'?"

Concealed in the Stygian gloom of the house Pluvius flushed a brilliant lavender beneath his dusky skin. Here was lese majesty to the *n*th degree.

"I aviates," he answered with dignity.

"You whiches?"

"I aviates. I is a flyer."

"O-o-oh! I is hearn of that soht of foolishment befo'."

Florian was making no great hit with Mr. Jackson, and the aviator determined to squash him.

"An' what does you wuk at, Mistah Slappey?"

"Nothin'. I lives by my brains."

"Reckon you don' live so good."

"Oh, I gits along tol'able well, Mistuh Jackson. You see, I is got the reppitation of bein' the bes'-dressed cullud gen'leman in Bummin'ham." He turned toward the harassed Butterfly. "Ain't it the truth, Miss Gryson?"

"You said it, Florian. You sho'ly said it that time."

In her eagerness to mend the obvious breach that was yawning between the two men she allowed too much enthusiasm to creep into her indorsement of Florian's sartorial perfection. It was the match which set ablaze Pluvius' instinctive dislike.

"Reckon you does pretty good fo' a small-town feller," he vouchsafed.

"I gits me my eatments pretty regalar."

"Co'se," challenged Pluvius, "you Bummin'ham men lacks efeetness."

"Mebbe so, Brother Jackson. I ain't sayin' we don'—but they ain't never been nobody bohn till yet which is ever put nothin' over on Florian Slappey."

Thereupon Mr. Pluvius Jackson registered a solemn vow. That vow resulted in a siege of headachy thought and was followed two days later by action.

Mr. Jackson visited the bank and exchanged ten ten-dollar bills for a single one of hundred-dollar denomination. This he folded and placed carefully in his wallet, where it reposed in lonesome grandeur. He was smiling broadly in anticipation of his triumph. He'd show a feller like'n to Florian Slappey which was what! Ten minutes later he entered a pawnshop and accosted the proprietor. "I craves to pawn sumthin', cap'n."

The pawnbroker extended his hand. "Well?"

The hundred-dollar bill was resurrected and shoved across the counter.

"I wan's to borry sevumty-five dollars on that."

The man of money frowned. He gazed suspiciously upon his ornately garbed client.

"You want to borrow seventy-five dollars on a hundred-dollar bill?"

"You said it, boss man."

"But you can change it —"

"I needs sevumty-five dollars right now, an' I aims to git me back that ve'y indentical hund'ed-dollar bill."

The pawnshop keeper was suspicious. He carried the bill to the window and subjected it to minute scrutiny. Then he left another man to watch Pluvius while he plunged across the street to the bank When he returned the bill was still in his hand and the frown remained on his forehead. But he had discovered that the money was genuine.

"Looks funny," he muttered.

"Good s'curity," interjected Pluvius. "Tha's what you mos'ly desiahs, ain't it?"

The pawn ticket was made out and handed across the counter with seven ten-dollar bills and one five. Pluvius departed, chuckling. The money lender remained considerably ill at ease.

Pluvius knew where Florian was to be found. He was there, lounging disdainfully on the curb before the Champion Theater. Pluvius accelerated his pace at sight of his prey and conscripted an expression of worry which he plastered all over his face. He pretended to hurry by the Champion Theater, then stopped as though sight of Florian was the last thing he had expected, and the most desirable.

"Evenin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Right back at you, Mistuh Jackson."

Pluvius sidled confidentially closer. "Ise in a pickle, Brother Slappey."

"Is you?" Florian was disinterestedly aloof.

"I is. Ise got me a date out to the Fair Groun's to fix up my areoplane an' gotting to be there is costin' me twen'y-five dollars."

Florian exhibited the faintest flash of interest. "Says which?"

"Says I is in a pickle. I is got to —— Say, wha's the matter with you makin' that twen'y-five dollars?"

"Me?"

"I don' know many gen'lemen in Bummin'ham which has money, Brother Slappey. Now here"—Pluvius deftly produced the fresh pawn ticket and flashed it under Florian's nose "is a pawn ticket which I owns. Read it."

Florian did so. Then he shook his head. "That don' make no sense, Mistuh Jackson. The writin' on it says you done borried sevumty-five dollars on a hund'ed-dollar bill."

"Yassuh, Brother Slappey. I done that same. I is fo' a long time had a pretickeler 'fectionate intrust in that bill, an' I craves to git it back. It's my lucky bill. But I is jes' be'n called out to the Fair Groun's an' I needs sevumty-five dollars cash money an' ain't got the time to git it outen the bank. I needs it right now too. If'n you wan's to make twen'y-five dollars Ise willin' to sell this ticket fo' sevumty-five. You cashes it fo' one hund'ed."

Florian inspected the pawn ticket closely. "You sells me a hund'ed-dollar ticket fo' sevumty-five dollars?"

"I does. I needs the cash money right now."

Out came Florian's wallet and seventy-five dollars of his hard-won money was counted into the eager hands of Pluvius Jackson. Pluvius surrendered the ticket to Florian and turned away.

Over his shoulder he flung a single admonition: "Think it over, Florian; think it over. Ain't nobody never put nothin' over on you!"

Florian thought it over. Then he chuckled. Pluvius had presented him with twenty-five dollars. Still grinning he made his way to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor and related the details of his coup.

Bud Peaglar let out a wild yell. "Florian! Did you go an' fall fo' that ol' trick?"

"What ol' trick?"

"Which this heah aviator feller went an' pulled on you?"

"What you talkin' 'bout, Bud?"

"Ise talkin' that you is stang, Florian—stang hahd!"

"You says words, Bud—but they makes foolishment."

"Yeh! Does they? How much you paid fo' that pawn ticket, Flo'ian?"

"Sevumty-five dollars. An' it calls fo' one hund'ed."

"Yeh! Sho'ly it does. But when you takes it down to the pawn shop you pays another sevumty-five dollars to git that hund'ed! Flo'ian, what that man has did to you!"

The door banged open. When it closed again Florian had disappeared!

It was a grimly melancholy Florian Slappey who sought the exclusive sanctuary of his room that night and lay sprawled on the bed staring at nothing in particular and conjuring up visions of himself macerating a dusky aviator who answered to the name of Pluvius Jackson and who cried lustily and futilely for mercy.

No chance of keeping the story a secret. He had himself seen to it that it was the property of all Birmingham. The blow was a stunner, a knockout, a disgrace from which Florian could never recover. Florian Slappey, man of the world, dapper, immaculate, master of the gentle art of *savoir vivre*—played for a sucker like any field hand!

Florian vowed dire vengeance—but he did it half-heartedly. Here was an opponent almost too worthy of his steel. And meantime, while Florian plotted revenge, Pluvius Jackson circulated triumphantly through Darktown recounting the details of his successful strategy. And as the first and only man who had ever put anything across on Florian he received more than his meed of applause.

Florian was crushed. He saw the grins and heard the sneers that were meted out on every hand. On one occasion Pluvius publicly and unctuously thanked him for his gift. No indictment could possibly have been read against Pluvius for failing to capitalize his triumph.

The adulation Pluvius was receiving mounted to his head and he made a single tactical blunder. He let Miss Butterfly Gryson see that he thought considerable of himself.

All along, Butterfly had been conscious of that fact, but she had seen also that beneath the veneer of ego there was probably a sterling person in Mr. Pluvius Jackson. Now, however, he boasted openly, and the first-person tenor of his conversations with her did not prove overly flattering.

(Continued on Page 169)

"Nothin' to Git Skeered of, Butterfly. Pluvius Ain't Never Been Kilt Yet"

THE FATTENING CALF

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IN MY childhood I was informed from a source which I then believed to be reliable that sometimes the telling of lies was not only permissible but even desirable. However, it seemed that the lies must be of a certain brand in order to get by, and the trade-mark which they bore was "White."

The source was my father and the occasion for this explanation arose immediately after my having overheard him tell a friend that there was no more liquor in the house, whereas I was positively aware of the existence of a full quart in the bathroom medicine chest, and in my childish innocence had not shown sufficient reticence about displaying my knowledge.

Now I do not make this statement with any desire to mislead the reader in regard to my age. No, there is no intention on my part to pose as an infant prodigy who broke into print at the age of two, as this seeming reference to prohibition would imply. It is merely incidental to my theme to show the interesting fact that in our part of the world liquor was rare even in those long enough past days of my infancy. So were bathrooms to keep it in, for that matter, the neighbors mostly using the same tub Saturdays and Mondays; or so they claimed. I can only vouch for the Monday part.

But to return to my father. I made the bad break of persistently and audibly calling his attention to this error of his, and when Mr. Butternut had gone away cackling with amusement my parent explained to me the difference between lies and white lies. I will not attempt to give this dissertation to you in detail—but the sum and substance of his discourse seemed to be that if the other fellow told it it was a lie, but if you told it yourself it was a white lie. There was no reason, he further explained, why my father should have shared his expensive bottle of rye, which had cost him one whole dollar, with Mr. Butternut, who had no claim on it beyond being father's best friend. At least that's how I doped out what he told me.

I am under the impression that my interview with my father is more or less typical, and if so it undoubtedly explains many things. For instance, it probably explains lawyers, salesmen, real-estate operators, motion-picture salaries and automobile insurance agents. But it does not and never can explain the lies which two people who are struggling against matrimony tell to each other.

Of course after father set me right I came to realize how a few white lies would help to make the operation of the burglary business, the sale of oil stock and other difficult units of our social structure a whole lot nearer to painless. So far so good. But we are an immoderate race; we never know when to quit. We go to such extremes. Why, for example, should we carry the idea into our courtships? And yet it is just there that the lily lie flourishes like a new Western city.

The It-Makes-You-Slim Cut to a Dress is the Unkindest Cut of All

Positively, when I remember some of the things I said to George out in the hammock up at Lake Merrihaha that summer I weaken about my disbelief in that hell stuff, honest I do! Gosh! Wouldn't it be awful if it turned out there was such a place, after all? The only consolation I get out of the thought is that, of course, George would be there, too, and I'm sort of used to George now, and would miss him in spite of everything. And that is no white lie told for the benefit of the audience like some of the things I say about him to my women friends on Bridge Thursday. As for what George says of me—well, I know he claims he's got the finest little hard-working, savingest little wife in the world, by Jove, who does her darndest on his miserable little salary. At least he tells the boss so round the first of every year, and it's worked twice, so far. And, of course, I won't say he's wrong. But no matter what George says about me nowadays, he can't make me forget the white lies he slipped to me personally in that hammock.

When I think of them I wonder the hammock stood the strain. They hadn't invented eighty-dollar cretonne upholstered swinging couches in those days, and it was an old-fashioned affair with something resembling a coat hanger in each end to keep it open, and even casual acquaintances just naturally gravitated together as soon as they sat down in it. Well, anyway, the biggest strain it underwent was probably when George said that he would love me just the same if I was to get old and fat and gray. Excepting perhaps when I told George that I would never do any of those things. This rash covenant was made fully six months before I jogged his memory up about getting the license, and also before we had even thought of an automobile as one of the necessities of life, or of the difficulties incident to getting a good butler, or how to exist in such cramped quarters as ten rooms and twelve baths, or taken to getting our chief exercise in roller chairs at Atlantic City.

There Was a Statue in the Middle of the Garden, a Famous Venus—"Venus Among the Mosquitoes," I Think It is Called

One reason for our pathetic condition as above stated was that the money we got married on wouldn't have paid for a flivver, much less for a car or for a general house worker, much less a butler. You see, George and I were deeply in love, and so we were content to marry on really very little. Not like young people nowadays. I suppose the mere writing of those sentences is a confession of approaching senility. At any rate I remember considering it a sign of age when my father said it to us. Yet we thought we did a fairly bold thing in tackling the big job on forty dollars a week plus what little my mother could snitch out of her housekeeping allowance; but then, of course, she and dad had started on fifteen. I expect that my son, as soon as he exchanges long dresses for long pants, will begin to talk about marrying on two hundred a week, or some such ridiculous sum, and that I in my turn will swipe something out of the grocery account to make it possible, the same as mother did. And heaven only knows what my grandson, if grandsons ever come into style again, will think he needs for a starter!

Well, anyway, we took the plunge on forty per, and thanks to the same I kept my promise to George. Of course, being of a, for a wife, pretty equable disposition, I didn't grow old and gray any faster than the years demanded; and anyhow why grow old and gray when the beauty parlors need to earn their living the same as anybody else?

Neither did I grow fat. I took a lot of coaling-up exercises, with a scuttle for a dumb-bell, and kept my arms shapely by the use of an old home remedy known as the broom. When I went anywhere short of Buffalo I walked, and at home I used more elbow grease than I did cold cream. Sugar being only five cents a pound we didn't think enough of it to use very much, and as for an elevator in our flat house—why, elevator apartments with gas stoves in 'em cost seventy dollars a month or more, and we never even thought of such a thing. We lived up four perfectly good flights of stairs and I used to go down them and hold vulgar converse with the butcher and the grocer each day, and then had to climb up again before I could cook what I had bought.

These stairs had their disadvantages, it is true, but they were an excellent test of friendship. In fact in those days the test of friends was whether they would climb stairs to see you, not whether they would stay away now that the booze was all finished up.

We had our innocent diversions though. Don't get away with the idea that ours was a life of toil alone. George would sometimes give me the novelty of a ride in the open trolley, and then again we would climb two flights of stairs to the gallery of a theater; or maybe on the nights when George was playing poker I would climb four flights in the Metropolitan Opera House, because these were flights which George never cared to take. Or on a Sunday

"George," I Said, "This Dress Has Shrunk Frightfully!"

evening we would walk down to Washington Square from a Hundred and Twentieth Street along with another couple of typical Greenwich Villagers from our block, and blow ourselves to a forty-cent table d'hôte "with." Yes, they used to throw it in! Remember? Oh, boy! Not a nickel more if you took the ink, and your choice of red or white—and fifteen cents extra if you had a second bottle, which we generally did, adding ice water thereto and nursing it along far into the Bohemian night, despite the disgusted looks of Tony, the waiter, who wondered anxiously if we were saving out enough to tip him.

Well, those shameful days of economy, hard work and inexpensive amusement eventually became a disgraceful forgotten past. But only after I had worked and saved and mended our hosiery instead of throwing it away, and trimmed my hats and scrimped to add to the little old savings account, and helped George in every manner that a truly womanly woman could. And what was the result of all this conscientious effort, eh? Watter you think? Why, we got prosperous, that's what; and then, lo, as the cashier says, came a slow change.

I didn't realize at first what our altered condition was going to mean to me, and I actually enjoyed moving into an apartment with three elevators. At the time there seemed nothing symbolic to me in this surplus of elevators. Nor in the installation of a telephone which brought my marketing to my bedside. Even having a hired girl to do my exercises for me appeared in a false light at the beginning. Of course, though, we had bought a vacuum cleaner instead of a mere broom, and had a self-starting Swede to do the washing by electricity. So the maid and the houseman, whom I called a butler until my friends saw him, were not exactly overexercised

I certainly thought George was being awfully good to me. And the crowning goodness, the pink penultimate act of husbandly kindness was when he succumbed to two months of nagging and bought a car.

Of course he didn't exactly buy it—nobody does quite that, do they? But he signed a check and six notes, and they delivered the bus. And as heaven is my witness, at the time I thought he was doing me a favor—indeed I did.

Well, it seems that when we approximately bought this car it was just like anything else that inexperienced buyers buy—full of additional payments which the salesman had been glad not to trouble us with the mention of; and anyone who can remember buying their first automobile, house or installment piano will at once understand me only too well. After a while a person gets hep to transfer taxes, back interest, direct tax, state tax, luxury tax, insurance and the spare tire. But at the first whack all you seem to think of is the price in the catalogue and you congratulate yourself on your acumen in noting that it is subject to change without notice. Even the mystic f. o. b. is mistaken for a harmless trade-mark by many a novice. And the item we overlooked on our first car was the insurance.

This was not true, however, of the insurance men in our neighborhood. I don't know if insurance men have an extra sense or a fourth dimension or what, but I'll say they know with unerring certitude when anybody in the vicinity buys a new car. Why, we didn't really know it ourselves until after the salesman from whom we bought our Climber had shoved a form in George's way and murmured a hypnotic "Just sign here." But by the time we reached home, all fluttery and proud, yet anxious over our purchase, the insurance men knew the truth.

Yet on my word George hadn't told a soul up to then except the elevator boy; we hadn't seen anybody else whom we knew well enough to mention the fact to in a casual manner. And I don't think the elevator boy spilled it, because our phone rang on the first call before the elevator could have got downstairs.

There is certainly something uncanny about how they do it; probably every live insurance agent has a partner in the spirit world, and as soon as anybody buys a car the office boy sticks his head in the door and says, "Mr. Hoosis, you're wanted on the ouija board."

Well anyway, they know; that's a cinch. And pretty soon one had George in his power. By gollies, how I hated that man. He could think of more ways to get our money than a Federal income-tax clerk, and he took the last of George's ready cash in return for a bunch of papers that looked a whole lot more like a summons than a bond.

I recall how this agent's words shamed us into coming across on every count, though, of course, we secretly believed ourselves to be the exceptions that proved the average motor-vehicle court's rulings.

"Of course you want fire and theft," said the agent, not meaning that at all, but you get him, and so did we. "And loss of use and liability."

According to him we were planning rather a poor time for ourselves.

We agreed to all these catastrophes, however; but when he shot the next one we balked. "How about collision?" he said.

"Well, how about it?" asked George. "I don't want any collisions."

"Well, you'd better," said the agent "You see you only pay us about half the price of the car in advance, and then if you break a two-dollar lens and report it at once, why, we replace it for you free. It's a very good thing."

He didn't explain just whom it was so very good for, but George was ashamed to say no. That insurance man had a casual manner of assuming that we wanted only the best and that if we didn't he was mortified for us but wouldn't for the world say so—he would only let us see it plainly; and this manner of his had just the effect he thought it would. So we took collision. And then after he had evidently decided there wasn't anything else he could remember to charge us for he took up his plush hat, made a rapid calculation on his notebook and said two-twenty-five would be right. Of course he didn't mean that either. He meant two hundred and twenty-five, but he was trying to soften the blow, I suppose. I'll give him credit for that. He would have made a fine head waiter or train robber if his talent had not led him elsewhere. And then he went away. He left us the car, however.

"I suppose it's ridiculous to spend all that money on insurance," said George. "Because if anything ever happens to us it is sure to be the other fellow's fault, and he'll pay for it!"

"Well, nothing will happen while I'm driving," I assured him. "Because I mean to drive like a human being, not like a road hog."

"Great heavens, do you intend to learn to drive?" my husband shrieked. "Call back that insurance man. I want to put on another couple of hundred."

But just the same, I learned. I'll say it took courage, because I am by nature more of the porch type of girl. Sort of a short vamp. Well anyway, I just naturally knew that unless I intended to get my outings exclusively by sitting outside of places where George had business I would have to learn to drive, and at the end of three weeks the instructor went to a rest cure and I went down the Avenue alone.

And nothing happened—that is, nothing aside from my arriving safely. That terrible car, which had tried to go in every direction but the one I desired; which had made strange impolite sounds and stopped unexpectedly; which had leaped at baby carriages and small boys on bicycles in direct opposition to my will; and stubbornly refused to go into high without grinding its teeth in prehensile rage—was conquered. I could drive without killing either the pedestriana, myself or the engine; and this amazing fact, gradually merging into a form of subconscious activity, opened up a new world to me.

Gradually I came to realize that I could not walk. Distance and time took on new proportions. For instance, I always used to walk the five blocks to the Periscope Picture Palace, but after I got the car—nothing stirring, except on four wheels! As for going downtown on foot, or even over to Cousin Mary's on Ninety-sixth—well, what does a person have a car for anyway?

On Sundays, holidays and election days, instead of ferrying over to the Palisades and walking ten miles or less, as we used to before we could afford not to, we got out the bus and crowded our way into the procession which packed the main road to the most expensive

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If You Have Ever Tried to Feel at Your Ease and Cosmopolitan, Doing a Greek Dance Under the Instruction of a Russian Dancer, You Will Sympathize

Break the Glass and Pull Down the Hook

By Edward Streeter

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

A RED-FACED man in a gray flannel shirt was working on the connections of a fire-alarm box. Beany, Gangleshanks and the Tub paused to watch him. After a brief inspection the Tub sought out a convenient stepping-stone and sat down wearily. Being a vessel of heavier tonnage than either Beany or Gangleshanks, their stop-and-go method of travel wearied him. The Tub considered walking one of the necessary evils, to be classed with getting up in the morning or brushing the teeth. He preferred to accomplish such things with one supreme, continuous effort.

Beany and Gangleshanks, however, believed in self-education. This was fortunate, for their weekly school reports showed that it was the only kind which they did sanction. On this afternoon they had not wasted a moment since school let out. At the corner of Main and Berkeley streets they had studied art from a gentleman in a brimless straw hat who was obliterating a Liberty Bond appeal with a three-foot boiled ham. At the end of the next block they had taken a lesson in engineering from a city official who was attempting to bail out a manhole with an old broom.

Now they were quite prepared to receive some instruction in applied electricity.

They had passed this fire box so often that its familiarity had robbed it of any special interest. Now, under the manipulation of the red-faced man, it assumed new possibilities. Beany noticed for the first time the raised silver letters on its crimson front. He read them aloud, as he read everything from street-car ads to moving-picture headings, apparently under the impression that no one else was similarly gifted.

"In case o' fire break the glass an' pull down the hook." He digested this information for several seconds. "Fire where?" he asked.

The man paused in his work and looked blankly at them. Beany noticed that his face exactly matched the box, and wondered if this was one of the rules of the fire department. He pointed to the letters.

"Fire where?" he repeated.

The man peered round the side of the box at the inscription as if he had never seen it before.

"In your gran'mother's room," he said finally, and resumed his work.

Beany could think of no appropriate reply to this remark. He had an uncomfortable feeling that there was a joke concealed in it somewhere. He made a face which might pass for a laugh if there had been a joke and as a mere nervous twitch if there had not.

The red-faced man looked up again after a few moments and seemed surprised to find them still there.

"She ain't got a fire in it, has she?" he asked.

Beany shook his head doubtfully, without venturing further comment. The Tub remained comatose. He had little mechanical ambition. If there was anything interesting to be seen he was satisfied to learn about it at second hand later in the afternoon.

When they finally moved on once more he fell in behind them without a word. In the middle of the block they turned, cut across the uncut lawn of a vacant house and disappeared down the drive. They were headed toward an old barn which stood in the rear of the deep lot. Both the barn and house belonged to the Tub's father, who dabbled in real estate outside of business hours.

They entered the barn through a small door cut into one of the panels of the large one. Gangleshanks shut this carefully after them and bolted it on the inside, having looked out first to see if they had been followed.

A short ladder lay on its side in the rear of the barn. Beany raised this so that its end came almost to the edge of a trapdoor in the ceiling.

"Got everythin'?"

"Yep. Go ahead."

They climbed the ladder and disappeared through the hole one after another. Then a hand appeared and the ladder rose jerkily after them. They were in a loft formed by the sloping roof of the barn. It appeared to have been used in the past principally for the storage of dust. There were stalactites of dust hanging from the rafters. Small puffs of it rose from the floor as they walked across it. A beam of sunlight struggling through the single window disclosed myriads of particles chasing one another languidly round and round. The very air smelt dusty, due no doubt to the fact that it was not contaminated by any outside influences. The window was not of the modern kind which opens.

He Opened a Cigar Box With Much Ceremony and Brought Forth Three Half-Smoked Cigarettes. "Why Don't You Fellas Mark 'Em?" He Complained

At one end of the loft was a trapeze. At the other a pair of rusty flying rings hung dejectedly. An old couch, which had long since parted company with its buttons and whose springs had exploded in some places and receded in others, stood in the middle of the floor. By its side was a kitchen table in a constant state of indecision as to which three legs it would stand on. A number of antique magazines were scattered about. All these comforts were explained by a large pasteboard sign nailed above the window on which was printed "INVINCUBEL ATHLETIC CLUB."

Beany threw himself carefully on the sofa. A considerable amount of skill and experience was necessary to execute this maneuver, for the sofa was as tricky as a bucking horse. Having established a balance, he gazed appreciatively about him.

To an ordinary observer the quarters of the Invincubel Athletic Club would have contained little to allure. In fact an unimaginative person like Mrs. Hemingway would probably have called it a filthy hole. That would have been because she could not see it with Beany's eyes. The latter had once taken a trip to New York with his father. They had dined at the University Club. His present surroundings represented to him the luxury and comfort which he had observed there.

Gangleshanks opened a drawer in the table and took out a cigar box. This he opened with much ceremony and brought forth three half-smoked cigarettes.

"Why don't you fellas mark 'em?" he complained.

"I did," said Beany. "Mine's marked with a pencil."

"Mu-mu-mine's the shortest," stammered the Tub, who considered the consumption of tobacco more of a grace than an enjoyment. He was willing to waive hygiene in order to reduce quantity.

Gangleshanks studied the three half-burned cigarettes once more and then distributed them. Selecting a match from the cigar box, he lit his own, blew out the match and passed the box to Beany.

"Say," exclaimed the latter with withering contempt, "don't you know you're supposed to light mine first?"

"Who was your nigger servant last year?" inquired Gangleshanks with dignity.

"That shows all you know about smoking!" cried Beany. "You always light everybody else's cigarette before you light your own."

"My father doesn't," asserted Gangleshanks stoutly.

"Father calls a fella that lights his own first a Cornell man."

"Maybe that's it," compromised Gangleshanks, willing to drop the subject.

The Tub lit his cigarette, and having failed to acquire the sofa lay down on a long, coffinlike packing box, which was the third and last article of furniture on the inventories of the Invincubel Athletic Club.

Beany reclined with as much ease as the eccentricities of the couch would permit.

Filling his mouth with smoke, he began to let it trickle slowly out.

Then, feeling a cough approaching, he blew it forth hastily in a great blast.

"Did you ever see anybody send in an alarm?" he asked finally.

Gangleshanks shook his head.

"Golly day, I bet they can go!" Beany blew a second cloud of smoke through his pursed lips, and wondered if this was the way his father felt when he went down to his club on Saturday nights. "I'm goin' to keep my eyes out for fires an' see if I can't ring in one some time."

"Me too," said Gangleshanks.

The Tub said nothing. He was engaged in grinding his cigarette to a pulp under his heel so that his fellow clubmen might not discover how much of it was left.

"Do you s'pose if I broke the glass every fire engine in the city would come runnin' up?"

"Sure they would," replied Gangleshanks; "before you could say Jack Robinson."

Beany thought this over, his lips forming Mr. Robinson's name several times. After a few experiments he felt that Gangleshanks had slightly overstated the case. The cigarette had made him feel languid. Gangleshanks selected one of the periodicals from the table and began to read. It was entitled Pearl Handled Pete; or The Ranchman's Peril. The Tub had relapsed into a doze.

"How hard d'you s'pose 'tis to break the glass?" asked Beany, after a long silence.

Gangleshanks was unaware of the question. Pearl Handled Pete was one of those tales which guaranteed a blood letting with the minimum waste of ink and paper. The ranchman had been just faced with both barrels of P. H. Pete's famous guns. "You cowardly cur!" he said, folding his arms. "Shoot!"

"How hard d'you s'pose it would be?" insisted Beany.

Gangleshanks looked up impatiently.

"What're you talkin' about?" he asked.

"The glass! The glass! Can't you understand English? Golly day! You can't remember a thing two seconds!"

"He Won't Burn! He's Too Fat!" Cried a Voice Which Sounded Like That of the Bad-Blooded Young Man

"Can so! I don't keep talking about the same thing all day though. Ask the Tub. I haven't time to tell you everything."

Beany forgot all about the matter until the following morning, when he was proceeding unenthusiastically toward school. He noted the fire box in its accustomed place. It reminded him of a red-faced bully defying the world to hit him if it dared. He thought of it again during the morning along with sundry other matters which had no bearing on his education.

On his return from school he made several passes at the box with his fist; then, observing a policeman, he continued on his way, making ugly jabs and side swipes at the air in order to give the impression that this was merely an arm exercise in which he indulged while walking.

The human senses have a happy way of adapting themselves to their surroundings by disregarding certain sights and sounds which would otherwise become unbearable through the monotony of repetition. By means of this instinct of selection we are able to ignore the constant flashing of telegraph poles past the windows of a train, the roaring of a falls or the frequent passing of street cars in the night. Unfortunately, however, we cannot turn our senses on and off like a water tap. Once these impressions have been voluntarily registered on the field of consciousness, they stubbornly refuse to be submerged again.

Such was the relationship between Beany and the fire box, though he was not aware of it in just those terms. He had turned on the faucet and was unable to shut it off again. What had formerly been an unimportant part of the general landscape now became a living pest which mocked him from every corner telegraph pole, daring him, tantalizing him, taking every advantage of his curiosity.

The box near the Invincubel headquarters was the most belligerent. Each time he passed it seemed to cry: "You don't dare! Yellow!"

Once he tried throwing stones at it. He received such a fright, however, when one of them hit the box just over the glass that he never repeated the experiment.

At first Gangleshanks took but little interest in the matter. Gradually, however, Beany made him feel the tantalization of it. It was like painting "Danger" on a door and then leaving it unlocked.

Beany would stand silently before the box for minutes at a time. This was of itself proof that most unusual things were going on in his mind. He pictured to himself the results of the simple operation described on the cover. At a motion of his finger the big red motors would begin to roar. Street cars would stop. Automobiles would crowd to the curb. Traffic policemen would wave their arms. The movement of a city would pause momentarily just because Beany Fleming said so.

Even the most alluring things, however, must give way to the march of events. An individual who advertised himself as the Human Fly arrived in town, and proceeded to climb the face of the Ludlow Building in defiance of Newton and police regulations, thereby giving an immense impetus to the ambition of every boy in town. The fire alarm was momentarily eclipsed.

And so it came about that they sat once more in the Invincubel Athletic Club discussing the virtues of the Human Fly and the possibilities of a similar career, provided one began early enough—and lived long enough. They stimulated their minds with three more cigarettes borrowed from Mr. Fleming's box. Tobacco had been introduced among the Invincubels when athletics had sunk to a very low ebb and the life of the institution had been threatened. None of them enjoyed it especially, but each felt that such an admission would be a sign of weakness. So they puffed stoically on with much outward gusto and considerable inward discomfort. The real thrill was born of the necessity of kissing their parents while the traces of their guilt most easily detected were upon them.

Beany found that by holding his breath his chances were reasonably good, though fate had almost overtaken him one evening when Mrs. Fleming, after sniffing at his clothing, remarked to her husband: "I think it's dreadful how your smoke gets into everything. Even Beany smells of tobacco just from being in the room with you."

There was a dreadful moment of suspense until Mr. Fleming had replied in a vaguely uncomplimentary manner that if it wasn't tobacco it would be something else.

The danger had been lessened by the discovery at Mrs. McGruder's candy shop of a remarkably strong peppermint ball. Two or three of these would have counteracted ammonia.

Beany pinched out his cigarette and replaced it in the cigar box. He was of the Oriental school, which deems a few puffs ample.

"Got any pep'mint balls?" asked Gangleshanks, immediately doing likewise.

Beany searched through the drawer.

"Not a one," he said.

"Le's go down to Mrs. McGruder's."

The Tub, who had acquired the sofa, yawned.

"I think I'll stay here."

"An' let us go down an' get 'em for you, I s'pose," remarked Gangleshanks indignantly.

"I du-du-du-don't feel good," explained the Tub.

"Rats!"

"Golly day, let him stay there!" said Beany contemptuously. "We don't need him."

"I should say not!" Before they had lowered the ladder the Tub's eyes were shut. Before they had reached the bottom he was happily dozing.

"Le's take the ladder away," suggested Beany. His alert mind seldom missed such opportunities. Gangleshanks agreed with enthusiasm. The ladder was placed on its side in the corner of the barn. They departed, much pleased with their cleverness.

Their errand was not a pressing one, and their progress was in consequence rather Pickwickian. The fire box once more claimed their attention. Beany rapped on the glass with his knuckle.

"I bet I could break it just doin' that," he said.

"You better not monkey. There's nothin' they'd like more'n sendin' you to jail."

"I don't see how they're goin' to send you to jail," argued Beany. "S'pose you think there's a fire when there isn't? They can't send you to jail for bein' mistaken. Golly day, if you think there's a fire you certainly ought to turn in the alarm!"

Gangleshanks considered this logic for some time, his head on one side.

"I guess that wouldn't do much good," he concluded finally. "The firemen 'ud be so sore 'cause you'd got 'em out o' bed they'd put you in jail anyways."

He had heard his father often speak of getting into his clothes like a fireman. He concluded therefore that all firemen spent their idle moments in bed. They continued to argue this point half-heartedly until they reached Mrs. McGruder's. That good woman's husband was sitting in the window reading a newspaper. As a drawing card Mr. McGruder ranked on a par with the candy his wife sold. He indulged in snuff, which in itself would have been enough to hold the public interest.

As an added inducement, however, he maintained one foot constantly swathed in bandages and supported on a kitchen chair.

This foot had been the subject of much speculation among the store's customers. Once while waiting with his mother in a doctor's office Beany had looked into a medical book. Among other enjoyable horrors he discovered a colored picture of a foot from which the skin had been removed in order to show the position of the muscles. He had immediately concluded that Mr. McGruder's foot must look like this. By throwing in a few revolting details of his own invention he had focused the attention of the entire neighborhood on that gentleman's extremity.

Mystery had tended to give Mr. McGruder a reputation as an oracle. This was his contribution to the welfare of the shop. He was conscious of his power, and enjoyed it. A question having been presented to him, he would lower his spectacles to the end of his nose and look at the speaker intently for several seconds as if unable to believe that such a simple problem should have been offered for his consideration. He would then pronounce a verdict with unqualified decision. Mr. McGruder's mind was clear-cut on any subject not related to his own affairs. Those he left to his wife.

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The Box Broke Forth Into a Series of Wheezes and Clicks, and Then Lapsed Once More Into Immobility

DIETING IN DEAR PAREE

By Kathleen Howard

"OH, YES," I said to my husband just before I left New York, "I'll come back a sylph, you'll see. What with the shortage of food and the scarcity of sugar and butter we hear of over there, I shall lose pounds."

My husband, who is entirely sick of the whole subject of woman's banting, merely put on the bored mask he wears when I tell him that for his dear sake I am denying myself extras of cream and sweets, so as to grow nearer to his elegant ideal. After one lightning glance at me he refuses to note the all-important disappearing ounces, because they are not pounds. I admit the subject has its limitations as a topic of interest from men's point of view, though the results we obtain seem to please them.

But—and it is a mighty but—instead of a shortage I find a distinct longage in everything; even the bill has grown to twice its prewar length, and as I am too old and hardened a Parisian to count in American dollars, with the advantageous exchange, when I am in Paris, I rather gasp at the totals presented to one in the most charming possible way at the end of the ritual.

For a ritual it is. After you have edged your knees round the corner of the table and sat down a bit ungracefully on the cushioned seat that runs round the wall, or selected the table with the prettiest view if you are lunching out of doors, some unnoticed slave slips a square of something both hard and soft under your feet. That is the opening gun. Personally my feet come in easy contact with the most distant floor—I never dangle—so I just touch the cushion with my toe to be sure it is there in proper grandeur, and then ignore it.

Who's Who on the Wine List

NEXT, something ordinary in uniform, called a *chasseur*, comes and takes your wraps, if you feel like yielding them up. But don't make the mistake of handing your gloves and small neck fur to the *maître d'hôtel*, as I saw one pretty but unsophisticated bourgeoise do the other evening in a very smart restaurant. The *maître d'hôtel* of course refused to touch them, but a *garçon* took them, and allowed himself the luxury of a long and humorous thrusting out of the lower lip as he bestowed the disdained trifles on the *chasseur*.

My meals in Paris have run practically the whole gamut, from the small cafés of the former Latin Quarter—now really suffering the eclipse our fathers have rubbed into us for years—meals served in a small room at little tables crowded together—to sumptuous, carefully weighed selections, chosen with no regard but the instinctive one of the waiter for calories and what-do-you-callums.

Years ago, when I was a student, Georgette—then a sparkling Anna Held—served us with lightning speed to a soup, a *plat du jour* and a compote or fruit which, with a demi-tasse, came to about one franc eighty centimes. Nowadays Georgette has moved up into the better class of cheaper cafés, and the same meal has moved up, too, to six or seven francs. We left the first café where we made her acquaintance because the goat's meat and horseflesh were becoming a little bit too obvious, disguised as *romsteck* or chateaubriand.

I dined at Georgette's table recently for old sake's sake, and tears came into her eyes as we talked of old times and the vanished Spaniards, English and Americans who had formed her devoted clientèle before the beginning of the war. She is just as pretty as ever, only a bit paler; just as capable and quick, her bright hair done in exactly the same way, springing back from above her charming, glancing eyes. Her *addition*, with its queer long French fives, has the same dash and individuality that used to please black-eyed Gosé, the well-known Spanish artist, who would not have considered he was dining if he had sat at some other waitress' table.

Well, we are all outwardly much grander nowadays, but inside we love the same old Paris ways, and they tug at us across the ocean every time the trees bud.

Where shall I begin? Suppose, as it is a heavenly warm day with just an iced edge of refreshment on the air, we go out to the Château de Madrid in the Bois for luncheon? Carried unanimously. My spirits rise, if it is possible, even higher at the thought of this party—it is so wonderful to feel that all Paris lies before you to explore, as soon as you step out of your iron gateway into the busy street.

A fussy taxi chugs you out to the Bois, and you pass under the great gateway with its emblazoned kingly figure on horseback over the door. Into a cool sun-dappled court you emerge, with great trees waiting to screen you from the sky's glare, and form elusive barriers of black trunks, round which you glimpse gay parties seated at ease in wicker armchairs, flirting, laughing, intelligent eyes flashing—caught in the act of a truly Parisian ceremony, the great art of eating well. Here and there where the sun rays are most curious, big striped umbrellas spring into being.

"*Eh bien! mes enfants, qu'est-ce qu'on va manger?* Something cold, perhaps?"

"Yes, yes, something cold will be just the thing."

Suppose we begin with hors d'œuvres. Quickly the table is dotted with little boats and dishes containing unrecognizable egg concoctions served with gobs of tan-colored sauce or mayonnaised to a creamy temptation; queer little piquant fishes of many kinds and shapes, tomatoes which you must help yourself to, because the red looks so lovely on your plate. Perhaps shrimps institute a heated discussion as to exactly the best way to go after them. Should they be pinched off at the head and then, with a coax of the thumbnail, urged out of their transparent shells—or should the tail part be gently pinched off first? These methods are demonstrated with varying success by their backers, but the point is to get as much salmon-pink flesh as you decently can, and you are apt to forget systems and just crack as you will.

It is a great temptation to eat too much of these appetizers, but it would be a fatal mistake to yield, and so we restrain ourselves.

But the wine! We are forgetting the wine! Personally I would rather have a red Burgundy to hold under my nose and then gently sip, with an occasional flooding gulp, than any sweet or sparkling wine. But this is all painful reading in America, that land of the—to Europeans—screaming joke, prohibition, and I shall try not to dwell upon it.

In vain I tell them stories of closed hospital wards, formerly filled with raving inmates; of statistics from prohibition states; of vice suppressed and saloons closed. They agree politely that that may all be true, and most interesting, but don't let anyone try to come between them and their glasses of sunshine and joy, that's all. Chunks of pleasure would disappear from their lives, pleasure to which they have been accustomed since childhood, and pleasure is hard to come by these days.

I know very little of wine, but I do know that you must know the cellars of the individual restaurants to get the really best. A Pommard of a certain date may be simply gorgeous at one house, while at another a certain something will be lacking. A Richebourg will excel in one restaurant, another will vaunt itself because of some other name for which its cellars are known. In one way America never knew what it missed, for the best red vintages seldom left France; they were too precious, too appreciated to allow them to escape the connoisseurs of their own country.

It is odd, but red Burgundy is rich and heavy, while white Burgundy is light and dry; but red Bordeaux wines are lighter and drier than white Bordeaux, which are oily and thickly sweet, and rather despised as ladies' wines.

A Little Dinner at Larue's

"LET'S have a white wine first, and then a red one, and for goodness' sake, you choose, because I know nothing about it."

It is brought by a carefully navigating *sommelier*, as he is quaintly called—every acolyte who serves at the ceremony has his particular appellation—lying on its important side, crusty with dust and cobwebby with cherished neglect. The little wicker basket it lies in looks most risky to me, and I am always afraid the baby will slip out of its cradle if I tip it over my own glass, but it never does; can't, in fact.

We order pâté de foie gras with romaine salad and cold asparagus; and lovely fruits in square shallow wooden boxes are brought to us for our selection.

It is too warm for a heavy luncheon, and we all lie back and sip our black coffee with that feeling of well-being and not overstuffing characteristic after meals in France. I think one reason is because we do sip wine, instead of washing down innumerable glasses of ice water, as we do at home. Nothing is more filling than several glasses of ice water.

Across the bed of begonias and marguerites two dark-eyed women with ocher-powdered skins puff cigarettes, and we study each other's hats and details, and feel profoundly peaceful and content with the smiling world.

The next day, after a crowded shopping tour, a seeing of countless models and computing of countable francs, the weary body craves a velvet-cushioned luxury, and we think perhaps a little dinner at Larue's would supply just the needed relaxation. At the head of the street, just opposite the austere Madeleine, you are carefully handed out of your auto by a uniformed somebody and delivered to another uniform at the door of the restaurant. Bland gentlemen bow in perfect greeting to you, and you murmur "For two" or "For four," and you half choose, half are chosen as to where you shall sit.

The way you are dressed, of course—for the sake of the dressing of the house—plays an important part in this, and it pays to be well turned out.

Real Parisian pink upholsters everything in sight. Little half partitions run round tables, making right angles of coziness throughout the room: almost no one sits on chairs; they are only to round out an overflowing party.

(Continued on Page 178)

Le Numéro de votre canard 49.046 The Number of your Duck
Paris
15, Quai de la Tournelle
Téléphone : 21-32
Gobelins
La Tour d'Argent
Le plus ancien Restaurant de Paris 1582. The oldest Restaurant in Paris
Café Anglais et Tour d'Argent réunis

A Duck at Frédéric's is an Epicurean Ceremony in Paris

Phoenix Stuff On the Sales End

BUSINESS TACKLES THE RUINS OF THE SELLER'S MARKET

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY W. D. WHITE

WHEN an ancient Egyptian died it was said of him that he had departed into the west—which has a familiar sound. In this western hereafter were the happy fields of Yaru. There, under the gods, his spirit plowed, sowed and reaped lentils, wheat and other food crops. While Egypt was young and faith deep, his spirit did this work joyfully. But as luxury grew in the land of the Pharaohs the Egyptian noble and gentleman sought substitutes for rough ghostly labor. Along with the mummy in the tomb were placed small effigies, holding their plows and sickles. Often hundreds of these respondents were buried with the mummy, and they were supposed to answer the call of the gods when there was any real work to be done. The sacred beetle or scarabæus was devised on the same principle, to answer for the deceased when questioned and judged by the gods.

To-day many a startled executive in American business, turning to his sales department for the first time in several years, finds it peopled chiefly by these little Egyptian ushabtiu, or respondents—proxies, imitations, little Egyptian make-believe sales people. Once upon a time that department was full of live ones who could go out and sell goods, give service, smooth away troubles and make friends. To-day it has often forgotten the very viewpoint in traditional selling. Once upon a time "order taker" was a term of reproach. To-day many an employee whose salary is charged up to sales expense either will not take an order gracefully or does not know how.

Getting at Big Executives

FOR more than five years American business has been conducted in the seller's market. Since the Allies began buying munitions in the spring of 1915 there has never been enough goods to take care of demand. The whole burden of doing business has been shifted from the salesman to the purchasing agent. It is the latter who has caught the midnight train for Chicago or New York, hunted up the salesman and producer, studied the ingenious method of approach, learned to argue clearly and forcibly and persuaded the seller to sign a promise to deliver merchandise—maybe—sometime.

Two wholesale merchants met on the train for New York. Each had just received word from the manufacturers' association in a big industry that his quota of goods would be reduced twenty per cent the coming six months. They compared notes on the whole buying situation.

"Stuff is not only getting scarcer and scarcer," said one, "but the quality is something awful. I managed pretty well as long as I got shipments from the Consolidated mill up in New England. But now we are unable to get anything at all from that plant."

The other jobber was suddenly silent. He knew why that mill had stopped supplying his fellow passenger, for by clever maneuvering he had lately contracted for its whole output!

In prewar days the buyer sat secluded in his office, receiving salesmen at his own convenience. The salesman was carefully trained in methods of approach, technical knowledge of his goods, ability to give service. The policy of the house and all the backing of its executive policy were behind him.

In making a survey of potential sales outlets one big corporation found, in those days which seem so remote, fifty important concerns with which it had never been able to do any business. In each case there was a subservient purchasing agent, lacking authority to place orders. The real say-so rested with some higher official—a president or general manager who was too great a man to be seen by a mere salesman. Clever specialists were called in to devise an original method of approach to these mighty ones. A book was written dealing with the history and products of the company and a special limited edition printed, with elaborate illustrations. Each copy was numbered, signed by the president of the company and sent to one of the autocrats in a costly handmade pigskin brief case, bearing the autocratic prospect's own monogram. Personal acknowledgment was inevitable with such a gift. The fifty pigskin brief cases brought fifty letters of appreciation. These laid the foundation for correspondence between executives and ultimately led up to interviews with sales representatives—a typical instance of the care given to selling prior to 1914.

But for five years the whole burden of ingenuity has been shifted to the buyer. It is he who has sought out the producer, coming not merely from Atlanta or Denver to fight for goods in primary markets but from London and Paris on behalf of foreign governments and from Buenos Aires and Hong-Kong as a merchant.

Climbing to the buyer's vacated throne, the salesman has tasted power. Once he joined the waiting group in the purchasing agent's anteroom. Then the world turned upside down and he had an anteroom of his own, filled with solicitous customers. Entering his office by a private door, he interviewed these supplicants one by one. Strangers casually met at the club or on the golf links often proved to be importunate buyers in disguise. Once upon a time—how long ago it seems!—the visiting merchant who stepped into a New York or Chicago mercantile house was met at the door, greeted by name and escorted to whatever variety of commodities he wished to inspect. Before he reached the elevator a wireless system began working. His name and address were telephoned to an alert young lady, who quickly consulted files, extracted a bunch of recent clippings from newspapers in his home town and telephoned a short summary upstairs. A salesman met him at the elevator, greeted him by name, asked if Tompkinsville had recovered from that fire last month and settled the matter of lunch before they began looking at goods. He did business ofttimes in surroundings more like those of a club than the old-time mercantile house, merchandise being displayed in rooms designed to accentuate its luxurious character, with Period or rococo effects worked out by the interior decorator and every facility for dictating letters, meeting friends, attending to correspondence and making business or pleasure arrangements. The smooth machinery frequently began working the moment an out-of-town merchant wrote his name in a hotel register.

Chilly Receptions for Visiting Merchants

BUT alas the seller's market! What a change it wrought! The visiting merchant considered himself lucky to get a hotel room. Newspapers might announce his arrival next morning, but nobody came to see him or greeted him over the telephone. At home his own business day might begin at nine or even eight o'clock in the morning, but the primary markets could not be bothered with business much before ten o'clock—perhaps eleven.

The visiting buyer entering a mercantile establishment found himself in a dingy lobby. Over a small window, shut tight against drafts, he made out the word "Information." A haughty young lady opened a peephole cautiously and asked: "D'ju wanta see someone?"

Yes—that was what the visitor had come for.

"Wuzit about some bizness?" quizzed the haughty one suspiciously.

Yes, it was about some business; in fact the visitor would like to see merchandise, if it was permitted, with a view to purchasing, if that was allowed.

"Oh, yes; I guess you wanta see Mr. Smithers. Butch'll hafta wait. He ain't in yet. Take a seat," advised the young lady, and carefully touched up her nose with a powder puff and adjusted her coiffure.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. Other visitors came in, sat down and fidgeted on the hard benches of the anteroom. Presently there was a stir of excitement. Mr. Smithers had entered by another door and was within. One by one the waiting seekers of merchandise were

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The Adventure of a Ready Letter Writer

By BLANCHE BRACE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

It Was a Very Gay Meal, for Bobby, Imitating the Camel, Was Intent Upon Quaffing Enough Joy That Night to Last Through the Desert Years Ahead; and Anna May Was Radiance Incarnate

EVERY man his own Columbus is the rule with several of life's chief discoveries, a fact that Bobby Jenks began to suspect dimly at the moment that the story opens. A purple gents' silk sock sale—so the placard proclaimed it—is distinctly no place for meditation on the part of either buyers or seller. Bobby, however, gave himself up to deep thought, leaning easefully against the counter that protected him a little from the indignation of the purple gents—mostly represented by their wives—on the other side. Deaf to pleas for nine-and-a-halves, he sighted a great, new realm of wisdom tardily.

"Why in thunder did I write those letters?" groaned Bobby, putting into the form of a rhetorical question his new vision of the universe.

There was nothing particularly new about his forlorn query of course. Cyrano de Bergerac, that letter-writing lover with the big nose and heart, may have been the one to ask it first; but since his time it has been repeated by hundreds of luckless suitors who have intrusted their wooing to Uncle Sam, to learn too late that an inky kiss is easy to dodge. It has been asked in an even more tragic tone by hundreds of others who have tried—too successfully—to teach love by correspondence school, and so have found their way to the breach-of-promise courts.

Bobby's case was as old as the stone tablets into which the ancient lovers hammered their endearments, and yet in certain details I think that he was right in believing it unique. He wore his rue with a difference. I have never heard, for instance, of exactly such a rival as the one that he had to face as a result of his waste of ink. I have never heard of another human being, though perhaps there have been scores, who was led to the point of doing murder, as Bobby was, as an outcome of friendly correspondence.

"Say, are you going to give me those tens, or aren't you?" demanded an impatient voice across the counter.

"This evening," muttered Bobby to himself. "I'll do it this evening."

So thinking, he threw back his shoulders and squared his chin. Even in that posture he did not look precisely a figure of romance, for he stood exactly five feet three in his stockings, of the silk he sold—the usual ten per cent discount to employees. Inches make a great deal of difference to sentiment, Bobby agreed with Cyrano, whether on noses or off heels. If it hadn't been for them he might have been happy in spite of—or because of—his letter writing.

To get to the root of Bobby's trouble it is necessary to go back for the briefest moment to the recent World War. We will not linger there, I promise you, for nowadays of course the subject is as discarded as a last year's hat. It is no more unpopular with you than it had been for a long time with Bobby Jenks—if that is any comfort at all.

War to Bobby Jenks, who had enlisted in that fervor of enthusiasm that makes of death a mere detail, had turned out to mean frying thousands of grayish flapjacks in the very early morning and boiling gigantic lumps of cabbage and innumerable potatoes, jackets on, army style, almost the length of France from the scene of action. It had meant the odium of being hailed as "Bridget" and "Cook." It had meant making his soul stand at attention before such commands as "Toss us the vi'lets, Jenksy," when someone wanted the onions, or "Slide along the strawb'rries," when the prunes were in demand. All this it had meant, and he was in full accord with General Sherman, though that perhaps is neither here nor there. The point is that Bobby Jenks had blamed the indignity, the flatness, the absence of glory of it all upon his lack of inches.

Certainly that, and nothing else, had been the direct cause of his fatal habit of letter writing, he reflected bitterly. Asking for a new army blouse, size thirty-four, one day, he had been issued a forty by a blithe sergeant with a benighted sense of humor, who had noticed that Jenksy always got sore when you teased him about his size. He had found the letter in its pocket.

At this juncture in his memories Bobby noted wearily that it was twelve o'clock, turned his back upon the clamorers for royal purple socks and sauntered out to the nearest dairy lunch room. Over his ham sandwich and glass of milk he drew forth a worn envelope decorated with traces of the soil of France, samples of various chow and thumb prints that would have proved in any court of justice in the land that Bobby Jenks had had it in his possession.

He took out the gray rag of letter, unfolded it and read it for the thousandth time:

Dear Big Soldier: You see, I know that you are big, because I have just finished making this blouse for you. I hope that it will keep you very warm and help you to fight well at the Front. I thought of you when I was making it, and of how grand it must be to be a soldier, and such a big one, and to have the honor of being a hero in the trenches.

Maybe you live out West when you are home—do you? Such a lot of big men come from there! I have always lived in Brooklyn, and ever since I was sixteen—guess how long that is—I have worked in this factory. But I like it now because we are making things for the soldiers.

I hope you won't think I ought not to put this letter in your pocket. Your wife mightn't like it—ha, ha! I never did such a thing before. But I do like big men, especially those who are fighting for their country. You mustn't answer this letter of course. My address is —— Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

Good luck, big soldier! I hope it fits.

ANNA MAY JACKSON.

The blouse hadn't fit of course. Bobby Jenks had taken one look at himself in it in his happily unbreakable army mirror, and then had rushed forth, hurled the garment at the sergeant and fought with him for bringing romance into his life. But before he had turned in the blouse so unceremoniously he had removed the letter from its pocket, and with it the little snapshot of a girl.

He had gone back to his mess kitchen finally, exceedingly sore in body and spirit and full of distaste for pretty girls who liked big men. He had felt that he disliked Anna May Jackson so much that presently he had taken out the little picture again to tell it what he thought of it. It was just a cheap, small snapshot of a girl with mirthful young eyes that looked out at the world from under blown dark hair. I can't tell you how it came about that suddenly it seemed to Bobby Jenks the pictured face of the one being in all the world that he had known and had loved better than all others.

The next afternoon he had sat down at the table in his mess kitchen to answer Anna May Jackson's letter, using the fountain pen that his aunt in the Bronx had given him just before he set sail for France. His brows were tied in a frown, and there was a wild light in his eyes now and then when he got up to put more water on the beans. I hold no brief for the letter that he wrote. He had had a good upbringing, and the aunt in the Bronx had spanked

into him an average respect for the truth. Only—wasn't there something of chivalry perhaps in the way he had perjured himself for the sake of a little blouse maker who had always lived in Brooklyn, a little blouse maker with laughing eyes? And may not Bobby Jenks, the real Bobby, the soul of him, have bayoneted boches that afternoon in No Man's Land while the outer husk of him, back in the S. O. S., poured more water on the beans?

Anyhow, this was the letter that he wrote:

Dear Anna May: The blouse fits me like the skin does a snake. Maybe it's just a little mite small in the chest, but not enough to hurt. It was awful good of you to make it so good. I'll say it'll keep me warm up here getting boches. I brought back six this afternoon besides the ones I killed. Gee, they were scared, the poor devils. [After deliberation he scratched out "devils" and wrote "fish." One mustn't shock Anna May.]

Funny how you knew I was from the West. I've lived in Montana and Texas both. It don't make much difference to me where, so long as I got a good wild horse and a lariat. Want me to teach you to throw the rope sometime?

Excuse bad writing. I got on my gas mask, there being an attack, and it kind of gets in the way.

No, my wife won't have nothing to say about your letter. The reason why is I haven't got any wife. I'll be looking for your next letter, and answer it as soon as it comes. Now I got to get back to the trenches.

(Pvt.) ROBERT W. JENKS.
A. P. O. 703.

Having finished, he had held his pen poised a moment or two, and then had written a veracious ending to this astonishing epistle.

P. S. Thanks for the picture. It's some picture! I'll tell the world it is!

Back in the Fourteenth Street Emporium after luncheon, amid the eternal verity of purple hosiery, Bobby Jenks could less than ever understand how he had happened to pen an epistle so base. Still less could he understand the letters that had followed it. He had taken Anna May with him through the thickest of the fighting on four fronts, while he peeled potatoes back in the forestry area. She knew about his brilliant exploits as a spy in Germany. She was thoroughly familiar with his daring in a place he called "the Oregon woods."

Before He Had Turned in the Blouse So Unceremoniously He Had Removed the Letter From its Pocket, and With it the Little Snapshot of a Girl

"Shells was falling all round me, and I don't know why I wasn't hit. Maybe it was because you was thinking of me just then."

So he had written to Anna May, and then had made another special pie for the lieutenant who censored his letters. He could not even feel conscience-stricken when Anna May's answer had come. She had assured him that in that case he would never be hit.

Looking backward now, he could not believe that it had finally come about. It was amazing, it was incredible, it was altogether something that couldn't have happened. But in his last letter he had asked Anna May if she would go with him to his ranch—the one in Montana, he thought—after the war to help him forget the horrors of the trenches. She had replied that she would.

"God take care of my big hero till I can!" she had written, jealous of the infinite.

"Big!" Bobby Jenks had writhed in bitterness of soul as he read. "Hero!" Then he had added: "Gosh!"

The next day the armistice had been signed, and Bobby Jenks had taken time for his first advance bird's-eye view of the aftermath that comes to letter writers. He did not write to Anna May again, though it was May before his outfit sailed for the United States. But the thought of her had taken some of the joy out of that first glimpse of the home shores. It had stayed with him during the days in camp and after his return to the bosom of the Bronx apartment, where he dispensed thrilling anecdotes of his part in the Great War to his aunt and a rather unreckonable number of cousins. Its poignancy remained undimmed when he went back to his old job in the gents' silk socks at the Fourteenth Street Emporium, so that he never even saw the lingering eyes of the young woman in the shirts and the young woman in the neckties, whose warranted glaze of poise was a little scratched by this returned war hero at their elbow.

"If I hadn't lied I could have gone to see her now," Bobby Jenks was thinking dismally. "Only, of course, if I hadn't lied she wouldn't have wanted me to come."

Curiously enough—or masculinely enough—he never once thought of Anna May's side of the affair. He thought

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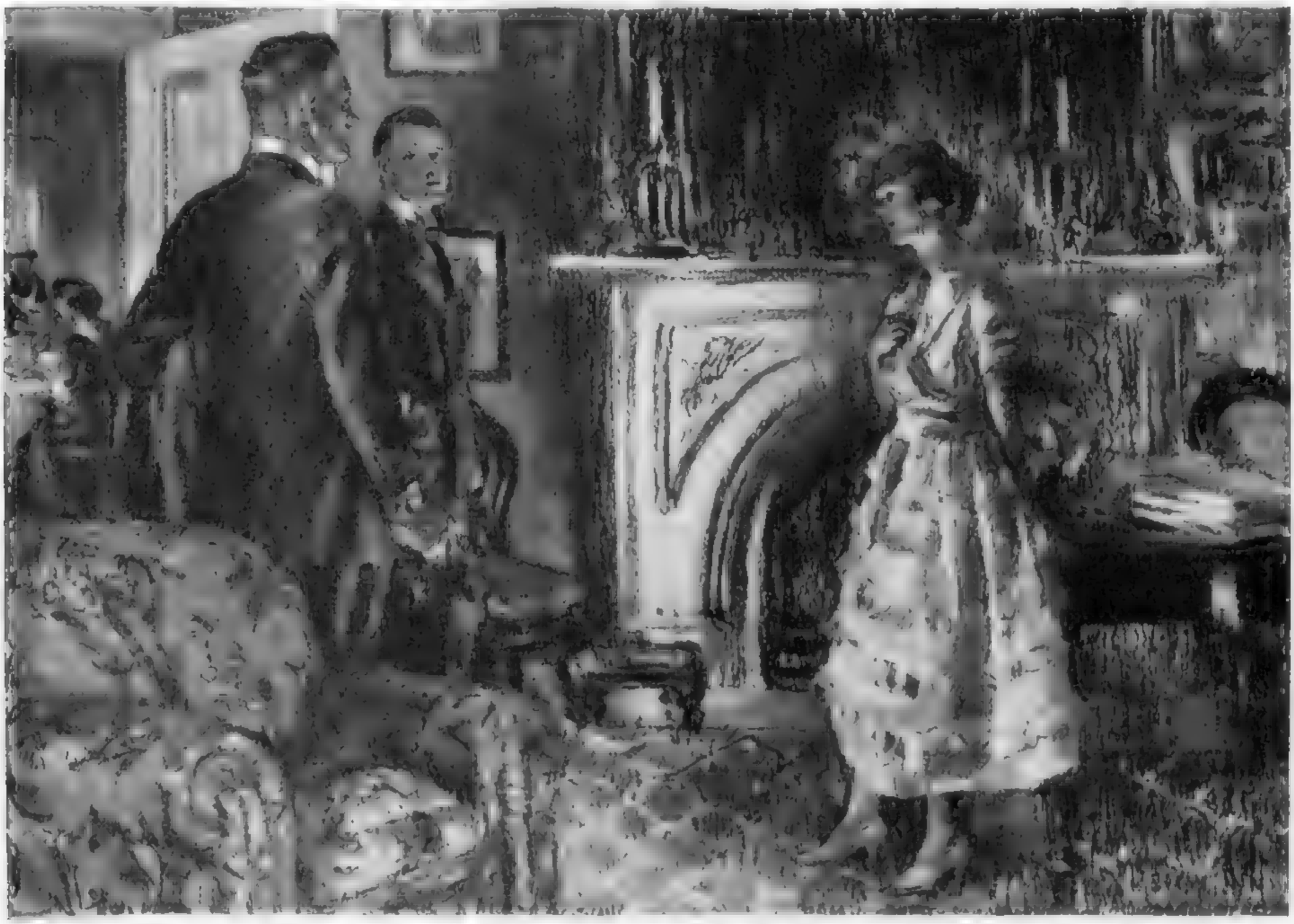


Close Upon This Admission Came the Argonne Fighter, Resplendent in His New Civilian Clothes. Bobby Felt a New Passion of Jealousy

VIENNA AND CHICAGO

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THE scene of my presentation at the Austrian court was a handsome room in the more modern part of the palace, and its decorations in white and gold wood paneling with brilliant brocade were Empire, or later, in style. The fine proportions and beautiful lighting by many wax candles made an appropriate setting for the diplomats, who were all decked out in their best finery. My father and his secretaries were the only men in simple evening dress and stood out, marked by this, in the throng, where most of the masculine portion rivaled us ladies in wearing finery of gold and silver lace and multicolored clothes—red, blue, green and white. The American naval and military attachés were well qualified to hold their own, for, though less trimmed, their full-dress uniforms were well cut, and both Captain Hein and Lieutenant Sargeant were magnificent specimens of our national manhood.

By degrees as each group appeared the chamberlain in charge sorted out its component elements and arranged them according to the rank of the head of each mission, this point being decided by the length of time since each ambassador or minister had presented his credentials to the sovereign. It caused much comment always that the United States should not send an ambassador instead of a minister, and should, in spite of her importance in the world, by her own choice take a second place at court. It was as if the country did not feel confident of its own value. That and dressing her envoy in a swallow-tail coat at court functions, whether they occurred at ten A. M. or were gala evening parties, thus putting the American Minister on a par with the hired waiters, seemed to us, as it has to many a representative, somewhat unfair. Both these old customs have now been changed, and the ambassadors of the United States at present rank with those of other first-class nations, wearing a dignified uniform, quieter than those of Europe, but, like our military and naval dress, showing good taste, material and cut.

Shortly after our entrance several men were introduced to me, and each paid me the banal little compliment the occasion demanded. All the younger ones asked me not to forget them in the ballroom later. I was also presented by my mother to such of her women colleagues as I had not met before. There were very few who were handsome among them, only Lady Paget, who was altogether regal, while my mother's dark beauty was at its best.

Suddenly we were all silent, and the three raps on the floor had just been heard, announcing the solemn entry of the Emperor and his court, when a little frightened exclamation at our left attracted our attention. My mother turned, as I did, only to hear Madam G——, the wife of one of the ministers, say, "What shall I do? If I could only get behind you all, and not have to stand out here in the first line where everyone can see!" She was looking down at her feet, and seemed ready to cry, and naturally our eyes followed hers to her slippers. The poor little woman, through some distraction, had changed her stockings to go with her white gown, and then either meaning to change later or simply from inattention had slipped on her bedroom slippers again. They were small and of some bright color, much betrimmed, and they did not go with her gown.

To me it seemed the woman's situation was as painful as she found it herself, but my mother was not so disturbed and said coolly enough, "It doesn't at all matter. Those look very pretty; anyone who notices will think you are trying to start a new fashion in wearing a contrast, and once the circle is over, our feet won't be in view. Anyhow there is nothing to do, for here comes the Emperor."

A Chat With the Emperor

AND she and I, as well as the lady victim of the quaint mistake and all the others in the room, turned toward the door, where the Emperor stood bowing and smiling genially, with the Duchess of Cumberland on his arm. We all curtsied and the long procession advanced into the room, where it broke up into informal groups to chat and wait, while the Emperor and the Archduchess Maria Theresa, representing the Empress, went round the long semicircle of diplomats, speaking to the chief of each mission and his wife, as well as to any new members of the various embassies and legations who had not as yet been introduced at court.

The Emperor began with the senior ambassador and moved on rather rapidly down the line, without, however, any signs of being bored or hurried. He also left all the men and women convinced it was a pleasure for him, the Emperor, to have those few words with his guests. It was

Mrs. Henry H. Honoré, Grandmother of Princess Cantacuzène

all the effect of a charming and rather intimate simplicity of manner, which was the sovereign's marked characteristic in society, for he rarely talked lengthily or seriously to anyone. He approached my father and mother and said in French with a warm handshake, "How are you, Colonel Grant? Good evening, madam! I hear your little girl is here to-night and that she is very *gentille*. I must meet her."

Immediately my parents separated a little, and as I stepped forward and curtsied low, His Majesty held out a cordial hand, which grasped mine hard for a moment. He looked at me with a quick pleasant glance which took in everything. In French he spoke again: "I'm glad you came to my ball, mademoiselle, and I hope you will find it pretty and will enjoy yourself. You will if you speak German; our people love those who speak their language and are at home among them. You have been years here with your father—have you learned to speak?"

I answered in German: "*Ja, Majestät!* I do speak German rather better than English, and I am quite at home in Vienna. One could not dislike such a beautiful place."

The Emperor threw his head back and laughed with real amusement. "But you speak Viennese—it is quite charming! Where did you learn our patois?"

And I said I had picked it up, because I found it so much prettier than North German. Whereupon His Majesty looked exceedingly pleased and amused and went on to ask me a number of questions in quick succession.

Finally he said, "I am sure you will have great success, and I shall watch it with pleasure!" and with a supple bow to me and saying to my mother, "I congratulate you, Madam Grant," he passed on to the neighboring group and spoke to the wearer of the bedroom slippers.

I did not have time to see whether he noticed these, as the archduchess was upon us, and after she had exchanged a few words with my mother and father, whom she already knew well, I was presented to Her Imperial Highness. Maria Theresa was a most lovely apparition that night—in soft white with splendid diamonds on her dress and neck, and forming also a spreading brilliant diadem in the heavy curls and braids of her remarkably fine hair. She had a delicate high-bred face, large luminous brown eyes and a slim figure, which she carried with much pride. Her expression was very sympathetic and her voice gentle and low, and though she said but a few words to me before she passed on, she made those pleasant, and with an attractive smile wished me success. She was the third wife of Archduke Charles Louis, the Emperor's brother, but she was scarcely older than her senior stepson, Francis Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the throne. She was born a princess of Parma, I think. It was said she suffered greatly from being transported into the Vienna wintry weather, that she had lung trouble and was very fragile and sad; but she showed none of this at a court ball, and filled her rôle with distinguished certainty of gesture and action, which made everyone present keep the memory of her beauty and her grace.

As the circle finished, the procession re-formed and the Emperor led the way, offering his arm again to the Duchess of Cumberland. They were followed by the Duke of Cumberland and the Archduchess Maria Theresa, then the rest of the imperial family, and after them we all fell into line, embassies first and legations following these, each according to the rank of its chief. Our march was a long one, through the halls of the new portion of the Hofburg, then into the older portion, where some of the rooms were smaller, but where the materials and decorations used on floors and on the walls were much rarer and finer. The furniture also was more beautiful, while valuable collections and objects of art stood about: Italian Renaissance work, rare bronze and amber objects, Gobelin tapestries and Louis XV furniture and silks, beautiful carvings, glass from Venice and Bohemia, and lacquer or porcelains from the Orient—too much to do more than notice as we went by, and to admire for the general effect as the candlelight made the impression particularly happy to our unaccustomed eyes.

My excitement had been mounting ever since the first door opened early in the evening, when I had stepped into the palace; and by this time I was keyed to a much higher pitch. Finally we moved through a last archway and found ourselves in the immense ballroom of the Hapsburgs, where for centuries back they had held their court. No wonder it had attained a splendid reputation! To my inexperience the space seemed vast, and the crowd impossible to count. Men in uniform, civil and military, and in wonderful Hungarian national or family costumes, with jeweled swords, buckles and buttons on their velvet—dark swarthy types, who wore their splendor so that it seemed quite dignified. The women had to do their best to keep pace with these men, whether Hungarian velvets or guardsmen's scarlet and blue. They did keep up their reputation of being among the smartest in Europe, however, and gave a confused impression of diamonds and other jewels, and of dresses no less lovely because they were less vivid than the men's. Some raised seats arranged about the walls on one side were for the archduchesses and the older ladies of the court; and for the wives of foreign representatives there were seats on the other side, and I heard there was to be a sit-down supper for all these, while all the gentlemen, and we, the dancers, were to sup at a buffet. Also I was told that at court, because the Emperor never sat down, but moved about continuously among his guests, we would stand for the cotillon and between the dances.

Where Birth Is Put Above Brains

ANOTHER curious detail was the presence of several ministers of the government, who were self-made men and had been named to their high rank because of their talents. These kept apart, knowing none save one another or a few foreigners. The Emperor spoke to each member of the cabinet, and then they merely stood about rather helplessly, but apparently contented with a lot which roused my curiosity by its lonesomeness. I found on inquiry that all the cabinet came by right to a court ball; but only for the time he was in office was the self-made man asked, and he, as did all others who had not sixteen quarterings—or four generations of noble birth in every direction—knew he had no right to a court presentation. Therefore they had no pretensions to meet the proud aristocracy who formed the élite. It seemed quaint to accept such a situation in such a submissive spirit, when their brains were admittedly necessary to carry on the administration of government, and I was surprised to think these men the moment they left office went quietly back into their earlier spheres.

I heard further that a woman who married one of the nobility, but who did not possess the requisite sixteen quarterings, not only could not go to court herself but destroyed the chances of her children and grandchildren. Four generations must pass, even if the Emperor ennobled

her in her own right, before the stain of her plebeian blood could be eradicated from the family! This seemed strange to our American ideas, and not without a note of the grotesque in its excess—but Austria claimed to be the most exclusive court in Europe, and I suppose one must sacrifice something to such a reputation! Anyhow, it suited the Austrians.

In a few moments our procession had moved slowly down into the center of the splendid company assembled, and as the Emperor turned and bowed to the Duchess of Cumberland the dance music struck up—such music as ears rarely heard—a Strauss waltz by an orchestra unrivaled in all Europe, for by imperial command Strauss himself held the conductor's baton, and none but his own music was played for the dancing. Ears of sixteen and feet as young were keen to follow the call of such rhythmic strains, and I was delighted when a young secretary from Italy's embassy asked me to dance.

When we ended our turn, up came another and another; and a great number of the Austrians also were introduced, and soon I had forgotten the treasures of the palace and the formalities of court, and was waltzing with the intense enjoyment I had always felt at dancing school. One officer or civilian dancer looked like another to me, and their names were a jumble in my mind that night. Leaving this question to straighten out at leisure, I gave myself up wholly to the joy of the exciting music, the perfect floor and the admirable partners, who probably represented the best dancers in Europe. Once I encountered the Emperor passing in the throng and he smiled and amiably said, "I see the ball goes well!"—but I do not recall any other incident of mark. The younger archdukes were introduced and we danced, but they were not so good at waltzing as most of the other men, and my interest in them became biased at once.

Pleasant Glimpses of Court Life

FINALLY came supper, and my Hollander appeared with an amused look, to ask if I recognized him and remembered our engagement. Then he dragged me off for some sort of light food. We were joined by a number of other men, and I had a pleasant time of it; and as soon as the music played we rushed back to waltz again and again, until at some signal the party was over, the royalty bowed and retired, and everyone began to push toward the various doors, each group in a hurry to reach the exit nearest his or her carriage.

I had suddenly realized I was in a great crowd alone when my father touched me on the shoulder and said: "Suppose you come home, little girl. Was it nice?"

He and my mother looked no more tired than I felt, and she had had a gay time also. In the carriage, which Franz had managed to produce at the desirable moment, my father said, laughing: "I don't know what I shall do, chaperoning two such belles here in a strange country"; and he added: "I was very proud of my little girl to-night and had a great many compliments for her." And my mother added, rather elated, that the Emperor and the Duchess of Cumberland and various archduchesses had all noticed me and spoken of the way I danced and held myself. And then by way of training she added: "I hope you won't lose your head and hold yourself less straight; you will lose all you gained to-night if you grow careless."

I had not spoiled my pretty gown, either, and that pleased my mother, as she had seen several others torn by the smart officers' spurs. When we got back home I was quickly sent to bed, so I should not be "green," for next day there was to be another party, and a long season of them to follow. So I quickly laid aside my finery and tumbled into bed, not feeling in the least weary, but only with a blissful jumble of impressions and memories as an end to the great day of my first ball.

After that there were a number of splendid fêtes, in which I had rather more than my share of pleasure, it was said. The young men's faces became less confused in my mind, and several were so kind that I rather felt they belonged to my own special little circle. A few I met later in America or in Russia, where our old warm relations were renewed with pleasure. Two more court balls occurred, as brilliant and official as the first; also a third gathering, called technically a "Ball at Court," which was a fête more intimate and gayer, about half the size of the court balls and where everyone sat down to supper in one banqueting hall. Diplomats and officials of the government were usually omitted from this group. We were asked, and felt much honored, and the Emperor said by way of explanation, "Your little girl likes dancing so much, I thought it would amuse her to come"; and it seemed various colleagues were quite frankly envious and surprised over our good luck.

There were balls at several embassies, the French ball being perhaps the most attractive, because of the ancient frame the Lobkowitz Palace offered and because also of the becoming candlelight. There were several private balls in the huge palaces of some of the great aristocrats, one at Count and Countess Harrach's, where one almost got lost in the many salons, filled with all the imperial family and the court as well as society. It was here I saw for the first time the pretty custom of a host accompanying each married archduchess to her carriage, preceded down the stairway by two lackeys carrying flambeaux—in this case represented by candelabra of many branches trimmed with lighted candles. The Harrach Palace was one of the oldest in the city, and was filled with beautiful things dating back through centuries of family history. One felt transported to the days of Maria Theresa as one looked on at the perfect fête given by candlelight. It was a picture and a perfume of ancient times.

The ball at the Marquis Palavicini's was more gorgeous as to its flowers and the proportions of the vast rooms; where the same number of people did not seem a crowd and where the light was brighter and the jewels and gowns showed more individuality; but it was less quaint than the first or than were the fêtes given in several of the older palaces—such as the soirées of the old but still beautiful Countess Clam-Gallas, a ball at the Larish Palace and one at Prince Hohenlohe's, as well as two balls at the Duke of Cumberland's. These last deserve a word of special mention.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland possessed great wealth; and he was the eldest son of the blind old King of Hanover whom Bismarck had dethroned. Various countries had refused this king a hospitality which promised to be indefinite; but the court of Austria, true to its traditions of birth, accepted the exiles and made them welcome. The old blind exile had lingered for a time, and then died, mourning his lost throne. His son had never used the title of king, but had taken his father's second title, which was English, and styled himself Duke of Cumberland. He was phenomenally ugly, about fifty, cultivated and amiable, though far from a brilliant man. The duchess was fifteen or more years younger in looks, with a very pretty figure, complexion and eyes. The latter with her charming manners won many friends. In society she was received with enthusiasm and went, without her husband frequently, to the balls, even very informal ones, where she danced with an enthusiasm equal to my own. It was an unusual thing to do in Vienna, as none of the archduchesses, once married, seemed to dance much, but in the Duchess of Cumberland such action was never criticized, since in spite of it her dignity was maintained. Her clothes and jewels were perfect and her manner was always gracious and gay. She was surrounded invariably by a group of friends, her corner in a salon being one where conversation and laughter never lagged. She was the youngest daughter of old King Christian of Denmark, and her two sisters were the then Princess of Wales—now the Dowager Queen of England—and the Empress of Russia.

The Famous Hanover Silver

THE Cumberland Palace was out of town, at Penzing, and stood in a great park, where the duke and duchess lived in royal state and entertained constantly. Large Sunday luncheons regularly took place there, and musicales. Two balls, besides rather informal small and very agreeable parties, occurred during the short season I was out, and we were fortunately of those invited, for my father had met the hostess when the latter was a young girl at the Danish court, and she had at once declared they were old friends when they met again in Vienna. She had charming children, two boys and several little girls. The eldest boy, who was afterward called the Duke of Brunswick, came often to play with my small brother, or the latter went to Penzing. My father and the Duke of Cumberland found much history and politics to talk of, while the duchess and my mother were most sympathetic too.

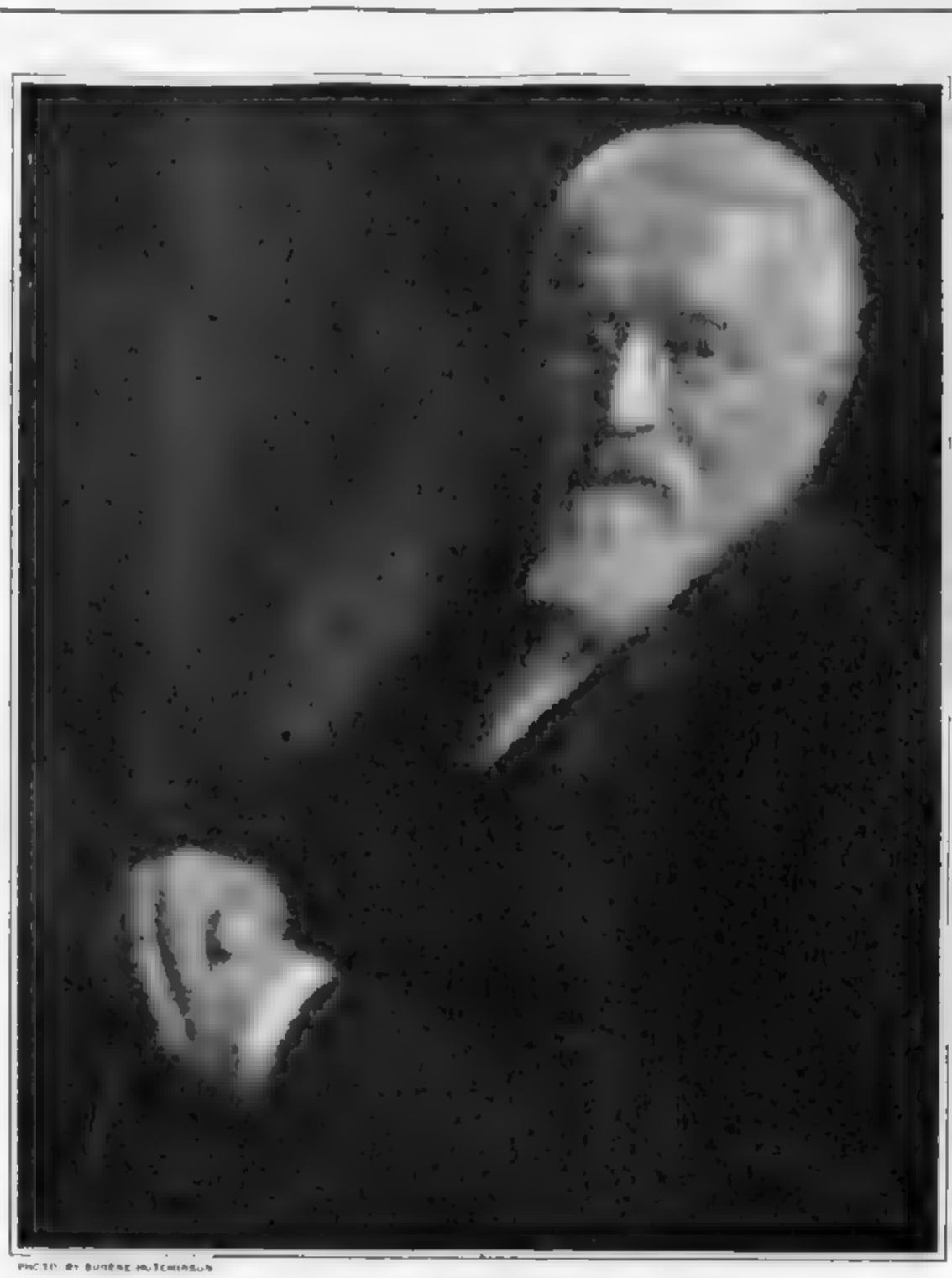
When I was taken to their first party my father pointed out some of the very interesting collections of which the palace boasted, and chief among these the Hanover silver. There was one room, a large one, with silver furniture—not just painted, but of metal, modeled and chased most beautifully, while the table silver was famous both for its splendor and vast quantity. When the Cumberlands gave a ball the entire company sat down at tables where the centerpieces were subjects of conversation, and one gasped to think that the whole supper was served on silver plate, change after change occurring for the various courses, the supply apparently inexhaustible.

The duchess, to me, was the center of her own fêtes, as of any other where she chanced to be, and I always felt her sympathy with my own craze for dancing. Once I found her in a side room having her tulle draperies mended, and she looked up and laughed to see I had turned in to help my own rags of the same material with pins.

"These spurs are dreadful," she said gayly. "One feels quite ashamed to be in such a condition, but it is such fun to dance, and I enjoy it, even if it is silly and I'm too old. Your dress is all right now. Run back and dance some more."

The Hohenlohes used a palace out on the edge of the city, surrounded with something of a garden. It was one of those imperial palaces built in late eighteenth-century style, and made the effect of an American colonial country house—no very high ceilings except in the ballroom, which as I remember was square, with columns and a round dome. This room was lighted by many windows on three sides. Prince Hohenlohe lived here, as he occupied one of the great posts at court; I think he was the Grand Master of Ceremonies. He was short, rather red-faced, and had grown a bit heavy with years, but he had charming manners, and

(Continued on Page 114)



Henry H. Honoré

THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

VI

ANTONY turned with a rueful face. The golden path to matrimony, or rather the path to golden matrimony, had become a *cul-de-sac* with most unpleasant suddenness. The door from the kitchen opened and Priscilla came through, followed by Pansy and Anderson.

Pansy was looking pale and her face was a trifle strained. But Priscilla's face was flushed and animated and smiling, and her eyes were shining with unholy glee.

"What a splendid row!" she cried in a voice of breathless pleasure. "I opened the door a teeny-weeny bit, and we heard every word of it. We couldn't help it. I was pleased when you said you'd throw the old pig out of the flat. I do wish you'd done it."

"It was all very well as rows go," said Antony ruefully. "But it has torn my splendid career."

"Never mind, you'll soon have another. You always do," said Priscilla with comforting conviction.

"They're jolly hard to find when you've only fifteen pounds in your pocket," said Antony, uncomforted.

"You can always go back to the land," said Priscilla; "and you're bound to make a success of it this time. You know so much about it."

She was a born optimist. Also, she had the highest opinion of Antony's ability.

"You can't become an extensive intensive gardener with fifteen pounds," said Antony glumly. "Confound that red-faced old ape! I was well on the way to establish myself in comfortable circumstances for life."

"You were, were you?" said Pansy.

He looked at her, surprised. There was a queer note in her voice. He could almost have fancied that she was jealous.

"I was getting on like a house on fire. I always do," he said sadly.

"I'm sure you do," she said a trifle despitefully.

"Well, it's your fault, you know," he said. "You drove me to it."

She gave herself a little shake, and said in a kinder tone: "Perhaps that row hasn't done so much harm as you think. Poppy is rather a romantic goose, but she's obstinate. In the long run she always gets her way, however furiously Mr. Briggs may storm. If she has really taken a fancy to you her father's opposition will make her keener on you than ever."

"That's comforting," said Antony more cheerfully.

"But you ought to strike while the iron's hot," said Pansy.

"How can I strike while the iron's hot if I can't get at the iron? Didn't you hear that poisonous old profiteer say that he was going to take her down to Branksome Towers by the first train to-morrow morning?"

"But you can come down with mother and me to the cottage you've taken for us at Branksome," said Priscilla.

"I could do that. But I doubt very much if I should get a chance of seeing her if I did," said Antony.

"It would be at least fifty to one against it, sir," said Anderson, who was presiding over the discussion with the air of the tutelary genius of the family. "Benjamin Briggs doesn't do things by halves. He'll keep a very close watch on Miss Poppy."

"You can always write to her," said Priscilla.

"There's next to no chance of a letter getting to her, miss. It'll be quite an occupation for Mr. Briggs keeping you and her apart, Mr. Antony. And you may be sure he has plenty of spare time," said Anderson confidently.

"To Tell You the Truth, I'm Not Quite Comfortable With the Aristocracy Myself," He Said. "But I Keep Telling Myself That Kind Hearts are More Than Coronets and Simple Faith Than Norman Blood"

Anderson was not an optimist. He faced the facts.

"That's true. He has a great deal of spare time and he finds it hangs heavy on his hands," said Pansy.

"It doesn't sound at all promising," said Antony.

"Never mind. Love laughs at locksmiths," said Pansy a trifle maliciously.

"Not at all locksmiths, miss," said Anderson. "As a young man Mr. Briggs was the best locksmith in Bootle."

"He seems to have entered the contest young," said Antony ruefully. The corners of his sensitive lips drooped mournfully.

There was a pause. Then Pansy said: "Well, I must be going. I have to make my peace with Poppy."

"Don't rush away like that," said Antony quickly. "Come and dine with me somewhere."

"I'm afraid I can't. My time isn't my own," she said.

"But you're not going to disappear again for months? You'll let me have your address?" said Antony.

"No," she said firmly, but her eyes dwelt on his face as if they were loath to leave it. "It's much better not. What would be the use?"

"But you must, Pansy!" cried Priscilla. "Mother would be awfully annoyed if we lost you again directly we found you. You know how fond she is of you."

Pansy shook her head, shook hands with Priscilla and kissed her and bade her give her love to her mother. Then she shook hands with Antony, bade him good-by and was gone. Antony's face was very gloomy. Priscilla looked at it, and her own face grew suddenly resolute.

"It's all right. I'm going to track her down," she said firmly, moving toward the door.

"Leave her alone," said Antony gloomily. "She's had enough of us."

"I don't believe it," said Priscilla, and she ran through the door.

Antony looked at Anderson and, frowning thoughtfully, he said: "I wonder whether she will."

"If Miss Priscilla sets out to do a thing she generally does it, sir," said Anderson in an encouraging tone. In the matter of Priscilla he was an optimist.

Antony lit a cigarette, dropped into an easy-chair and said in a tone of philosophic detachment: "Well, that's that, as Shakspere so often remarked. Miss Briggs won't be mine by Saturday—or ever probably. On Saturday, therefore, I clear out and set about hunting a job."

His face had cleared. He wore an air of lofty serenity. The corners of his sensitive lips had resumed their humorous curve.

Anderson gazed at him with puckered brow. Apparently he was giving the matter his most earnest consideration. Then he said: "Pardon me, sir, but I can suggest a way of your getting at Miss Briggs while the iron's hot—if you wouldn't think it beneath you. And after all, since you've spent six months and His Lordship's five hundred pounds on this matrimonial enterprise, it seems a pity to give it up when you are—so to speak—on the verge of success."

"It is a pity. What's your idea?" said Antony in an amiable but not hopeful tone.

"Mr. Briggs has been trying to get a really capable butler for Branksome Towers, sir. A gentleman in whose service I used to be told him that I was the very man for the post, and Mr. Briggs has approached me on the matter."

"Tried to sneak a valuable retainer behind my back, did he?" said Antony with cold scorn.

"Yes, sir."

"Well may Uncle Egbert call him a low ruffian!" said Antony.

"Yes, sir. I didn't say yes and I didn't say no. I wanted to see whether you were successful or not, sir, for I should very much have preferred to stay with you, sir. And that has made him keener than ever on my coming to him. My idea now, sir, is to accept his offer and take you with me as second footman."

"And a rum idea it is," said Antony in a startled voice.

"Yes, sir. But you would get into close touch with Miss Briggs; and coming from Bootle as she does, and being of a romantic disposition, it would make a great impression on her. You would, so to speak, be stooping to conquer, sir," said Anderson in a judicial tone.

"By Jove, it is an idea!" cried Antony as his mind opened to the possibilities.

"And you wouldn't find it at all a bad job, sir," said Anderson in the same judicial tone. "The work is light and the food is good—much better than you could afford if you took on any other job, sir."

"The food is an important consideration," said Antony gravely.

"The salary is poor, sir, but the people of Mr. Briggs' class are spending their money like water, and the tips are enormous. They're not like gentlefolk, you know, sir; they're afraid of us."

"And they want to buy your esteem," said Antony.

"And to show off, sir."

"It sounds a most attractive scheme," said Antony, warming to it. "But the drawback is that Mr. Briggs would recognize me at once, and hoof me out of his historic home."

"I think not, sir. You must remember that Mr. Briggs would only see you in livery, and take no particular notice of you. Only ladies look at footmen, sir—not gentlemen."

"Now I come to think of it, I never did look at a footman. I can't recall the face of a single one of the scores who have fed me at the tables of the great," said Antony.

"No, sir. Besides, it's Mr. Briggs' fancy to have his footmen wear whiskers and powder their hair. If you were to shave off your mustache, sir, and grow side whiskers——"

"Not whiskers, Anderson! I draw the line at whiskers!" Antony broke in in a tone of horror.

"I'm afraid whiskers are a *sine qua non*, sir," said Anderson in the voice of one who is inflexible. "Mr. Briggs insists on whiskers, and they would be absolutely necessary to change your appearance. Without them Mr. Briggs might recognize you at any moment, and if it were at a dinner party there would be a painful scene."

"Well, if it must be whiskers it must," said Antony in a tone of painful dejection. The scheme appeared less roseate to him.

"And I should suggest that you talked more gruffly, sir, and moved slower and more dignified like. You move much too fast for a gentleman in service, sir."

"I understand. I'm to croak like the raven and crawl like the tortoise," said Antony gloomily.

The thought of whiskers still weighed heavily on his buoyant heart.

"If you'll pardon my saying so, sir, this is a serious undertaking and not a matter for levity," said Anderson in a tone of considerable severity.

"That's all right. If I take this job on I shall be as serious as a judge," said Antony in a reassuring tone.

"You couldn't take a better model, sir," said Anderson with great satisfaction.

Antony reflected earnestly for a minute; then he said: "Well, all depends on Miss Priscilla. If she tracks Miss Featherstone down I stay in London. If she doesn't it's hey for Branksome Towers!"

"Very good, sir," said Anderson.

On his words Priscilla came through the door. In her haste she had not shut the door of the flat when she ran out of it. She was out of breath and her face was downcast.

Antony sprang to his feet and cried eagerly: "Did you track her down?"

"No, I mulled it. I saw her going along the street all right. But I had to keep well behind her, and just as she came into St. James's Street she picked up a taxi, and before I could get another and tell the taxi man to follow her it had gone round the corner."

"Then that's the end of that," said Antony in a tone of deep dejection. Then he drew himself up and with a superb air added: "Anderson, I stoop to conquer!"

VII

ANDERSON displayed all the gratification of a man of imagination whose idea has been appreciated by a man of intelligence. Then he went to the kitchen, came back with a tray and cleared away the tea things. Priscilla took a cake, sat down in an easy-chair, and toyed with it in the wistful and delicate manner of one who has had rather too much to eat and is doubtful whether there is room for any more. Antony sat down in an easy-chair and lit a pipe.

His rather long, clear-skinned, tanned face was set in an expression of deep gloom. The corners of his thin, sensitive lips again drooped; and his blue eyes, usually so alert and keen, were dull. The sudden reappearance of Pansy and her no less sudden disappearance had upset him badly. During the last ten months he had brought himself painfully to believe that he could do without her. Once more he found that he could not. Life without her stretched before him intolerable. But he had to do without her. He knew that no reasoning and no entreaties would break her resolve not to be a drag on him. Only one thing could break it, and that was money; only if he came to her with, say, ten thousand pounds in the bank, would she allow both of them the happiness they craved. It did not make it any easier for him to know that she was unhappy too.

Priscilla had finished toying with her cake. Room had been found for it. She watched him with the lazy contentment of an extremely pretty kitten which has just eaten nine sparrows.

He Had Brought Himself Painfully to Believe That He Could Do Without Her. Once More He Found That He Could Not

When he sighed deeply for the eighth time she said in a tone of sisterly sympathy: "She is an aggravating little devil."

"Priscilla!" he cried in a tone of horror.

"Well, I've heard you call her that—at Little Torkington, you know. And she is," said Priscilla, wholly unmoved.

"You must not use such language," he said sternly.

"Not when I'm your age?" said Priscilla.

"Certainly not! It's one thing for a man to use a strong expression occasionally, but quite another thing for a woman," said Antony in a tone of virtuous admonition.

"I don't see why," said Priscilla lazily.

Neither did Antony. But it was hardly a thing he could admit. Instead of admitting it he said: "If you let yourself get into habits of that kind you'll become ——"

He stopped. For the moment he could not think what she would become.

"What?" said Priscilla in a tone of little interest.

"Oh—er—er—horsy, or—er—doggy," said Antony.

"I haven't got a horse, and it isn't likely I ever shall have. And dogs smell so," said Priscilla.

"You'll become totally unsexed," said Antony.

"Not me," said Priscilla, rasping his wounded spirit with her grammar. He rose and said coldly: "I think you'd better come out and walk off those cakes."

Priscilla rose, apparently with a little difficulty. Her blue eyes, like those of Antony, were a little dull, but for another reason. Their dullness did not come from her heart.

He took her for a healthy stroll down Piccadilly. They did not talk for some time. Both of them were busy with things difficult, in a different way, to digest. Slowly the exercise brightened Priscilla's fine blue eyes. They were not so blue as the eyes of Antony, and never would be. His were of the veritable blue of the thrush's egg.

About twenty yards east of Park Lane Priscilla said thoughtfully: "It's a silly thing."

Antony looked down on her with a slightly apprehensive eye. He never knew.

"Love," said Priscilla.

Antony seized on the crossing of Park Lane to tell Priscilla all about the danger of crossing a London street without looking where you were going.

Undiverted, as she set foot on the opposite pavement she said: "I wonder you do it. It only makes you uncomfortable. Why didn't you stop when you felt it coming on—right at the very beginning?"

Antony ground his teeth, not very loudly.

"I should," said Priscilla.

"You'll understand more about these things when you're older—a good deal older," said Antony with a patient superiority.

"But I can see what it does, can't I?" said Priscilla.

Antony swallowed a word or two. Then he said nastily: "Are you feeling better?"

Priscilla seemed to commune with herself. Then she said: "Yes, they seem to have shaken down a good deal."

Antony pursued his advantage. With unfeeling brotherliness he said: "One of these days, if you're not more careful, you'll burst."

"I don't think so," said Priscilla after a thoughtful pause. "You see, I expand a good deal."

She walked on in silence for a while. He thought that she was pondering the matter, for he knew that, like the rest of her sex, she was greatly interested in herself.

(Continued on Page 139)

SEED OF THE SUN

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXIV

WHEN Anna stood on the edge of her porch saying good-by to Dunc Leacy and the pretty Miss Bowen, she resigned herself to the thought that this was farewell. Leacy had left her in his debt, and she was sorry for that; yet she was glad that she had known him and that the memory of his generous spirit would be with her for a long time. She was too much of a woman not to feel a sting of shame that she had permitted herself to mistake his friendship for something that it was not. Had she been smaller spirited she might have harbored resentment against him for the emotions he had roused, to destroy at whim. After all, the kindness had been all on his side; that she remembered. She might have been more considerate of him and his prejudices. She realized that he had never quite forgiven her for going to Tazumi's dinner.

Anna would not admit that she was jealous of the black-eyed girl from Oroville. It was quite natural that Dunc should have preferred a young girl and a Californian. Anna pressed her lips a little tighter and hoped again that they would be happy as she went to review the wreck of her poor year.

A good half of her crop had been saved. This had been Dunc's estimate, and she had a fear that it had been too liberal.

She was out in the orchards that afternoon, gazing up at a few prunes which still clung to the twigs after the trees had had their last shaking. She was wondering why these scattered treasures could not be profitably harvested, when Kipps, impersonating a cavalry officer as he sat astride the old brown horse, came clattering along the drive.

"Say, moms," he shouted as he brought his mount to a halt and slid off almost at her feet, "we can't do a thing with that junk, can we?"

"Not unless you can think of something, Kipps," she replied with a wan smile.

"We're a bunch of amachewers, that's what we are," he decided. "Dunc says that any professional can beat any amachewer at anything—just look at politics! Anyhow, I think something ought to be done about Aunt Zude."

"Aunt Zude?" Anna was startled by the boy's naïve reflection of her thoughts.

"She gets my goat," admitted Kipps, shaking his head. "She's lost all her pep. Every time I say anything to her she throws a duck fit, and I don't see what she's crying about all the time. I'll tell you what it is!"

Under other circumstances Anna would have laughed at his inspired expression.

"I'll bet two bits she's in love!" he shouted down the orchard rows.

"Hush!" Anna warned him. "What gives you that idea?"

"Well, she's about the right age," said Kipps. "And she's got all the symptoms—except poetry. I think Sid Footridge or somebody ought to be notified. I'm worried about Aunt Zude."

"You'd better worry about things you can understand," Anna told her bad, bad boy. "Did you go to the post office?"

"Sure," replied Kipps, nibbling a mildewed prune.

"Well, didn't you bring home anything?"

"Nothing much. Only a letter from Aunt Julia."

"Aunt Julia? How did you know that?"

"Easy! She makes a capital B so you can tell it a mile off. See that!"

Kipps brought out the conventional envelope to demonstrate Aunt Julia's capital B, but Anna hastened to read the letter, which was in Aunt Julia's best style:

My dearest Anna: Weeks since I have heard from you! I cannot dare to think what may have happened to you or to the children or to my darling, headstrong Judith out there in the wilds among godless people.

Why do you never write, my dear? Is there anything you are afraid to tell me? My nightly prayer is for you and for the heedless venture upon which you launched quite against my advice and that of Baron Tazumi. I do so hope you have taken the baron into your confidence and allowed him to guide your steps. He is a man of sweet and simple life, my dear, and a noble example of a race which has been much maligned.

I am snatching this moment from my charity work just to remind you of my existence. Anna, dear, don't be selfish. Write me one of your long, sweet letters and tell me all about yourself. And if evil has befallen you or yours, remember there is still a Christian home awaiting you here.

Affectionately,

JULIA E. STANNARD.

A letter from Aunt Julia had usually a blighting effect upon Anna, but to-day it exerted a certain stimulating influence.

Whatever befell, she resolved, she would never return to Aunt Julia. But the artless impertinences of Kipps warned her plainly that something must be done about Zudie. She thought with a little bitterness how it had been her sister's fate, as well as hers, to drive love from the doorstep. Zudie, she knew, was spoiling her life for the lack of a man whom she could have by the saying of a word. And Anna resolved that Zudie should say the word.

"Kipps," she commanded of the boy who stood beside her imperiling his digestion with damp prunes, "go find Henry Johnson and have him bring out the car."

"Can I go too, moms?" begged Kipps, scenting an expedition.

"Not this time, dear. I've something to do that won't interest you."

"Everything interests me," argued the young student of life, but he went.

Ten minutes later Anna was rolling away toward the nearest telegraph station. She wasted little time over the yellow pad when she reached her destination; just a minute in which to scribble off a hurried message to Lieutenant Commander Sidney Footridge, in care of the ship, which, she felt sure, was still anchored in San Francisco Bay.

Now the message she sent called for a reply, and it was in dread of good news that Anna hovered near the telephone all that evening. She knew how Zudie would behave, once she suspected that destiny was being arranged for her. She would never forgive Anna for her lack of pride in sending a telegram asking Footridge in so many words to come and make his peace.

But there was no message that evening or the next day or the next. In vain Anna scanned belated copies of San Francisco dailies for news of the Pacific Fleet. Apparently it had already gone; yet she was puzzled at having no word from the telegraph office, where she had given instructions that she be notified in case the message was not delivered.

The unhappy topic of prunes busied her in the morning and took her thoughts away from Zudie's problem

"Life Would be Simple for You if You'd Only Let it Be. For Just a Word You Could Marry and be Happy"

"You Kill Me!" He Implored. "You Think Wrong for Your Good Servant! Therefore Kill Me"

Mr. Crane, the buyer, arrived early and went over to the storage shed with most of the occupants of the Bly farm. He led the procession with Anna; Zudie and Kipps followed; Susan Skelley straggled in the rear; and Mr. Shimba, Esquire, appeared as by magic just as the party was filing into the shed. In a warm corner where the morning sun slanted through a cobwebby window Henry Johnson was found asleep, his curious face relaxed into an expression of perfect peace. A little green book lay open beside him, and when Anna picked it up she found it to be the life of John Stuart Mill—borrowed from her library.

"He takes it easy," smiled Mr. Crane, who was a fatherly little man with a figure that suggested a ripe melon under his waistcoat.

His remark woke the dreaming scholar, who scrambled to his feet and—for the first time on record—looked a trifle crestfallen.

"I have found my corner in Sabina," he informed the impromptu audience.

"I see you have," said Anna rather icily as she tucked the borrowed book under her elbow.

The Eurasian tramp shuffled away and permitted the shipper's comment: "That's a pretty good example of the labor we're getting nowadays."

Mr. Crane passed from bin to bin, picking up samples of dried fruit, squeezing them, smelling them and tossing them back again. He was a man with a prune sense developed to the *n*th power. Blindfolded, he could tell a forty-fifty from a fifty-sixty, distinguish between a French prune, an imperial and a *robe de sergent*. Without referring to visible notes, he could give the week's quotations on the produce exchange.

"After all, it doesn't look like such a small crop," volunteered Zudie, her voice expressing forced optimism as the buyer went his rounds. "It looks like enough to keep every boarding house in the United States and Canada for a thousand years."

The amiable Mr. Crane sampled more fruit, smiled his fatherly smile and passed on to the next bin.

"They're A1, full, heavy prunes," Kipps contributed his opinion. "Dunc Leacy says so."

"Well, Dunc Leacy's judgment is pretty good," agreed Mr. Crane with a humorous wink at Anna.

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and sauntered from one end of the storehouse to the other. Shimba remained by the door, his eyes blinking like black stars through their narrow slits.

"What do you think of that crop, Shimba?" asked the shipper.

"Pretty few," grunted Shimba. "Prenty more few than last year."

"I'll say you've been playing in hard luck this time, Mrs. Bly," decreed Mr. Crane, facing the proprietress of the farm. "You've got bully good fruit there"—his gesture indicating the contents of the storehouse—"just as good as can be raised in this district. Of course you can't raise the Santa Clara grade round here. But it's the best of its kind. I shouldn't wonder if you'd have put away a bumper harvest if it hadn't been for ——"

"The strike!" Kipps cheerfully supplied the evil word.

"Between God and man," said Mr. Crane quite seriously, "the farmer's getting nothing but crow to pick any more."

"I've estimated" - Anna spoke in her most businesslike tone—"that we've gathered about half the normal crop."

"You're figuring a little high," replied the shipper. "Last year you took something like a hundred and sixty tons off this ranch—isn't that right, Shimba?"

"A hunner sixty-fo'," amended the Japanese farmer.

"Of course I'm not any automatic weighing machine, but I should estimate this lot at something less than sixty-five tons. Am I right, Shimba?"

"Yiss."

The black eyes glittered restlessly. If they expressed anything, it was not disappointment.

"I'll get my weighers to work as soon as they're sacked," Mr. Crane promised as the sad little procession filed out of the shed. "Maybe I'm wrong. I certainly hope so."

He had walked silently beside Anna as far as the porch before he said in a voice of confidence: "Mrs. Bly, there's something more than plain hard luck here, I shouldn't wonder."

"You mean ——"

Anna's significant look brought a responsive nod from Mr. Crane.

"What did the Japs say they were striking for this time?"

"I couldn't get anything satisfactory out of Shimba. Mr. Oki says that the men were afraid of Mrs. Shimba's ghost out in the garage."

Crane laughed a short, dry laugh.

"That's a new one!"

"Shimba claims that they wouldn't work with my old-fashioned dipping apparatus."

"And he couldn't find any new men who would?"

"No. He was away every day after the strike, searching the labor market."

"He did most of his searching round the gambling dens," replied Mr. Crane.

"Do you think ——"

"I think almost anything, Mrs. Bly. You had a good farm here, and something's happened to turn it into a bad farm. Now I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions."

"If Shimba has conspired to ruin my crop," declared Anna, cold with rage, "I'll sue him for every cent he's got or ever will have."

"I wish you luck. I don't know how much money you've got behind you. If you're a rich woman and don't mind wasting a lot of your time, you might bring suit against a Jap and recover on it."

"I've made all sorts of improvements here," said Anna desperately. "Why, my share of the harvest won't begin to make up for what I've sunk in the place! I'm in debt now."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bly," he interrupted her as he held out his hand to say good afternoon. "Under such circumstances you wouldn't stand much show in a lawsuit, I'm afraid."

That afternoon Anna called Shimba to her and lashed him with all the fury of her tortured nerves. She accused him of every crookedness on the calendar of crime. She threatened him with lawsuit, imprisonment and exposure. Shimba's head sank lower and lower under the scourging of her tone. At last he fell on his knees and beat his forehead on the hall carpet.

"You kill me!" he implored. "You make me dead with knife! You think wrong for your good servant! Therefore kill me!"

"Get up!" she commanded, but Shimba remained stubbornly in his groveling attitude.

"I have made myself broke by one-half sharing in your crop this year. Laba condition so expensive, yet I pay all bills. Yet prune get rotten. Poor Shimba lose plenty cash. Yet his pretty boss call crook at him for doing so. Make me dead, please!"

(Continued on Page 87)

BUCCANEER BLOOD

"Have the Jackals Been Picking Ya' Bones a Whole Lot? I Hope They Left a Little Meat Round the Joints"

By GARRET SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

THOSE who go down into Wall Street may be roughly divided into three classes—workers, rainbow chasers and sportsmen. Then there was once a fourth class, made up exclusively of Elihu Gridley Pendleton. Old Grid, as his associates called him, was in the Street but not one of the Street.

To understand this peculiar aloofness of Old Grid one had to follow back for some half dozen generations two diverse racial strains that met in his person, met but did not blend. Old Grid himself never fully understood, until the end, the war that went on in his make-up between the ghosts of men long dead. He was as much surprised as the onlookers by the final outcome of the struggle.

On a certain memorable day Old Grid shouldered his tall lank form into the frenzied crowd surging round the tickers in the customers' room of Merkel, Gordon & Hodge, stockbrokers. A little way from the nearest ticker he stopped and stared unseeingly ahead of him. He was in no apparent hurry to look at the tape or the quotation board. He knew their story in advance. The insistent little ticker at his elbow was clicking out for him the realization of a dream he had cherished forty years. And yet he had the air of a man vaguely dissatisfied.

It was one of the Street's big days. Hence it was a big day with Merkel, Gordon & Hodge, a day of reaping where they had not sown. But for Old Grid it was the day of days, the climax of a lifetime, and in spite of it he had a feeling of anticlimax.

Still keeping his keen blue eyes averted from the board, he glanced round the room and smiled half whimsically, half regretfully. The excited groups jostling each other round the tickers and the order cage reminded him more than ever of feeding time in the sheep pens on the old Virginia plantation of his boyhood. Just now a bald-headed old fellow with close-cropped white side whiskers and a flat voice was bleating out quotations from the ticker while a tow-headed youth frisked back and forth posting the numbers on the board. A swarthy kinky-haired black ram of a speculator was butting his way through to the order cage.

A slap on the shoulder routed him out of his reverie.

"Hello, Mr. Pendleton! How's the market suit you?" boomed the sleekly pompous little office manager. "Oh, boy, what a hunch you had! Don't want to change your mind and margin a block of Armstrong?"

A grin rippled the fine worry lines into wrinkles across Old Grid's lean florid face.

"Good mawnin', Mr. Swartz. Quite a congregation of lotus and lemon eaters you've gathered this mawnin'. Appears like the yearners and anticipators are having their innings," he chuckled, ignoring the manager's question.

"Honestly, Mr. Pendleton, on the level, tell me something," the manager urged, lowering his voice confidentially and leading the older man to one side. "What's the big idea of your buying a stock outright and sitting on it when it's blowing the lid off like this and you coulda made a whale of a piece of change on margins? Have you got it doped she's going to break?"

Old Grid hesitated and looked wistfully at the quotation board. He pushed back his slouch hat and ran his long fingers thoughtfully through his thinning reddish-gray hair. His face began to show evidence of a struggle.

"Mr. Swartz, you know I never bought a share of stock on margins in my life," he finally temporized.

"Just salting it down for an investment, eh?" Swartz pursued.

Grid turned back his old raincoat and exposed a heavy manila envelope sticking out of the inside pocket. He looked at the envelope for a long time before he replied. Once he pulled it part way out of his pocket. His face paled a little and fine moisture gathered on his forehead, not the result of the heat of the room. But finally with a sigh he let the envelope slip slowly, reluctantly back into his pocket.

"There's my stock, Mr. Swartz. I'll turn it over for you to sell when the market's right."

"Still think she's going to par?"

"If I didn't I'd be selling it now."

"Well, have it your way."

Swartz hurried off. Grid looked after him doubtfully, still caressing the stock envelope with his finger tips. Once he pulled it halfway out again and took an impulsive step toward Swartz. Then he checked himself.

"Say, Carew, how's Armstrong look to you now?" Swartz asked a moment later of the assistant financial editor of the News, a dyspeptic-looking young man who had just approached the order cage.

"She's going to break before noon, is my guess," mourned the dyspeptic one. "I'm selling and going short to play safe."

"Tell you what I'll do," Swartz boomed. "I'll bet you a hundred even she'll touch par before she stops."

"You're on," the other agreed. "Now tell me how you got that way."

"Well, I've just been talking with Old Grid Pendleton, of the Mirror. He's a wizard at doping it right. Two months ago, when Armstrong was dead at fifty-three, he blew in here one day with a lot of odds and ends of good bonds and other high-class stuff he'd salted down and had me sell 'em out and buy Armstrong outright. I told him he was crazy with the heat, but he calmly told me he was satisfied. Well, he had some inside dope all right. She began to hike in a week. I was a little off myself this morning when we got the tip that the pool was smashed. So I felt Grid out just now. He thinks she'll hit par. So I'll play his hunch to the limit, see?"

"I don't like your hunch. Grid looks too mild. He roars at you when things are going right. Ask the boys in his shop. They say he even bawls out Bond, his managing editor, when he's feeling fit. When he's mild like this something's wrong. But what's the old boy aiming at? Armstrong's ninety-three now. He's made forty thousand dollars on paper when he might have had a million on a hunch like that."

"Search me. I asked him the other day and all he'd say was that he lost a birthright forty years ago being reckless and been buying it back ever since; said he was going to finish the job this deal and was taking no chances. No, Grid wouldn't steer me wrong. He says what he really thinks, whether he's having a bumptious fit or not. Funny, though, his standing pat in this market with his hunch."

"How's a guy get that way?" mourned the dyspeptic one.

II

GRID began getting that way some two hundred and fifty years before, when a swashbuckling buccaneer unloaded on the shores of Virginia his spoils of the sea, sold his ship, scattered his crew, erased his past and became a provincial gentleman. Up in the Roanoke country he staked out a plantation and settled there under the name of Pendleton, whether rightfully his own history does not state. There are unrelated Pendletons who hold otherwise. At any rate his gallantry and rich acres won him a bride from an estimable cavalier family and he established what became a proud branch of the Pendletons of Virginia. For over a century the family contributed dashing officers to the armies of the colony and beautiful high-spirited women to its firesides.

But later Pendletons had diluted the blood with milder strains at the marriage altar. Luxurious living had completed the havoc of that dilution. The Civil War put an end to luxury on the diminished and mortgaged Pendleton plantation. Only pride and indolence remained.

Old Grid's father had disgusted the family by marrying, largely as a financial asset, the daughter of a New England Gridley, a shrewd Yankee business man who had settled in Virginia a few years before. This Gridley had money handed down in steadily swelling volumes from the original New England Gridley who had followed the Mayflower over as soon as trade possibilities were good.

A son and heir arrived in course of time. The father took one look at the red fuzz on the little bullet head, at the nondescript nose and at the sky-blue eyes that seemed to stare at him disapprovingly.

"He's a darned little Yankee!" he snorted at the timid mother. "Name him what you please!" And from that time he took scant interest in his first-born.

So this son of the house of Pendleton became Elihu Gridley Pendleton. His mother always called him Gridley. His younger brother and playmates shortened it to Grid. But old Colonel Pendleton addressed his son invariably as Elihu Gridley, with a sarcastic emphasis on the second name after his third mint julep.

A year later came the second son, black-haired, brown-eyed, aquiline of features, a Pendleton beyond a doubt. On him the father centered his affections. This boy developed into a Pendleton of the latter-day type like his father, an indolent country gentleman. There was none of the fire of the family's founder in his make-up.

As Grid, his first-born, developed, Colonel Pendleton failed to notice the flash and glow in the dark blue eyes and the proud spirit back of them. The mother noted them but failed to understand. They belonged to neither the Pendletons nor the Gridleys as she knew them. Both parents noted and misunderstood the occasional bursts of violent and reckless temper and his domineering mood, which even his father's stern repression could not down. Neither noted—nor would have understood had either done so—the wild romantic daydreams in which their son indulged.

The ghost of the old buccaneer walked his plantation unrecognized in his Gridley mantle.

On the other hand, both parents noted and both understood—one with pride, the other with disgust—the boy's willingness to work at any job, however menial, and his tendency to hoard cautiously the pennies that came his way. Pendletons had never been like that. Thus before he was out of pinafores the struggle between tradesman and buccaneer had begun in his soul

His mother died when he was ten and left him without an ally, but he had already developed a precocious ability to look out for himself.

An incident in his fifteenth year brought his warring hereditary impulses clearly to the surface. Young Grid, his brother Horatio and half a dozen neighbor youngsters had been playing follow my leader through a mild winter afternoon. Grid as usual had been the leader. An hour before dusk he stood at the top of Pine Bend Cliff, having scaled its steep sides and left the rest of the pack behind A little later Horatio, cool and immaculate, who, true to character, had been the first to drop out of the run, came sauntering up to the summit by an easy back path

"Soft!" Grid sneered, eying his dandified brother.

Then he looked thoughtfully along the bank toward a point a few rods away where the hundred-foot cliff descended almost perpendicularly for half the distance to a small table rock that jutted out half a dozen feet, overhanging the deep pool in the bend of the river fifty feet farther down.

"I bet I could climb down there and dive into the river," Grid announced, pointing down the dizzy drop. He was in one of his arrogant moods

"Yes you could! I bet you couldn't. How much'll you bet?"

"Oh, I won't bet any real money. I was just bettin'," he exclaimed, cooling a little.

"Huh! Bet yo' ain't got any real money."

"I have too "

Grid pulled a worn old wallet from his pocket and displayed a neatly folded dollar bill.

"Huh! I got four dollars. I'll bet yo' one against yoahs yo' can't go down there," Horatio jeered.

"No, suh!"

"I'll put up my whole pile against yoahs. Four to one Come now."

'I tell yo' I won't risk a penny on it," Grid snapped. Gridley caution was speaking

"Huh! Yo' know right smart well yo' can't do it. I dare yo' to try it, if yo' think yoah so powerful smart."

"Yo' dare me, do yo'? That's different. Hold my wallet so that won't get wet." An impulse handed down from the original Pendleton swept Gridley caution into the background

Horatio complied and looked on incredulously while Grid pulled off his boots and wriggled over the edge of the cliff, stocking feet first, and felt round for precarious toe holds.

Then Horatio was alarmed

"Quit it, Grid! Yo'll slip and be killed. I'll take back the dare."

Grid paid no attention.

"Aw, come on back, Grid. I know yo' can do it now."

'I'm goin' to prove it to yo'," Grid persisted

"I'll give yo' a dollah if yo'll come back," Horatio cried frantically

Grid stopped at that and looked up thoughtfully for a moment while Gridley and Pendleton renewed their internal struggle. He was clearly interested. But only for a moment

"No," he decided, "yo' dared me!" And he felt for a toe hold farther down. Pendleton had triumphed again

A little over halfway down Grid's foot slipped. He hung to a crack by his finger tips for a moment, then lost his hold altogether and slid sprawling down the rough rock slope to the narrow table rock, landing feet first but with such force that he was unable to stop himself there and toppled over the edge.

Down on the shore of the pool Horatio found a limp, pale and bruised Grid, alternately wringing the icy water from his clothes and nursing an injured leg.

He was smarting from head to foot and trembling with fright, but there was a flash of unquenchable defiance in his eyes. He glared truculently at his brother.

"Lordy, I thought yo' was killed!" Horatio gasped

"I thought so too," Grid admitted. "But I did what yo' dared me to, didn't I?"

"Say, Grid," Horatio pursued after an admiring pause, "if yo' was so sure yo' could do it why was yo' 'fraid to bet a dollah?"

"I wasn't sure at all. Most broke my neck, didn't I? Reckon if yo'd just pretty near broke yoah ol' neck yo' wouldn't be so sure about anything What's the use of riskin' good money when yo' ain't sure?"

'Huh! Yoah more 'fraid o' losin' a dollah than breakin' yo' neck!"

Grid looked disturbed at that. He hadn't thought of it that way. He had acted on pure impulse as to both the neck and the dollar.

"Yo' dared me, didn't yo'? I had to do it, didn't I?" he demanded evasively

"Huh! I bet if I dared yo' to bet yoah ol' dollah yo'd had to then."

Grid was startled at this further analysis of his unconscious motivation.

"I reckon maybe I would," he admitted after thinking it over

'Cracky!" Horatio exclaimed. "I bet they won't be anything more wonderful in the circus to-night than that jump! Say, Grid, let's go. Won't take only two dollars apiece, supper an' all. We can walk it in time to eat in town before the show. You'll get licked for tearin' yoah clothes and gettin' wet anyhow. Yo' got a dollah an I'll lend yo' one. I dare yo' "

He stopped and eyed his brother in triumph. He'd learned a new way to get action out of his dominant elder.

Grid thought for a moment

"I got a better scheme," he announced. "I'll sneak into the back pasture an' borrow our ol' white mule. I'll take yo' to town with me on his back an' yo'll pay all the bills That's fair."

So it was agreed Grid saw the circus, met the dare and saved his dollar, thereby appeasing both halves of his nature. Horatio got his expected licking and paid his penalty stoically, as for full value received. Grid, to his surprise, was not licked. His punishment was so utterly unexpected and outrageous that it was not to be borne by the reincarnated spirit of a buccaneer forbear

An hour later he stole into his brother's bedroom fully dressed, with a compact little bundle under his arm. His domineering attitude of the afternoon and evening was gone. Horatio knew at once from his new bearing and the gentleness with which he spoke that something more serious than a mere parental punishment was troubling his mind

I came to say good-by," he announced without preliminaries. "I'm goin' to New York."

Horatio only gasped his surprise

What yo' reckon dad did to me? He nevah licked me like he ought to. Said I was too old. He took my calf away from me! That's what he did! He hadn't any right I got him to give it to me for helpin' out corn harvest, didn't I? I brought it up myself, didn't I? It was just ready to sell. I could get maybe twenty dollahs for it I'm goin' to sneak it out of the pasture an' lead it into town 'fore anybody's up an' sell it an' go to New York."

"What'll yo' do there?"

Continued on Page 149

When a Boom in the Market Enabled Him to Sell a Block of Hoarded Stock at a Good Profit His Satisfaction Turned to Dead Ashes

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1920

A Political Speech

THE candidate for the House of Representatives stepped to the front of the platform, thrust his hands into his pants pockets, and began to speak calmly and distinctly as one does who is trying to sell an article on its merits.

"Men and women," he said, "I am a business man. I have worked hard and made considerable money, and my affairs are so well organized that subordinates can handle them in my absence. I wish to represent this district in Congress.

"My ambition is due in some measure to a desire to render service, but my actuating motive is the desire to get glory for myself.

"I cannot appeal to any class for support. I shall appreciate the votes of farmers, but I can offer them nothing in return. It may be that Congress could pass laws to lighten the burdens of the farmer and enable him to get rich without effort, but legislation to enrich one class must inevitably impoverish another. We may shift burdens, but we cannot abolish them. The farmers of my acquaintance drive good cars and have money in the bank. At times I envy them, but I never sympathize with them. They don't need it.

"So, also, I shall appreciate the support of craftsmen and laborers, but I cannot promise them anything. When I was a young man I worked twelve hours a day and earned six dollars a week. I worked hard, for I knew I should be fired if I loafed on the job. I have men building a house for me now, and I pay them an average of eight dollars a day. They are on the job eight hours a day, but they do not strain themselves. Several of them come to work in automobiles.

"If I am elected I shall endeavor to reduce the price of gasoline, but I have no other scheme to make their lot brighter. They get all they earn. When one gets more than he earns he is prone to waste it in riotous living and make a fool of himself.

"I haven't bothered to think up a pretty set of principles and clothe them in polished phrases. I have never stolen money, and I seldom lie. As a decent American citizen I favor honest government, law enforcement and the abolition of waste, but I cannot promise any reform. I shall do my best, but there is little likelihood that I shall be able to change a system that was deep-rooted before I was born. My influence in Washington will not be great. I shall have a vote, and nothing more, and many times I shall vote wrong when I think I am voting right.

"I am not possessed of unusual ability. I have talked with many of you, and in my opinion the average man in this district has an intelligence equal to mine. In many instances I have found the judgment of my acquaintances superior to my own. If any one of you should sit in Congress and make a conscientious effort to understand each question brought up for decision, he could handle the job as well as I can hope to handle it. A government is not made great by one who has a place of authority, but by the courage, industry and intelligence of those from whom his authority came.

"In conclusion I wish to say that I am spending no money in this campaign. It is our habit to demand that men shall serve us and then make them pay for the privilege. I am not buying votes; neither do I beg for them. I am asking for a public job. You are the power that hires and fires. If you think I am better fitted for the task it is your duty to elect me; if you think my opponent better fitted it is your duty to elect him. You do not hire a clerk or a cashier or a superintendent on his own recommendation. Neither should you be guided in this matter by what we candidates say of ourselves. We are prejudiced in our own favor, and our evidence is not trustworthy. Look up our records and then use your own common sense in making a selection."

He bowed and sat down. The people were astonished and murmured among themselves, saying: "What do you know about that? This guy must be honest."

Then they elected the man and he served a term in the House of Representatives. He did not set any woods afire, but it is written to his credit that he made no platitudinous and puerile speeches for home consumption, did not once offend his conscience to please his party, took no thought of patronage, and consistently employed the common sense that had prospered his private affairs.

The Blessed Middle Class

AMERICA is a nation of people who work for a living and are therefore hopelessly middle class. An aristocracy must have both money and leisure. It must wear good clothes and have a good time. Having a good time is the aristocrat's trade. He is trained in the art of spending money. In Europe an aristocracy was made possible and nurtured by a system that gave one man a living at the expense of another's sweat. Its upper class is indeed superior to the lower class. Its superiority is the natural and inevitable result of generations of prosperity—generations devoted to its own improvement and the perpetuation of its privileges. Given the same advantages and five hundred years of time, the lowest of the lower class will attain the same degree of excellence.

America has no aristocracy for the same reason that it has no home-grown lower class. Our system of government and our system of life do not encourage the formation of classes. One class of our citizenship is not privileged to loaf by right of birth, nor is another by birth doomed to subservience and wretched poverty. All are equal in the sense that all have equal opportunity to climb. The caste system requires special privilege and assurance of permanent advantage.

Many newly rich Americans, impressed by the contrast between Europe's lower class and aristocracy, have thought to glorify themselves by copying aristocracy's manners and habits. These misguided ones, bent upon establishing an aristocracy in America, are doomed to disappointment. True, they are the equals of aristocracy in all respects save that of background. They have the money and the leisure to spend it, the good manners, the knowledge, the clothes. But they have not the lower class necessary to afford the required contrast. Others with much less money have equal knowledge and manners as good, and each new generation improves upon the culture of the old. In this respect we are in process of becoming a nation of aristocrats.

We shall not become aristocrats in fact, however, for we shall not have the required leisure. We are a nation of workers, traders, salesmen. To this extent we are middle class, and to this extent we shall remain middle class while God smiles upon America.

All good Americans despise a loafer. Our literature is the literature of achievement. Our heroes do not trample through blood to a throne; they harness a mountain torrent, develop a mine or build a factory. We are eager to get money in order that we may enjoy the things earned for aristocracy by the toil of a lower class, but we work for our own money and take pride in our ability to earn it.

While America retains its common sense it will remain hopelessly middle class. Europe's poorest product will by the grace of prosperity lift itself to pride and hope, and the second or third generation will mix its blood with ours. In the veins of an American flows the blood of a dozen races. We are a made breed. And yet we are fused and nationalized by a common respect for doers, a common pride in achievement, a common ambition to get ahead.

Europe's aristocracy is fighting with its back to the wall. The Russians, long trodden under foot, have taken by force what they have not patience to earn. When the storm clears Europe may find salvation by the conversion of its citizenship into a middle class—by teaching the lower class to think and teaching the upper class to work. A middle-class Europe in which all men labor and all men have reasonable hope will do more than any collection of treaties to preserve the peace of the world.

The Hapsburgs' Last Ditch

NO CHORUS of sneers should greet the announcement that sixty or eighty members of the House of Hapsburg, driven by the sharp goad of hunger, are openly hunting jobs as motor-car agents, clerks, chauffeurs, ladies' maids and nursery governesses. For something like eight hundred years this family has borne a leading part in the misgovernment of Central Europe; but at last the long lane has come to a turning and the divine right of kings is revealed as nothing more or less than the divine right to work.

To us of the New World, whose unofficial motto is Root, hog, or die, the spectacle of a man going to work in order to avoid going hungry is too much a matter of course to be applauded or even noticed; so there is danger that we may not give full credit to these fallen but plucky Hapsburgs. The course they have adopted not only does violence to their own feelings but runs directly counter to the hallowed conventions of a thousand years. For an Austrian nobleman brought to poverty or low estate, the time-honored and conventional way out was suicide. The life of a card sharper was an occasional alternative; but getting a job is a step so desperate that few grandees not of the blood royal could hope to survive it.

It is to be feared that these poor gentlemen and ladies have a roughish road ahead of them. The chief old-time industries of the court circle at the Austrian capital were military maneuvers, eating, drinking, gambling, music, dancing and love-making. In all these exercises the imperial family are adepts; but such accomplishments are of a notably different character from those in the curriculum commonly laid down to prepare poor boys and girls for the gainful occupations. These unhappy dukes and duchesses will have to forget crowns, coronets and quarterings and wring a great deal of regal nonsense out of their minds before they can hope to absorb much of the technic of workaday life. The process will be painful but not dangerous.

Gloating over the misfortunes of a fallen foe is poor sport at best and it is in no such spirit that attention is drawn to the plight of the Hapsburg family. Every American who spent antebellum holidays in Vienna or studied medicine in its great hospitals came home with so soft a spot in his heart for the amiable people of this bright but now broken capital that not even the animosities of war could entirely harden it.

We earnestly hope that these impoverished Hapsburgs will land the jobs they are seeking. We hope they will make good in them and that they will prosper as useful and reasonably contented citizens. After eight hundred years the Hapsburgs have learned their lesson. It required a world war to drive it home; but the miracle is that they could learn it at all. In all sincerity we wish them luck as they enter upon their new and strange careers.

What a Man Loses in Going to College

By E. DAVENPORT

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

"OH, HE'LL be all right after we get some sense knocked into him." This sentiment, expressed in one form or another and often tinctured with expletives if not with profanity, indicates fairly well the estimate in which the hard-headed business man holds the young college graduate. He avers it as his experience that the callow youth just out of college will attempt to advise about the running of the business the first week of his employment, and that he is no good until he is broken in. That is why the young graduate gets, at the outset, the hardest and dirtiest and least important jobs about the establishment. It is a kind of business hazing, if you please, and seems to be the favorite method of "knocking sense" into promising but verdant material. It is this attitude, too, that impels many business houses in seeking college men to prescribe "none but those who have worked their way through college." Now there is a reason and a good one back of both these quotations. It is a reason not commonly known to the college student, because everybody is blind to his own shortcomings. It is perfectly well understood, however, by those who are in the business of training young men through college methods and who are industriously seeking a remedy for a rather deplorable condition—without much success, I must confess, due to the fact that the student seems case-hardened to his own deficiency, and few feel inclined to a frank discussion of the actual situation.

Instead of Thinking Men's Thoughts He Becomes Engrossed in Student Activities

Unworldly College Atmosphere

HOWEVER, a beginning ought to be made, and this article is prepared by one who has spent a quarter of a century in more or less intimate contact with thousands of students, both individual and en masse, but who has also devoted nearly half his life to business outside of college. He therefore appreciates, to some extent, at least, both sides of the situation. This, together with the vast necessity that something be done to bridge this gap between the college student and the world he is soon to enter, is the author's excuse for this attempt so to hold the mirror up to Nature as, hopefully, to exert some influence in leading university students to realize what they have lost in going to college.

The title may suggest the idea that going to college is a losing proposition. Not at all; but, like most adventures, this enterprise is not wholly to the good, and unsuspected losses turn up even at unexpected points.

The student knows very well that a college course will cost him four years of his life and considerable amounts of money. All this he fully realizes, and he would count it a sacrifice except as he hopes to profit thereby in all his after life, and therefore feels warranted in considering it not a loss but an investment. In this he is right.

He realizes, too, because he has taken it all into consideration, that during the four years involved he could, did he not go to college, earn and save considerable amounts of money, and besides become established in business—possibly married and settled down. All this he takes into consideration and concludes, if he decides to go to college, that this too may be considered as an investment. In this he is right also.

But there is an element in the situation which he does not take into consideration, because he is blind to its existence, and that is his associations during the four most formative years of his life and immediately preceding maturity.

To make this point clear, he should consider the comparative estate of two young men of the same age and capacity, both graduates of the same course in the same high school—the one going into business, the other going on to complete his education in college.

The one who does not go to college will begin at once to associate with men—and women too for that matter—belonging to an older generation, that generation, moreover, and those people who constitute the real world because they are in charge of its affairs.

Such a young man, at eighteen, let us say, if he is at all serious and is equipped with a high-school education, will begin at once to think men's thoughts, to catch step with the world of today, and to take interest in and soon to exert influence upon the solution of its issues, which are always many and serious.

Over against all this, the one who goes to college enters or rather continues in an artificial environment within but not of the real world of men and women of the twentieth century. He goes on living with those of his own age, and instead of thinking men's thoughts about world affairs during his most formative years he becomes engrossed in student activities, which have about as much connection with the real world as a wart on the end of the nose has with vision; it may obscure but it cannot illuminate.

Now the writer must not be misunderstood at this point. He holds college activities in high esteem and as essential to college life, but they are to be regarded as temporary, not enduring; as incidental rather than essential; as a means, not an end, as is too often the case even in our best institutions.

Useful Associations Lost

WHILE the other man is out in the world growing an inch every day in his understanding of its complexities, the college student lives, moves and has his being essentially and almost exclusively not only with those of his own age but engrossed with affairs almost none of which is intimately connected with anything having an existence outside of college save only the subject matter of the course of study. Even this more often looks backward than forward, and is likely to be more or less abstract, while life is fearfully and awfully concrete.

In his four years of life from eighteen to twenty-two the student is devoted to the vast enterprise of getting ready to live through the avenue of higher education; but to do this the average college man defers and temporarily sacrifices that association with older people and that intimate contact with concrete issues which are absolutely essential in making a man out of boy stuff.

These are associations and contacts that must be made at some period of life if a man is ever to be a real man in

the world of men. It cannot be begun with profit at too young an age, to be sure, as at twelve, but it can be begun with exceeding success at seventeen or eighteen, indeed better then than later. If, however, the man continues in school, this element in his education is necessarily postponed and he ought to understand that in going to college he has not selected a substitute.

This contact is only deferred; it cannot be sidetracked or otherwise evaded if the man is to lead a useful life; and that is what the business man means when he talks about knocking sense into the young college graduate. It is also the meaning of the call for men who have worked their way through college, because that experience means a blend between learning and labor; between the receptive and the executive; between the abstract and the concrete; between associations with youth and those of middle age, all of which affords the best possible means of getting a real education, as it is also of proving whether the individual is made of good clay or only of putty which merely looks like man stuff.

The college atmosphere and its ideals—from where do they come? Having little connection with anything else they must have been born *de novo* sometime, somewhere and somehow; and they were. Their genesis is very well known, though unsuspected by the vast majority of students, and not commonly thought out by college graduates.

A part of this atmosphere, and the saving part of it, is good hard study. Nobody will admit it, but it is the truth nevertheless. The teacher setting often unreasonable tasks complains that the students are lazy and do not work. The student, with that vast nonchalance that covers him as a garment, will never admit, except in dire distress, that he really buckles down to hard study. He does, however, work like a beaver if he stays long in college. Though he wastes his time like water running over a spillway, he does manage to get his lessons fairly well and at great labor, and an unexpected, even a vast amount of information clings to him as flour to the miller, not to mention his constant and ceaseless training in digging out facts for himself.

Accounting for the Student Mind

THIS is what makes him of use to himself and to the world later on after he has had some sense knocked into him; and the writer wishes here and now, and particularly in this connection, to disclaim the accusation that students do not behave themselves and do not work. They do behave, better than most older people; and they work about as well as we could expect under the circumstances; indeed they have improved greatly in both respects during the nearly half a century in which the writer has known the habits of this particular variety of the genus homo. The college student of to-day is a splendid fellow. But there is room for further improvement, particularly in respect to effective work, done with intelligent reference to life. Hence this article and similar attempts whereby educators are endeavoring at least to ameliorate the natural disabilities of college students.

Aside from what is provided through the course of study and the daily tasks set by the instructors and fictitiously supposed to require at least nine hours of assiduous labor in full preparation—God save the mark!—in addition to this, whence come the atmosphere, the daily habits and the half nebulous ideals that characterize the routine life of the college student?

Whence comes his language? Certainly not from the English department. Whence comes his logic? The Lord only knows! Whence come his ethical standards? Ditto. Whence come his habits? From his set. Whence come his beliefs and convictions? From his own inner consciousness. Whence come his ideas of the world? They are the stuff that dreams are made of, coupled with a vast conceit and a huge ambition that are to be his salvation when the test comes.

It would be easy and gratifying to believe that these students, shut away from the world of warfare, were evolving among themselves, as in a new generation, their own world standards and ideals as the fruit of their studies about the more or less successful ages that have gone before, and that, under the influence of their teachers and of superior knowledge, they were making a new start for us in civilization with every new generation.

But whoever would believe this fiction does not know students. The psychologist will tell us that there is very little connection between what a man knows and what he really is or what he will do. He will also tell us that there is very little cross connection between the different mental faculties or achievements, and that we can endure a vast amount of tutelage with little effect.

Whoever believes that the teacher exerts any considerable degree of influence, outside his rôle as subject-matter instructor, simply does not know the situation, particularly as to the student's mental complex. It is true that many a successful man will credit his achievements very largely to the influence of an early teacher; but he does this after he is forty, not when he is young. At the time he was sitting at the feet of the prophet he probably called him Old Snooks and measured wits with him at every opportunity. It was years afterward before he was conscious of what he unwittingly, if not unwillingly, absorbed.

To the student the teacher is of an older generation, and a specialist, good reasons both for not taking him any too seriously. Besides, he is more or less of a taskmaster, and this is reason enough for maintaining in most cases a general status of watchful waiting, if not of armed suspicion.

It would surprise most people to know the attitude of college students toward the generations other than their own. Of course they have a vast contempt for all who are younger—hence the practice of hazing; and having been but recently born themselves they have never very carefully analyzed the older strata of mankind.

In their conception all people older than themselves are old, and we have it upon the word of one of the most experienced deans of men in this country that the student makes practically no discrimination between thirty-five and up, except in decrepitude, which he recognizes as awful old.

It was during the war that a student came to the writer's office, saying, "I must go home to help the old man." Of course I remonstrated against this lack of filial respect on the part of a junior in the university, whereupon he replied: "Oh, he ain't my dad; he's my brother."

"How old is your brother?" I inquired with some interest.

"Oh, I don't know; he's awfully old; as much as forty-five, I guess."

This is not untypical. I seriously doubt if fifty per cent of the college students in America to-day could tell, offhand, the age of either the father or the mother. In most cases it has never entered their minds as a matter of the slightest consequence. Age, like all other time concepts, has not yet impressed itself upon these youngsters, who but five or six short years ago were riding to London on rocking-horses and killing giants with wooden swords. Consequently even their own fathers and mothers have not yet been seriously considered, especially as to age, but have been consigned with the rest of humanity to that limbo whose label is "old"—a world shut away and of little consequence.

The truth of the matter is that this atmosphere, this general nimbus of college students, has been evolved by themselves out of the scanty materials of their own experience and surroundings, and it has its roots, not in college, nor even in high school, but down in the grades, for these poor, rich young people have always lived by themselves, effectually shut away from the rest of the world. And what they are is a mixture of the information that the teachers have succeeded in getting into them—or at least sticking on to them—plus a personal element which is mainly of their own design and workmanship.

For it must be remembered that except for those who earn a part or all of their expenses these students have never done anything but go to school, and that even many of the means of earning money during vacation are about as abnormal as is college itself. Because of these conditions the college students come to the institutions as the product of the schools, not of the world, which in the majority of instances they have not yet seen.

The Trump Card of the Teachers

THIS school system has its roots and foundation in the grades, and though the vast majority of youngsters leave school at some point along the line, we must remember that the entrant into college has taken the entire gamut, has swallowed the whole dose as offered, without adulterant or dilutant and for whatever it might mean of good or bad. And because the student has never lived anywhere else than in school, we shall be obliged as with any other organism to look up his entire life history in order to account for some of the phenomena he exhibits in college and some of the things that have to be knocked out of him by a cosmopolitan and cold but after all a sympathetic and catholic world.

It was a great day, that, when the college student, then a toddler, started off to school. He was five or six years old then, and barely weaned—indeed not weaned from home and mother enough to stay away six hours without frightful yearnings tugging at his heartstrings.

But with those of his set he soon accustomed himself to the new life and its surroundings, and another generation started off in its quest for what? If anybody knew the why and the because of it all, so much the better for him; certainly the kids did not; nor did the outcome of it all concern them in the slightest degree.

Upon the whole, school proved good fun. Of course teachers and lessons presented problems, but their solution perforce lay in the situation. The fear of failing to pass the most ancient of bluffs, and by far the strongest trump card of the teachers—was worked early and often and to the limit; but, as in other and larger matters, familiarity commonly led to contempt and great skill was developed in judging just how much work must be done and how much could with tolerable safety be avoided without too much danger of dropping below the passing grade. And this mark, whatever it was—whether seventy-five, or seventy, or only sixty—came to stand in the vast majority of cases not only as the yardstick but the very essence of desirable achievement.

Now this standard of achievement and this management of the situation leave the youngster in the grades still possessed of a vast amount of time. The use of time is, in extreme youth, not a matter of deliberate planning; it is wholly spontaneous and undirected to specific ends, certainly not utilitarian, and the use of this overtime becomes at once a problem in school management.

The teacher in self-defense invents busy work as an antidote to trouble and a preventive of discipline. As time passes this busy work is carried home. Thus it is that the school comes to take complete possession of the child and keeps it forever after; that is to say, when the child enters the modern school system he has left the world of men and women. So far is this true that when the student is once settled in school he is effectually segregated even from the family except for purposes of absorbing nourishment, securing sleep, and obtaining such spending money as circumstances demand and opportunities permit.

Gradually and naturally these little children, absorbed by the world of school, evolve a life of their own. They develop a slang peculiar to their particular group, emanating from the poor resources of their own inventive genius or the narrow confines of their immediate surroundings. Their ethical ideals are likewise evolved from their own inner consciousness and are practically uninfluenced by the teacher or anybody else of the older generation except he be a prize fighter, a movie actor or an athletic star, which latter gradually comes to be the acme of excellence in the eyes of these small hero worshipers.

Undergraduates a Segregated Class

AS THE students pass on to high school it is the same old group minus those that have dropped by the wayside; but even this elimination is scarcely noted, for at this age the youngster has learned to accept all eventualities lightly. Even death has its charm, certainly not its terrors. Life and its eventualities have as yet no particular value, for this is the age at which suicide is frequently and seriously contemplated and often committed. Long life, even health, has never yet been considered as among the desirables; indeed, accidents and injuries are rather matters of pride and local distinction.

It is now that preparation for college seriously begins, but everything is moved up from the grades below except as new conditions demand the meeting of new problems, solutions for which are, as before, evolved from the limbo of the student's consultation with his own inner consciousness or with his equally inexperienced fellows.

Long before this he has practically ceased to be a member of the family in whose domicile he spends his nights, frequently not his evenings, for is he not now grown up and old enough to begin to do some things on his own account without asking permission in detail?

Now it is that he begins to have his clubs; but they are essentially the gangs of the lower grades brought forward and more or less purified and dignified as the trousers descend toward the shoe tops. In every way his old exclusive life continues. He has by this time effectually settled the teacher problem, as also that of class work and passing grades. Those who did not have dropped by the wayside and ceased to be matters of interest to those who are headed for college.

And when he gets to college it is more of the same thing—still living with those of his own age if not indeed of the same set. The gang has evolved through the club and is now the fraternity, but in essence it is the same as it was before, a kind of exalted mutual-admiration society living in the superlative.

Now the writer is a Greek fraternity man himself and he is a firm believer in the efficacy of fraternities, not only in university administration but, upon the whole, in character building among students. He is not saying that fraternities should not exist, but he is pointing out that with all their benefits they are still confined to a single generation and, more than that, to the same generation that in knickerbockers and wide collars started to school about a decade before and then evolved together with little influence from without.

It is no wonder now, when such a generation is practically segregated from the world in early childhood and left living alone to evolve a philosophy of life out of its own narrow experiences—it is no wonder that when it essays to enter the real world as it is organized and conducted by people at least one generation older and with a quarter of a century of experience, these young people make spectacles of themselves. Really the wonder is that they succeed as well as they do and that they catch on at all successfully to a world that is as different from that of college activities, or any other that they have been able to evolve, as if it were located in Mars or the moon. It speaks volumes for higher education and for the adaptability and the right-mindedness of the young college man that he does, after a few jolts, successfully make the connection.

(Concluded on Page 98)

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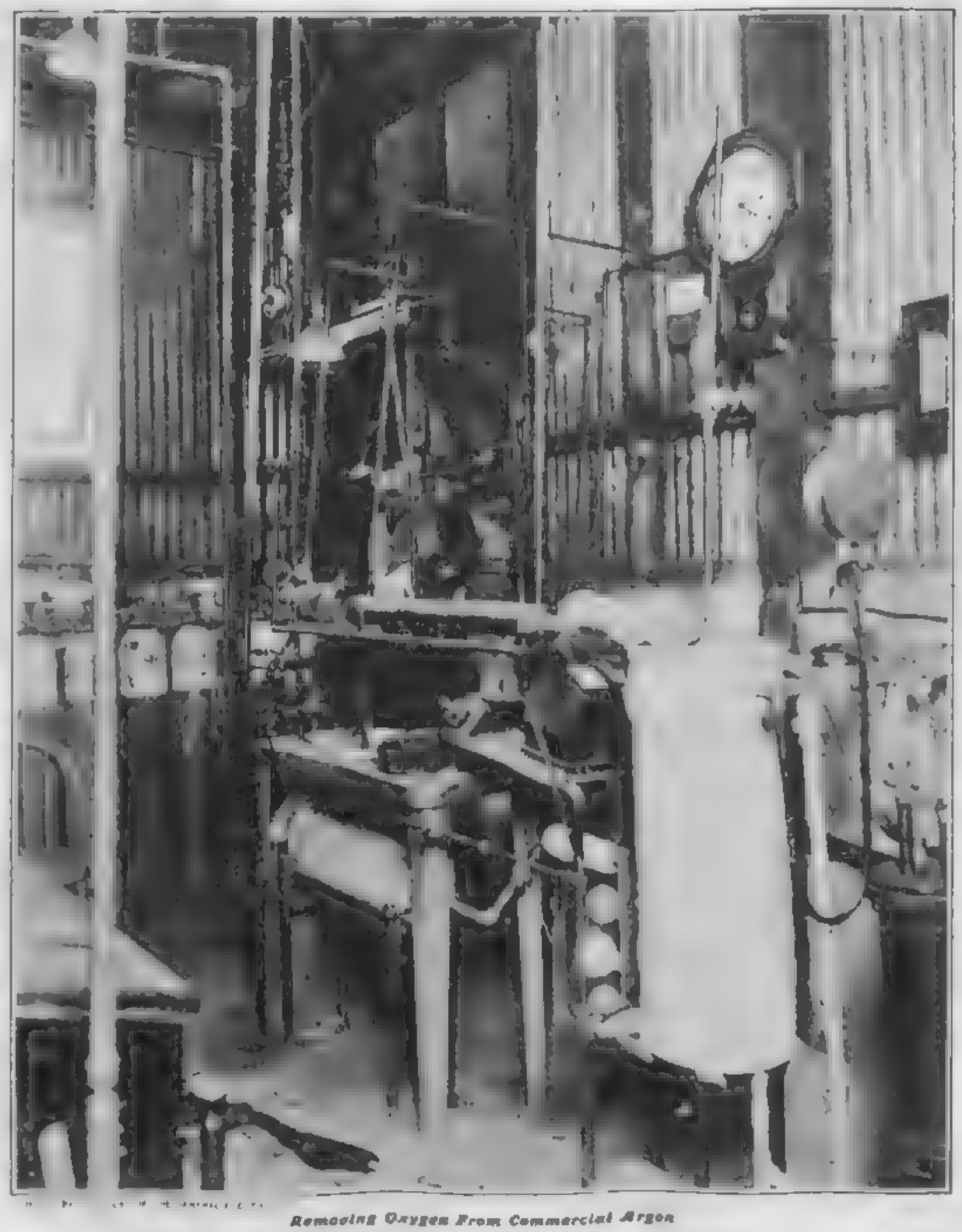
By Floyd W. Parsons

Aristocrats of the Air

SINCE the commencement of civilization the human race has been made up in small part of a certain aristocratic class of individuals commonly called nobles. Most of these dukes, counts, and so on, have followed the idea that all work should be done by the common people and that though the fruits of labor should belong to the peers, this latter privileged class need not perform any of the world's real work.

This peculiar line of distinction has been extended to the elements, and in the case of the earth's gases the idea of leaving all of the work for a few industrious elements is observed with the strictest propriety. There are so-called nobles among the metals, but these aristocrats—gold, platinum and iridium—condescend on occasion to mingle with the vulgar herd and to form at least morganatic marriages with such plebeians as chlorine, oxygen and sulphur. Furthermore, the noble metals lead a useful life and never disdain to work.

It is not so with the nobles among the gases. These lords of the atmosphere form one per cent of the air we breathe, and though they have probably existed since the beginning of creation, not one of them ever did a lick of work or served a useful purpose until only a few years ago. Of the ninety-four elements which compose everything, the noble gases, argon, helium, neon, krypton and xenon stand furthest aloof and scorn to form even the most transitory bond with any element outside their group. Not only is this true but they are such supreme egotists that they exhibit absolute indifference one to another.



Removing Oxygen From Commercial Argon

The average person is well aware that ninety-nine per cent of the air we breathe is composed of nitrogen and oxygen, but his knowledge concerning the remaining one per cent of the atmosphere is rather vague. Our ignorance concerning this particular subject is not to be wondered at, because all of the noble gases in the air are so absolutely inert and rare that in the act of respiration they exert no effect whatever upon the human body. During the years since argon and the other four aristocratic gases were discovered scientists have worked and experimented ceaselessly trying to find some show of life and action in these rare elements, but there has been no response to any such efforts. No one has yet succeeded in exploding or combining any of these gases with some other element, nor has science found a way to make one of them react in the slightest degree, as can be done with every other element.

There is small reason, if any at all, for bestowing the term "noble" on the class of humans that now bear the title. But in the case of the gases referred to their rarity alone furnishes a good basis for their claim to nobility. Argon, by far the most prevalent, forms about ninety-four hundredths of one per cent of the air. Imagine the infinitesimal quantities in which the rest occur. Of neon there is one part in 55,000 by volume in the air; helium, one in 185,000; krypton, one in 20,000,000; and xenon, one in 170,000,000. If a man were existing on xenon alone it would take him 2100 years to get a breath; that is, normal respiration would have to be carried on for twenty-one centuries in order for an individual to inhale a volume of xenon equal to the air now taken in by the lungs in one inhalation.

It is generally understood that these gases have absolutely no effect on life, either animal or vegetable, and therefore we could live happily and in good health without them. But stranger than this is the fact that through all the ages of their existence the five noble gases have failed to do a single stroke of work in Nature's great laboratory. But now man has dragged all five of the delinquents from their hiding places and has succeeded in putting three of the idlers to work. Though only one of the group is as yet actually earning its living, there is hope that the other four gases will soon be transformed from parasites into useful members of the world's society of valuable elements.

Argon was the first of the noble gases to be discovered, and was brought to light by Sir William Ramsay, the great British scientist, in 1894. Sir William noted that nitrogen extracted from the atmosphere was heavier than nitrogen produced by any chemical process. In searching for an explanation of this phenomenon he was led to undertake experiments that resulted in the discovery of argon. But Ramsay found no practical use for the new gas and the result was that for twenty years this valuable element was permitted to continue in its happy state of idleness.

Finally, Dr. Irving Langmuir, who was devoting much time to conducting experiments to increase the efficiency of incandescent lamps, found that an improvement in lighting could be effected by filling the electric bulbs with an inert gas instead of making them vacuous. Nitrogen was first used, because it is so common in Nature and could be extracted from the air with comparative ease. Along in 1914 a company was formed in the United States and the first efforts were made on a commercial scale to produce argon through the fractional distillation of liquid air. As a result of this attempt argon was produced in considerable quantities, mixed in equal parts with oxygen and nitrogen, and it is in this form that the element is marketed to-day.

The engineers in lamp factories now recognized their opportunity, and started to lay their plans for the use of argon in lamps instead of nitrogen. Experiments showed that the oxygen contained in the commercial gas furnished the lamp factories could be removed by passing the mixed gases through a tubular furnace nearly filled with copper filings at red heat. Other investigations indicated that it was possible to pass the remaining gases through another furnace and there extract ninety per cent of the nitrogen. This left the argon about ninety per cent pure, and it is this mixture of nine parts argon to one part nitrogen that is now injected into lamp bulbs.

When argon was first discovered the scientists concluded that it was absolutely useless, because it was so inert. But this very inertness has proved to be its valuable quality. The facts that it is relatively stubborn in its refusal to serve as a conductor of heat, and that its density discourages the evaporation of tungsten filaments even at abnormally high temperatures, have therefore made it possible to increase the temperature of lamp filaments with a consequent increase in lamp efficiency. Not only does argon increase the brilliancy of the lamps but it lengthens the life of the filaments. Up to the present time it has not been economically advantageous to use this gas in the lowest current lamps. Its use in the larger lamps and the small ones of higher current, however, is now resulting in a great national economy.

It is not difficult to work out an approximate estimate of the saving to the people of the United States through the use of the element argon. In 1919 about 180,000,000 lamps were sold in this country with an average wattage of about fifty. This means that the total wattage for the year was 9,000,000,000. Of this amount approximately one-half, or 4,500,000,000 watts, was in gas-filled lamps. Since these lamps had an average life of 1000 hours, the 4,500,000,000 watts multiplied by 1000 hours would represent the watt hours in gas-filled lamps, and by dividing this product by 1000 we get the total number of kilowatt hours for all the lamps that were filled with argon gas. In other words, we find that the argon-filled lamps consumed about 4,500,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, which at a conservative cost of five cents per kilowatt hour indicates that the lamps filled with argon used $225,000,000 worth of power. If the nation had been compelled to get this same amount of light with vacuum lamps the cost for power would have been twenty-five per cent greater. It is plain therefore that the use of argon in lamps in 1919 saved the country something like $56,000,000.

Krypton and xenon, which are just as inert as argon and which are two and three times as dense respectively, would probably make good lamp atmospheres also, but they are so rare that their use in lighting would be comparable to the substitution of platinum for tin in the manufacture of kitchen utensils. As for helium, the late war brought this gas to the forefront because of the possibility of its use for inflating dirigibles and observation balloons. Helium is extremely buoyant and so inert that no enemy bullet can explode it. Before the war it cost $1700 to get a cubic foot of helium out of the air. However, the urgency of its need focused scientific attention upon methods for producing the gas, so that at the present time processes have been developed to a point of efficiency that enables us to extract the gas from the air at a cost of about ten cents a cubic foot. But even at this comparatively low production charge it would cost something like $300,000 to fill one big dirigible with helium gas.

A use has been found for neon, whose only claim to commercial distinction is that when a current of electricity is passed through a tube of it a strange and beautiful orange-pink glow is given off. Certain European lamp makers

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Unending Progress

THE recent history of Tobacco Culture is one of ceaseless progress—particularly as regards those types of leaf used in cigar making.

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have manufactured a few such tubes in odd shapes for advertising purposes. Here in the United States several experimenters are now trying to bring this type of electric lamp up to a point of production for use in the homes of the rich or in other places where such an unusual but expensive light would be appreciated.

Krypton and xenon are present in such small quantities in the atmosphere that experimenters have had very little of these gases to work with, and, as a consequence, no one appears to have found any commercial uses for them. However, krypton is credited with performing one remarkable function in the atmosphere. Scientists tell us that if it were not for this gas there could be no aurora borealis to awe the people of the earth with its weird beauty. The presence of any of the noble gases in the air is detected by the spectroscope, which displays the color lines of every kind of matter. The aurora borealis has a number of strong lines which coincide with the lines prominent in the krypton spectrum. It was by use of the spectroscope that helium was discovered in the sun more than twenty years before Ramsay found argon in the earth's air. However, this early discovery of helium, which occurred in India during a solar eclipse, did nothing more than fix the name of the element, which is taken from the Greek word "helios," or sun. It is generally understood that helium was not discovered in the atmosphere and its true nature understood until in 1894, after the discovery of argon.

All five of the noble gases are colorless, odorless and tasteless, thus emphasizing the inertness which is their principal characteristic. They are constantly being given off by the earth in springs, in natural gas and in volcanoes. Some authorities assert that these gases even exude from rock formations. However, let no one run away with the idea that there are any other elements in the long list discovered and catalogued by the mind of man as lazy and as unsociable as the noble gases here discussed. The history of science shows few accomplishments more interesting than the discovery of these elements that have formed a part of our every breath and yet have rendered no aid to the human race in its fight to elevate civilization. At least one of the proud nobles is earning his keep and the end is not yet.

The Housing Shortage

THE housing question is probably the most important problem that confronts the country to-day. The scarcity of homes is not only causing political and social unrest but is slowing down industrial development and in our great cities is reëstablishing the slum. In years past the individual or corporation that erected a new plant gave little consideration to the question of adequate shelter for employees, for the very good reason that plenty of homes were available in practically all populous communities. To-day any person or company proposing to build a new industrial plant must take into consideration the fact that for every $1000 needed to build the mill or factory no less than from $3000 to $5000 of housing must be provided to take care of the corporation's workers.

A careful study of the present situation in the United States not only reveals an alarming lack of homes but the outlook forebodes trouble. In the light of our probable future there is reason to question the wisdom of America's present activity in extending large additional credits to Europe and in seeking to share in the rebuilding of the devastated countries on the other side of the Atlantic. The desire of the United States to help other peoples is a worthy ambition, but we should not forget that our ability to provide relief for Europe depends upon our own stability. We have been steadily falling behind in the building of homes for three years, and this deficiency is slowly but surely weakening the foundation on which our social and industrial strength is based. It has been said that a country of majority rule must be a country of majority home ownership. In the face of this truth tenantry in the United States is increasing, and most of our citizens still possess a greater desire to spend than to invest. In 1919 we constructed in this country 240,000,000 square feet of residential buildings. Assuming that the average home contains 1600 square feet of floor space, this means that we built approximately 150,000 homes during the year. In this estimate it is assumed, of course, that each and every apartment of the size mentioned in a single building is the equivalent of one home. As compared with this construction work of last year, it is interesting to note that during the first eight months of 1920 the total residential building was 54,000,000 square feet less than during the same period of last year.

In view of the fact that the last four months of 1919 comprised the most active construction period of the year, and that the last four months of the present year will be the dullest building season of 1920, it is plainly evident that all our hopes of catching up in the matter of supplying homes are wholly without any material foundation.

During the first two-thirds of the year 1919 the cost of the buildings under construction in twenty-five states, containing sixty per cent of the country's population, amounted to $849,000,000. During the same period this year in the same territory the cost of the building under way was estimated to be $431,000,000. In analyzing this latter figure and in drawing a comparison it is necessary to take into consideration that the prices of building materials in 1920, for the first eight months of the year, were one-third more than the prices prevailing the previous year. The material falling-off in residential building indicated by these figures confirms the conclusion of the preceding paragraph that the housing situation in this country is growing worse rather than better. Its position may be likened to that of a man whose automobile is out of order and who decides to adjust the carburetor before finding out what really is the matter. Later he finds that the trouble was in the electric wiring, and by the time he has made this discovery the carburetor as well as the wiring is working badly or not at all. The time has arrived when we should stop experimenting in the application of remedies for the housing situation and commence to search for the real causes of the trouble.

It is a poor doctor who prescribes a cure before he has determined the disease, yet that is just what we have been doing for the last two years in handling most of our industrial problems. People who own their own homes and those with large incomes have not suffered severely, but a majority of the families with small incomes are facing a bad situation. For example, let us assume the case of a man with a family who has an income of $1500 a year. Such a person cannot afford to pay out more than one-fourth of his income for rent. This means that his limit for rent is $375 a year. It is commonly understood that the owner of a house must receive 12½ per cent on his investment in order to come out whole after paying taxes and upkeep. A rental of $375 is 12½ per cent interest on $3000, but the cost of building at the present time in most localities amounts to $1000 a room. In order to live decently an ordinary family needs five rooms, and such a house would cost $5000 instead of $3000. Therefore it is plain that the man with an income of $1500 a year can pay interest on only a $3000 house, though he requires a five-room home, costing $5000. This shows a spread or difference of $2000 between what the average citizen needs and what he can now pay for. Over in England the government recognized this situation some time ago and enacted legislation giving a bounty of a little more than $300 a room to each individual or company erecting a house for residential purposes.

Many people are proposing a simular action here, so it is advisable that we examine the British remedies for a housing shortage and note the consequences. First, it should be remarked that for more than fifty years the housing policy of England has been to subsidize the tenant. About a year ago the new English laws subsidizing the builder were proposed and passed. Both of these policies were philanthropic, but they have tended to kill private enterprise and hamper rather than encourage home building. The history of housing in England for more than half a century is the story of a series of British acts to better the living conditions of the poorer classes. All the British governmental interferences were prompted by an earnest desire to help needy citizens, but the result of the laws enacted was to drive capital from the field of investment and bring about a situation of such wretchedness that the whole world was horrified when the facts became known toward the end of the last century.

In the meantime, while paternalism was having its day in England, the United States was calling forth the latent energy of its citizens by providing them with hope that they might enjoy the unearned increment of all property they should acquire. Uncle Sam stimulated the building of rural homes through the wide distribution of land under the Homestead Acts. This plan permitted the prospective home owner to acquire property mainly through his labor. The land given away by the United States was developed and important communities were created. If, instead, this country had followed the example of England in rent subsidy and philanthropic legislation it would now have a superabundance of landlords and a deficiency of home owners, as is the case in England.

The British housing situation is worse than our own. The lack of homes was felt in England a couple of years before the pinch was felt in the United States. With about half our population Great Britain has a housing shortage practically equal to our own. She is engaged in the enormous task of trying to build more than 500,000 houses at the tremendous cost to the taxpayers of Great Britain of over $100,000,000 every year for a period of sixty years. Private building had been almost entirely stopped in England several years before the war commenced. As before stated, England now proposes to pay the difference between the rent the average workman can afford and the rent that the landlord must ask. The British propose to raise the capital needed for this great undertaking by issuing bonds through local authorities in the communities where the houses are to be erected. In rural districts the money for building will be supplied by direct loans from the central government.

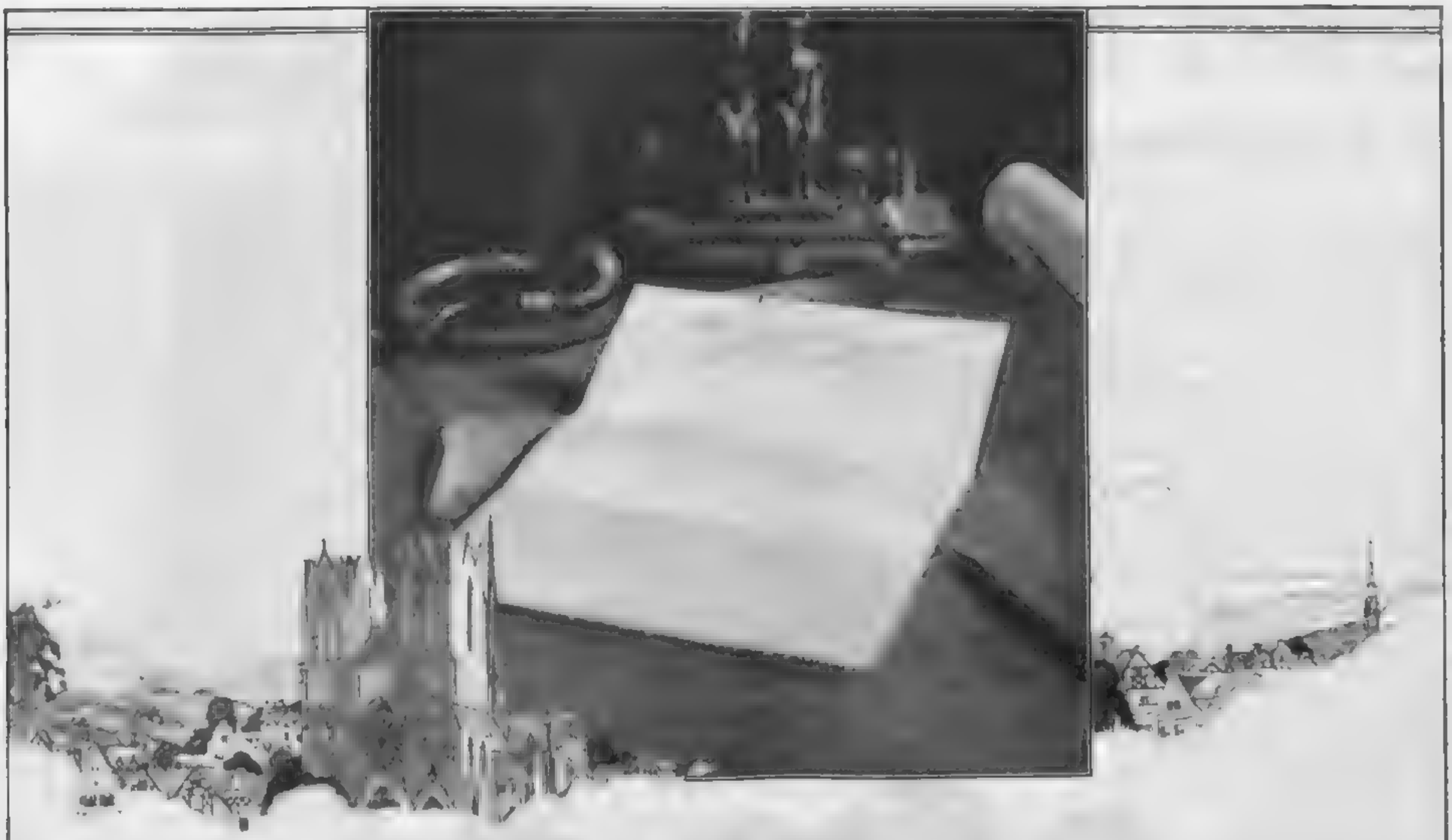
The tenants of houses, in most instances, are getting homes at a rate of rental below what they can afford to pay. As the scheme is being worked out, the workers are paying less rent in proportion to their income than they did in the past. This plan is to continue until 1927, when the readjustment of rentals is to be made, and the excessive cost of building is then to be written off. Also, in 1927, the tenants of postwar houses will be asked to pay a higher rent, which will more nearly cover the interest on the investment made. There seems to be no thought that wages may be less seven years hence and the workingman may balk at paying a higher rent for his home.

One responsible authority just returning from England, after having spent weeks there in an investigation for an important governmental committee, furnished me with the following facts:

"The British Government is paying the bills but leaving the fixing of rents to several hundred local authorities. Signs are visible that labor is becoming pauperized under such treatment. The houses now building are for everyone except the very rich. Favoritism is likely to result from

(Continued on Page 102)

A Building Project at Erie, Pennsylvania, Financed by the Government



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SWIFT WORK

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

WILLIAM WALLACE OLDS was one of the newest members of the River County bar. His entrance into the arena of legal events was in fact so very recent that his outer garments had not as yet acquired that glossy shine that characterized the backs and elbows of his elder brethren of the bar; nor did his footwear present the appearance of being well run down at heel. In other words, he was a tyro. Partly on account of his name, partly by reason of something old-fashioned in his make-up, he was known to his very few familiars as Old Bill. And he had a pair of very bashful eyes—heaven-sent, these bashful eyes—to play old hob with juries and with girls.

On a certain memorable morning on a very fine spring day Old Bill, arriving at his office and opening his office door, espied some mail upon the floor. This mail consisted of a single missive—a square, white envelope. Old Bill tore it open and withdrew its content—nothing save a square, white, printed card. He read it. It was a simply worded, frivolous, inconsequential sort of thing, this card, and yet when Old Bill looked upon it he stared his future fortunes in the face.

He didn't know this—couldn't know it in fact. There was nothing here to warn him that this card, in and by itself, constituted the first link in a rapidly forging chain of unusual events destined in the first instance to connect him with the Becky Eckert case and in the last with the final shameful Peveril Peak Inn scandal—a dénouement which—as he conceded later—effected his complete downfall, after dragging his fa.' fame distinctly and disagreeably in the mire. No, Old Bill was no adept at reading between the lines—at any rate, not on the morning of this fine spring day. So this is all he saw:

Dear Mr. Olds: You are invited to attend another Becky Eckert dance. Tickets, three dollars. At St. John's Parish House, Wednesday, April twenty-ninth, at nine.

MIGGIE BREWSTER,
Chairman,
The Three Girls' Guild.

At this particular moment the name of Becky Eckert meant less than nothing in Old Bill's young life, but the name of Miggie Brewster meant considerably more. He didn't know this Miggie Brewster, chairman of the Three Girls' Guild, either in her official capacity or otherwise, nor did she know him. But Old Bill had watched her from a distance many, many times. He had thought about her often, and then some. And so far that was all. Ingenious as he was upon occasion, in this instance he had found himself confronting a stone wall. He didn't know anybody that knew her. He had exhausted human efforts along all lines. Then, presto, out of a clear sky ——

With avidity he reread the card. Once more he glanced upon its envelope. Then he started in surprise and in disgust as well. The envelope was not addressed to him at all—not to W. W. Olds, River City Trust Building, River City, as it should have been. It was directed to quite another man—W. G. Olds, in fact, care of River City Trust Company, on the ground floor downstairs. So the card wasn't meant for Old Bill after all. Old Bill was in desperate straits, however. He jotted down upon a scrap of paper the time, the place, the girl. This done, he placed the card back in its envelope and superscribed the envelope "Opened by mistake by W. W. Olds." Then he dropped it down the mail chute in the hall.

On Wednesday, April twenty-ninth, at nine sharp, Old Bill made his appearance at St. John's Parish House. He arrived there early—by design. His precaution justified itself. He found two people so far present—only two. One of these was Miggie Brewster, chairman of the Three Girls' Guild. The other, seated in a corner, unnoted and unseen, was the subsequently famous Becky Eckert. Miggie Brewster was flushed and busy and more beautiful than ever. She was engaged in applying the last finishing touches before her guests arrived. Old Bill confronted her with his bashful eyes and a somewhat propitiatory smile.

"Where are the other two?" he demanded, just by way of making talk.

"The other two?" echoed the charming Miss Brewster, with a very musical inflection of her voice.

"Girls," nodded Old Bill.

"Oh, didn't you know?" returned Miggie, with a toss of her fine head. "They dropped out—moons ago. Too much work—got tired. I'm what's left. I'm the Three Girls' Guild."

"I didn't know," said Old Bill.

"And I don't know," went on his hostess, with the shadow of a doubt present in her voice and manner, "that I know—you."

"You don't," replied Old Bill swiftly, those bashful eyes of his pleading with her all the time. "Fact is, I'm here under false pretenses. My name is Olds."

The girl's flush deepened slightly.

"Oh," she cried, holding out her hand, the tinge of warm welcome in her tone, "you belong to Warren Olds."

"You mean W. G. Olds?" queried Old Bill.

The girl nodded, but Old Bill only shook his head.

"I don't belong to anybody," he confessed, "and the invitation that you sent to him—it came to me by mistake, and there you are."

"No, No!" She Said. "Not Another Dance! I Haven't Got the Time. I Want to Introduce You to Another Guest of Honor"

"And here you are," returned the blushing girl, a bit breathless.

She was evidently taken aback.

"Oh," explained Old Bill hastily, "I passed the invitation on to him. You needn't worry. That part's all right."

"It doesn't signify," said the girl, flustered. "He would have been here anyway."

"Maybe," floundered Old Bill, gulping with embarrassment, but holding her with those bashful eyes—"maybe I've brought too much nerve with me. But it's a sort of charity, isn't it? A sort of quasi charity?"

"A sort of which?" demanded Miggie Brewster.

"A sort of near charity," nodded Old Bill.

"Much nearer than you think," laughed Miggie.

"Anyway," confessed Old Bill, "I sort of had to come. Besides that, I've got three dollars somewhere in my clothes."

The girl had looked him over carefully. Now she flashed upon him a vivid smile—a grateful smile—impersonal, but all there. She again held out her hand. "You pass over your three dollars right away," she cried.

And Old Bill's soul sang little songs within him. The trick was done. Old Bill fumbled in his clothes to find the money. He produced the money, but he still held it in his hand.

"The question is," he went on cannily, "whether I'm likely to get my money's worth."

"No trouble to show goods," returned the girl.

Old Bill's eyes were very bashful now.

"The question is," he proceeded huskily, "do I—do I get three dollars' worth of dances with—with you?"

"The money first," stipulated the suddenly noncommittal young woman.

She got it, and then she played a low-down trick on Old Bill Olds.

"You can be very useful if you will," she said guilelessly. "You come with me. I want you to meet my guest of honor. I want you to pay your very best respects to her."

She led him to the corner where Becky Eckert sat. She introduced him to Becky Eckert—she left him alone with Becky Eckert. Becky Eckert was a figure clad in a black-satin dress. She was a female of the species—what was left of her to be classified at all. There is a delightful age once in a while attained by females of the species—somewhere between eighty-two and one hundred and three. Becky Eckert's age was situate along about that place. However, she was still here. Being here, she made the most of it. She was sprightly and appreciative. She had a wide smile—wide, deep, cavernous. She cackled frequently. She had two teeth, both uppers. Two teeth, and something else—two eyes.

Those eyes of Becky Eckert's! Old Bill started, shivered even, as he looked her in the face. Her glance confused, confounded, disconcerted him. But he was game. He held out to her his warm young hand. Becky Eckert seized upon it with her cold and skinny claws. She clung to Old Bill's hand. She made horrible mouths at Old Bill.

"Such a nice young man!" she cried in ghoulish glee. "Just such a nice young man I used to have myself."

Old Bill danced three times that night with the chairman of the Three Girls' Guild, at a dollar a throw. It thrilled him to realize that he was getting more than his share—the parish house was crammed with perspiring young men. However, his hostess made it very clear to him that she was rewarding him for being very nice to Becky Eckert, and he continued, in his gratitude, to be very nice to Becky Eckert. He told himself that he was impelled by gratitude and nothing else. As a matter of fact, he didn't know another soul, and he was a bit leery in the circumstances about cutting in with this seemingly exclusive crowd.

So he sat out with Becky Eckert, but there was a far deeper reason for his attention to her. As a matter of fact, he couldn't keep away from her. To the rest of the roomful she might be nothing but a living skeleton; to him she was a living mystery. With an eagerness which he didn't try to conceal, Old Bill found himself listening to her beldame's chatter. There were things about her that he wanted most to know, and though the lady lived mostly in the past, still by cross-examination he brought her down to date.

The Three Girls' Guild, it seemed, had found her destitute five years before. The Three Girls' Guild had taken her in hand, had fed her, clothed her, paid her rent. It had done more, was doing more. The guild was seeing to it that the declining years of this two-toothed old scarecrow were years of comfort and of peace, and she was very,

(Continued on Page 38)

NO condition or set of circumstances ever seems to swerve or change people's good opinion of the Hupmobile.

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(Continued from Page 36)

very grateful, the lady told Old Bill. She told it with her teeth, her eyes, her wagging chin, and as she told it she kept clawing at Bill's hand. She was still clawing at it when Miggie Brewster, face flushed, eyes glowing, swept once more into sight, broke away from her partner for the moment and apologetically faced Bill.

"I didn't mean ——" she began contritely, but she immediately backed away from Bill's outstretched arms. "No, no!" she said. "Not another dance! I haven't got the time.

"You're so awfully docile, Mr. Olds, that I want to introduce you to another guest of honor that I've got. He's acting like a fish out of water that wants to go to bed. He's got a gloom on. Nobody's got the time to cheer him up. You can keep him in good humor—there's the boy!"

Old Bill was the boy. He followed Miggie Brewster as a faithful dog its mistress. In an uncomfortable pose before the fireplace there stood a pompous individual of middle age—lean, serious faced, important. Old Bill knew the type. River City was full of men like this. To him they were just sheep; sheep always flocking together and baaing to each other—not to anybody else.

"Mr. Olds, my father, Mr. Seymour Brewster," said the girl.

"Mr. Seymour Brewster!" echoed Bill in some surprise.

Seymour Brewster's name was familiar enough to anybody round. His name was familiar to Old Bill. Seymour Brewster was the head of the River City Trust Company and was conceded—by his friends—to be the leading financier in town.

"I—I didn't know," said Bill.

"Didn't know what?" grunted Seymour Brewster in the conventional crisp, curt tones of the River City business man.

"Didn't know that you were—you," said Bill.

This lamentable lack of knowledge on Bill's part seemed to give Mr. Seymour Brewster—judging by the expression of his countenance—considerable pain.

"Not a River City man then," said Mr. Seymour Brewster.

"I've lived here all my life," said Bill

"Ha!" returned the gloom. "What name?"

"Olds," interposed the girl.

She seemed sorry now that she had got Bill into this. She looked as though she expected to see Bill at any moment eaten up alive. But Mr. Seymour Brewster softened quite perceptibly.

"Olds!" he echoed, warming up a bit in advance. "Any connection of our Warren G.?"

Old Bill shook his head.

"I don't even know him," he returned.

"Here comes Warren now," interposed the girl again.

W. G. Olds came—another sheep, a bank man, like the other. Unsmiling, pompous too, for all his youth. Old Bill, introduced, held out his hand. Our Warren G., however, merely bowed.

Bill was frozen stiff. He knew not where to turn or what to say. He said it nevertheless. He nodded to the new arrival pleasantly.

"I frequently," said Bill, "get mixed up with you."

W. G. Olds fixed him with a frigid glance.

Brewster Caught Sight of Him and Exploded: "Explain Your Presence in This House!"

With a Scowl That Emulated That of His Superior, He Carried Miggie Brewster Off to Dance

"Get mixed up with me?" he echoed wonderingly—"mixed up with me?"

"Your mail and mine," explained Old Bill, shivering.

There was a glimmer of understanding in the newcomer's eyes.

"Then you're the chap that opens my correspondence," he returned.

He drew slightly to one side as though he felt a bit contaminated. Old Bill, to oblige him, drew away himself. Much of his own mail reached him opened by mistake. Now that he saw who opened it, he concluded that most of it was read by design.

"Stupid of the management," said Mr. W. G. Olds with the air of a grand regulator of the universe, "to allow two men, same building and same name."

With a scowl that emulated that of his superior, he carried Miggie Brewster off to dance. Old Bill was still left with the other gloom and without one rational idea in his head to furnish talk. He grasped at straws.

"This Becky Eckert ——" he began.

"Ugh!" cried the other man. "Won't hear of her! Wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole! Living skeleton! Not for me!"

"Do you know anything about her?" floundered Bill.

"Don't want to."

"I know something about her," nodded Bill desperately.

"What do you know?" demanded the banker.

"I know this much," went on Bill. "I know that, next to your daughter, Mr. Brewster—next to your daughter, this Becky Eckert is the most interesting person in this room to-night."

This was such a remarkable statement that the bank man didn't even realize that it had left himself and our Warren G. out of the account.

"Interesting?" he echoed.

"You said it!" said Old Bill. "You want to watch this Becky Eckert's eyes. I tell you the old darling's got something up her sleeve. But darned if I know what it is."

"Nothing but bones," returned the banker.

It was clear he didn't care for Bill's society. If Bill were a sheep, which was exceedingly doubtful at the moment, he certainly didn't belong to the Seymour Brewster fold. Seymour Brewster moved off abruptly and left Old Bill to his own devices. So Bill went back again to Becky Eckert, to find out if he could just what it was the two-toothed marvel was holding up her sleeve. He didn't find out, not just then. Later there was, however, just a gleam of light, for Becky Eckert wanted to find out something too. The next time Miggie Brewster swung into view the old hag's claw tightened on Bill's arm. The old girl thrust her sharp nose into Bill's young face.

"You go and ask her," commanded Becky Eckert in a shrill whisper—"ask her how much she's taken in to-night."

At two o'clock in the morning Old Bill found himself, much to his surprise, in the Brewster limousine along with Becky Eckert. He was seeing Becky home. It was none of his doing. Becky had engineered the maneuver. Her claim was, as she tightened her clutch upon his hand, that he reminded her strongly of the days of her youth. In fact she made it very clear that she had fallen for Old Bill hard. At any rate Bill went along with her, against the polite, persistent protests of Miggie Brewster and against the impolite and more persistent protests of W. G. Olds. There was considerable point, however, to the latter's objections, since he and Miss Brewster, as a matter of expediency, had to go along themselves.

The chauffeur knew the way. He sped swiftly through the center of the city, crossed the canal and entered that section of town yclept Down Neck. Without instructions he drew up in front of a disreputable-looking abode situated on a side street. It required the combined assistance of three people to get Becky out of the car, into the dingy house and up the stairs. Becky fumbled with her wearing apparel and produced a key—a small one. With it she unlocked a padlock on her door while Old Bill watched and wondered. The door swung open and they entered. There was a light—a smelly light—turned low. Becky Eckert turned it up and lit another.

"My rooms," said Becky Eckert, her voice swelling with pride of possession. "My furniture."

The furniture was old—old as the hills. The place was neat and very comfortable. A new oil stove had been set upon the worn-out range.

"My new oil stove," said Becky.

Old Bill turned curiously to Miggie Brewster.

"It's her furniture," said Miggie. "It's all she has in the world. She's lived right here for years. When we found her they were going to turn her out. Oh," went on Miggie compassionately, "when we found her she was so sick and poor ——"

"Poor!" echoed Becky miserably. "If it wasn't for this girl ——"

She sidled up to Old Bill and plucked his sleeve.

"You ask her," she whispered, "how much did she take in to-night."

Bill was quite direct about it. He turned immediately to Miggie Brewster.

"How much did you take in to-night?" he asked.

W. G. Olds took it upon himself to baa in protest.

"How does it signify to you?" he demanded of Old Bill

"Perfectly natural question—friendly, too," said Miggie. She told them how much she had taken in. It was considerable. "So much," said Miggie, "that I won't have to have another dance till fall."

Ten minutes later, in the Brewster car, Old Bill—wondering, always wondering about this Becky Eckert—turned to Miggie Brewster.

"You know," he mused—unknown to her there was deep purpose in his musing—"you know, in all my life I've never seen a charity that's more complete. You are concentrating on a single life. See what you do! My three dollars ——"

This reminded Miggie of something.

"Did you get your money's worth?" she asked Old Bill—a bit anxiously too.

(Continued on Page 40)

A FEW OF THE NEW

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

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Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in
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Billie Burke in
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Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen, Jack"

Ethel Clayton in
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Dorothy Dalton in
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William DeMille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Money Mad"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

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Douglas MacLean in
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Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
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Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
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George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"

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Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 38)

"The fact of the matter is," said Bill sheepishly, "I owe you about three hundred thousand dollars more."

"What's the general idea?" blatted Warren G. Olds.

"Your three dollars ——" Miggie reminded Old Bill.

"My three dollars," went on Old Bill, taking up his train of thought where he had dropped it—"becomes immediately, to-night, to-morrow, a part of that old lady's life. No glittering generalities—I know where my money goes. And your life—part of it—has gone into that old lady's life. And when she dies ——"

"They'll bury her," chuckled W. G. Olds, "and Seymour Brewster and myself will take a day off and attend the funeral."

"And when she dies," went on Old Bill, knowing very well what he desired to say—"when she dies you—you can pick another life to nourish."

"Great guns!" groaned Warren G.

Miggie drew a sharp breath.

"I never thought of it!" cried the girl. "Perpetual motion! I can always keep it up!"

"Always concentrating on a life, always seeing results, always making your money and your efforts tell, always keeping yourself interested and encouraged."

"Which reminds me," interrupted Warren G., "that the chauffeur doesn't know where you want to go."

"Me?" said Old Bill. "I live in a boarding house on East McWhorter Street."

"Where in East McWhorter Street?" grunted the bank man.

"Number twenty-one," said Old Bill.

"George!" yelled Warren Olds through the tube to the chauffeur. He gave a brief direction. Then he chuckled once again. "Easy!" he commented with a grin as he sank back into his seat. "George lives on East McWhorter Street himself."

Old Bill was by no means as bashful as his eyes. Next day he called up Miggie Brewster at her home.

"Miss Brewster," he pleaded, quite without apology, "if I can see you, I want to take up about twenty minutes of your time."

She stopped him.

"Now, you know, Mr. Olds," she said quite frankly, "I hardly know you, don't you see? You must—really—understand?"

"I understand," went on Old Bill, "but I don't believe you do. There is nothing social in all this. You can rest assured of that." At this juncture in his conversation Old Bill's inner consciousness took time to wink the other eye.

"All is—I can't get this Becky Eckert out of my mind. I'm interested in her. I have formulated a very beneficial scheme. I can't go into it over the telephone. If I can have five minutes' conversation with you—I believe the thing is well worth while."

There was still hesitation at the other end of the wire, then a catch in the girl's voice that Old Bill could hear.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Olds," finally conceded Miggie Brewster. "I'm having people in to tea this afternoon. You get here early. I can talk to you."

Bill was half an hour ahead of time that afternoon.

"Miss Brewster," he nodded, coming to the point at once, "I want your permission to make a business proposition to this Becky Eckert—a business proposition that will help. Before I tell you what it is I want to ask you questions."

"Fire ahead," said Miggie Brewster.

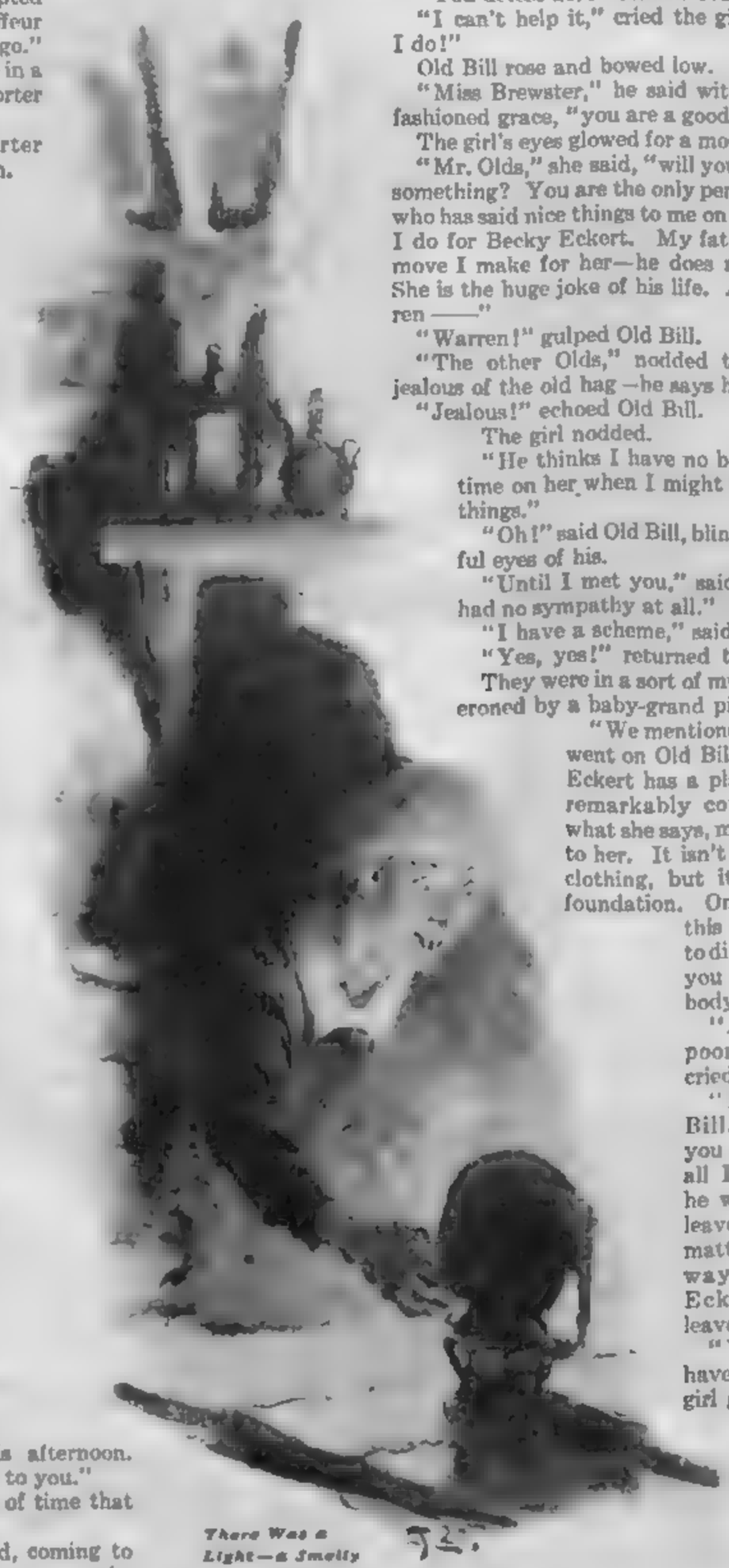
"How long have you been doing for this Becky Eckert?"

"Myself—alone—four years," said Miggie.

"Dances?" queried Old Bill.

The girl nodded.

"Lots of 'em," she sighed.



There Was a Light—a Smelly Light—Turned Low. Becky Eckert Turned It Up

"It's hard work," said Old Bill. "Those decorations in the parish house alone ——"

"Did you notice them?" cried Miggie.

"That's only a fractional part of what you do," nodded Old Bill.

Miggie sighed wearily.

"Half the time," she confessed, "I do everything—sweep the floors—wash the windows even. To get ready for a dance means to get ready for a dance. I do all that I can myself, so that—you mentioned this last night—so that all the money that comes in shall go to Becky Eckert's keep. Mr. Olds," she went on, "I was getting tired and discouraged—I'll tell you the honest truth. What you said last night—part of my life going into Becky Eckert's—that sort of paid me for it all. I see my way clear now to keeping on."

"Do you see this Becky Eckert often?" queried Old Bill.

He was not making talk. He wanted to know. The girl vigorously shook her head.

"As little as possible," she answered. Then she shivered just a bit. "Ugh!" she suddenly exclaimed. "She gives me the creeps! Those two teeth of hers—those skinny claws! She's an old hag. Honestly I—I detest her, Mr. Olds."

"You detest her!" echoed Old Bill.

"I can't help it," cried the girl, "but I do—I do!"

Old Bill rose and bowed low.

"Miss Brewster," he said with a simple, old-fashioned grace, "you are a good girl."

The girl's eyes glowed for a moment.

"Mr. Olds," she said, "will you let me tell you something? You are the only person that I know who has said nice things to me on account of what I do for Becky Eckert. My father fights every move I make for her—he does more than that. She is the huge joke of his life. And as for Warren ——"

"Warren!" gulped Old Bill.

"The other Olds," nodded the girl. "He's jealous of the old hag—he says he is."

"Jealous!" echoed Old Bill.

The girl nodded.

"He thinks I have no business to waste time on her when I might be doing—other things."

"Oh!" said Old Bill, blinking those bashful eyes of his.

"Until I met you," said the girl, "I've had no sympathy at all."

"I have a scheme," said Bill.

"Yes, yes!" returned the girl eagerly.

They were in a sort of music room, chaperoned by a baby-grand piano.

"We mentioned it last night," went on Old Bill. "This Becky Eckert has a plant there that's remarkably complete. From what she says, most of it belongs to her. It isn't food or rent or clothing, but it's a setting—a foundation. One of these days this old girl is going to die. When she dies you can put somebody in her place."

"A struggling, poor young girl!" cried Miggie.

"Fine!" nodded Bill. "Somebody you can like. That's all I want of you," he went on. "Just leave me to fix the matter up in my own way with Becky Eckert. Have I leave?"

"You certainly have," returned the girl gratefully, holding out her hand. Bill took the hint and rose.

"I didn't know until last night," he said, "that you were the daughter of the River City Trust. I'm going to transfer my bank account from the Merchants' to the River City Trust forthwith."

"Why?" exclaimed the girl.

"Why not?" returned Old Bill. "I don't know a soul in the Merchants' National."

W. G. Olds was just coming in to get some tea as Old Bill left the house. He stared at Old Bill—spoke to him as sheep that pass in the night, which means that he didn't speak at all. Bill didn't care. He had something on his mind—considerably more than anybody but himself suspected. He sped as the crow flies toward Becky Eckert's small Down Neck apartment. As he reached her dwelling a high-priced sedan car was standing at the door. As Old Bill ascended the stairs a stylishly dressed woman came out of Becky Eckert's rooms and passed him on the landing. Bill wondered. He found Becky Eckert a bit flustered at her door.

"You have swell friends," laughed Bill innocently enough.

Becky held her hands in air.

"Pestering the life out of me," she exclaimed. "It's the sewing—always the sewing. Years ago my name was on the lists in these offices—to sew, when I was young. My name stays on the list. They keep on sending customers. But my sewing days are over. I'm too old. But still they come."

She clawed at Old Bill's hand once more and dragged him into the room.

"Mrs. Eckert," went on Bill, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," she said eagerly, "I like to hear you talk—always I like to hear you talk."

Did she? What was the secret of her eagerness? Why had this old lady made love to him so frantically the night before?

"By gosh," thought Bill to himself as he watched her closely, "I've got it! The old hag's afraid of me."

Afraid of him because he had done and was doing what most people didn't do—Old Bill had looked her in the eye. Old Bill had done his best to solve a mystery, and Becky Eckert knew it. Her affectionate eagerness was a blind. It was more—it was propitiation.

"Something to say to you," said Bill.

He said it. Not only did he say it but he made a hit saying it. Becky Eckert was delighted at his plan. She was grateful to him for suggesting it.

"It is grand—a grand idea," cried Becky. "You are a good young man to have thought it up. I will do anything in my power to help this good young lady in her good work. If it had not been for her I would have been dead long ago. Starved—starved to death. Yes, yes, I wish it. I will do anything you say."

She was as good as her word. She did what he said. She did it two days later in her own rooms, in the presence of three people—Bill Olds himself, Miggie Brewster and—by grace of God and Miggie Brewster—the highly respectable Warren G. In the presence of them all Old Bill took the floor and explained and reëxplained the thing to Becky Eckert until there was no doubt that she understood it inside out.

"I understand, I understand," she kept repeating to them. "I shame myself I did not think of it before."

She signed the paper that they placed before her—signed it willingly. Old Bill and Warren G. Olds witnessed it. Then Old Bill folded it up and put it into his pocket.

"I'm going to keep it safe for you, Mrs. Eckert," said Old Bill.

A queer, sly look crept into the old lady's glance as she looked at Bill.

"Oh, keep it safe!" she echoed. "Keep it very safe in your safe-deposit box, young man."

As the Brewster car rounded the next corner on the way home Old Bill halted it. He drew forth a pencil and a pad. He nodded to the paying teller.

"Mr. Olds," he said, "while this thing is fresh in our two minds, I'm going to jot down here the substance of what we said to Becky Eckert and what Becky Eckert said to us."

He jotted it down and read it to the bank man.

"Correct," said Warren Olds. "But why didn't you put this in writing in her presence and have Becky Eckert sign it while we were there?"

"If you'll initial it," said Old Bill, "I'll tell you why."

The bank man initialed it.

"Why?" demanded the bank man.

"I was afraid to ask her," said Bill Olds.

"Why?" persisted Warren G.

"To tell the honest truth," said Bill, "I was afraid she wouldn't sign."

Six months later Becky Eckert died. She died suddenly. Miggie Brewster got word over the telephone. She was at breakfast with her father.

"Becky Eckert's dead," she told him, shocked.

"Thank the Lord!" devoutly said her father. "And that ends that!"

"Not quite," smiled Miggie in spite of herself. "It only means another Becky Eckert dance."

Her father stared.

"The old hag's dead!" he reminded her.

"Too true," said Miggie. "I've got to bury her."

"Rats!" cried Seymour Brewster. "Let the city do it. She'll never know the difference."

"I've got to bury her," said Miggie solemnly. "I promised her I would."

(Continued on Page 42)

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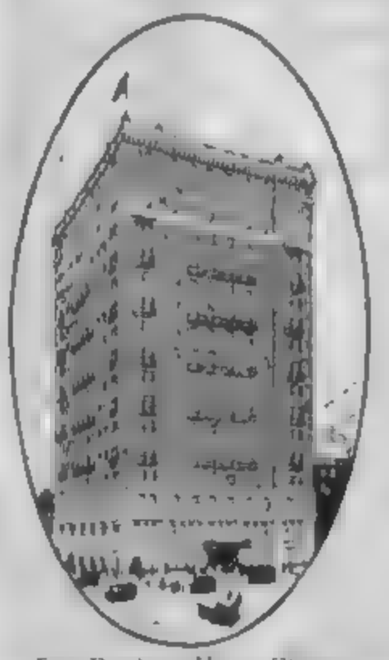

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(Continued from Page 40)

She had promised Old Bill Olds that when Becky Eckert died he would be among the first to get the news. She got him on the telephone. Old Bill whistled with suppressed excitement.

"Look here," he said, "I'll meet you at her house at nine o'clock."

He was waiting on a Down Neck corner when the Brewster car drove up. There was crêpe already on the front door of the house where Becky once had lived. They crept upstairs. They didn't see Becky—they didn't want to see her. They did see someone else—Peter Peters, a justice of the peace, well known in the neighborhood. Old Bill knew him slightly. Peter Peters welcomed them with a curious smile upon his lips.

"Friends of hers—benefactors, I suppose?" he nodded.

Bill nodded.

"We're arranging for the funeral," he said.

"All arranged for," returned Peter Peters.

"Who arranged for it?" demanded Bill.

"I did," said the justice of the peace with an air of importance. "Fact is, I'm the executor of Mrs. Eckert's will."

Miggie Brewster looked scared. Old Bill smiled the smile of a man who is ready for anything, particularly the unexpected.

"Got your will with you?" he demanded of the justice of the peace. "I've got a will myself."

"No," returned the justice of the peace, his face falling, "not a recent one."

"Recent is the word," smiled Bill.

"Let's see it," demanded the justice.

Bill drew it from his pocket.

"Under my will," said Bill, "Mrs. Becky Eckert leaves all her estate, real and personal, to this lady here, Marguerite Brewster, and appoints Miss Brewster her sole executor."

"What's the date of your will?" queried Peter Peters shrilly.

"The second of last May," said Bill.

"No," chuckled the justice, "mine was made two days later—on the fourth."

Miggie Brewster looked still more scared. Once more Bill merely smiled.

"The dear old girl!" said Bill. "She must have taken a whole day to think it over."

"Don't know as she did," grinned Peters. "I drew this will on Monday. She was looking for me Sunday morning, but I was out of town."

"And she executed our will on the preceding Saturday," mused Bill. He held out his hand. "Let me see your will," he said. Peters handed it over. "Swift work," said Old Bill, "and all shipshape. This will makes you executor. It gives all her estate to her relatives in Bavaria and it revokes all other prior wills."

"I win, you lose," said Peters.

"There are one or two things more," said Bill. "Miss Brewster here promised, as I told you, to give this dear old soul a funeral. She's ready to carry out her promise. She offers now to carry out her promise, Mr. Peters."

"No chance at all," said Peter Peters. "She's being buried on her own."

"How much did she leave?" queried Old Bill Olds.

Peter Peters scratched his nose.

"Maybe," he returned, "that's my business and not yours."

"Maybe it is," said Old Bill pleasantly.

That night there was a headline in the local papers. Seymour Brewster, with considerable astonishment upon his countenance, exhibited the item to his daughter.

"Some punkins, this old girl!" he said.

There was a note of admiration in his voice.

"What old girl?" queried Miggie Brewster.

"Yours," returned her father. "She was supposed to be penniless. They've discovered that she left thirty-three thousand-odd dollars in local savings banks."

"The old hag!" cried Miggie Brewster.

"Thirty-three thousand dollars cash!" went on her father. "Three Christmas dinners last Christmas from three different people in this town! Five different charitable organizations helping to keep her body and soul together! And forty-eight hundred spools of cotton donated by kind people who had known her as a seamstress years ago!"

"And she fooled me more than all!" cried Miggie, hurt to the quick.

"Well," mused her father, still with that note of admiration in his voice, "the old hag was clever anyway. Think of her keeping all these friends of hers apart, so they never knew, one set of 'em, what the other set was doing for her! And I took her for a bundle of old rags! She had me buffaloed. Some manager! Warren Olds was right. He told me at a dance of yours one night that, next to you and me, this old lady was the most interesting person in the room."

"Warren never told you that," said Miggie Brewster.

"Somebody did," maintained her father.

"Not Warren," persisted the girl.

Her father silently perused the newspaper story. Suddenly he looked up.

"Miggie," he exclaimed, "what's all this bunk about this old woman making a last will in your favor and then revoking it? Who drew the will?"

"Bill Olds," returned the girl.

"That tad!" cried Seymour Brewster. "He's a dinged fool! He might have known ——"

"Oh, he did know!" interposed Miggie.

"What?"

"That she'd make another will and revoke ours. He knew she'd do that all along."

"Well, if he knew that," exclaimed Seymour Brewster, "why in thunder did he draw a will at all?"

"Bill Olds knows that too," returned the girl.

Maybe Bill Olds did—maybe he didn't. At any rate he played a waiting game. He sat tight and did nothing. There were things he might have done. He might have contested the probate of the Peters will. He didn't do it. Peters went ahead and probated his last will in peace. But on the very day that letters testamentary were handed down to the justice of the peace out of the probate court Old Bill took his young and much bewildered client to Peters' Down Neck office.

"Now, judge," said Old Bill Olds to Peter Peters, "Miss Brewster here wants all of Becky Eckert's money. She wants all of everything she had. Miss Brewster needs it in her business, which is charity. She wants it all."

The justice of the peace stared at Bill.

"Say it again," he commanded.

Old Bill repeated his demand. Peter Peters laughed a raucous, Down Neck laugh.

"How do you make that out?" he grinned.

Old Bill told him how he made it out. Peter Peters scarcely listened—he was too busy chuckling to himself. If he had listened it would have made but little difference. He not only didn't wait to catch the point; he was incapable of catching any point. To him, in this instance, there wasn't any point to catch.

"Piffle!" said Peter Peters. "Tell that to the marines!"

"I'll tell it to Vice Chancellor MacLean," smiled Bill.

"Go as far as you like," chortled the serene Down Neck justice of the peace.

Old Bill went as far as he liked. He filed a proof of claim with Peters, making a demand upon that unmoved individual for the possession of the entire estate. The claim was immediately rejected. Old Bill immediately filed a bill in chancery to enforce the claim. Peters employed counsel, who joined with Peters in pooh-poohing the whole thing. The case was placed upon the calendar. Eventually it was reached for trial. Old Bill served a hard-and-fast subpœna upon a single witness—he wasn't taking any chances—and Seymour Brewster for the first time got wind of it.

"What's all this rot about this suit?" he demanded of his daughter. "Warren Olds tells me he's got to take the stand. You're letting this pettifogger make a little fool of you. A will is a will, isn't it? This woman makes a will one day and revokes it the next. She can make a thousand wills if she wants to and revoke them all. The last one is her last will. The others are waste paper. Warren's kicking like a steer. This poor fish is making a monkey of him, as well as you."

"Warren's been served with a subpœna," smiled the girl. "All we want of him is to appear in court and tell the truth."

"The truth is piffle," grunted Seymour Brewster. "And look here! Is this idiot going to have you take the stand before all that curious crowd?"

Miggie flaunted some recently acquired learning in his face.

"The law won't let me," she reminded her father. "Death having sealed the lips

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 42)

of Becky Eckert, since I'm an interested party, my lips are sealed by law."

"Um!" grunted Seymour Brewster.

"I'm not going to take the stand, but Warren is," went on the girl.

And Warren did. Having refreshed his memory completely by a study of the scribbled notes that Old Bill had jotted down inside the Brewster car on the second of last May, Warren took the stand. He testified right up to the handle, and told the truth. He had no other course.

"We went there after banking hours," said Warren under oath, "and had a talk with Mrs. Eckert. She said she knew what we were coming for. She said that Mr. W. W. Olds here had thoroughly prepared her mind in advance. Her chief regret was that she hadn't thought of the thing herself. She knew we had come to have her sign her will. She knew that the will gave everything to Miss Marguerite Brewster—knew that it made her executor. She was delighted, she said, to make this will. She was enthusiastic about it all, she said.

"Mr. W. W. Olds asked her if she understood what she was doing. He asked her whether out of gratitude for what Miss Brewster had already done for her, and because of that, and also because of what Miss Brewster was going to do for her, she was willing to leave everything she had—everything—to Miss Brewster when she died. She said she was. Counselor Olds went further. He asked Miss Brewster then and there whether she would continue to care for Mrs. Eckert in the future as in the past. She promised that she would—promised that she would bury her as well. But she wanted what this Becky Eckert had to leave so that she could continue her good work for someone else when Becky Eckert died. She would take care of Becky Eckert all the rest of her days.

"Mrs. Eckert, when she heard this, said she was the happiest old woman in the world. She repeated that everything she had she would leave to Miss Brewster. We went over the matter with her several times in the same way. She expressed her complete understanding of the matter and also her delight. She asked the lawyer, Mr. Olds, whether he had prepared her will according to directions. She signed it in our presence. That paper on the table is the will."

Old Bill asked him one or two more questions about the execution of the will, and offered it. It was admitted as an exhibit in the case. Then Old Bill sat down.

"You can cross-examine," he announced.

Peter Peters' counsel was a Down Neck lawyer, with all that that implies. He proceeded upon two theories: First, that a will is a last will; and second, that all the people on the complainant's side of the case were a bunch of crooks, including the eminently reputable Warren G. Olds. He cross-examined to his heart's content, bringing out Bill's case much more vividly and strongly than Bill had brought it out himself and clinching it by little matters that Bill had overlooked. When he had finished Bill produced a sheaf of checks and receipted bills covering a period of five years, showing that Miggie Brewster's beneficence for the last six months of Becky Eckert's life was on a par with that that ran before. He proved an offer to provide a proper funeral and a decent burial. He proved this offer by Peter Peters himself and proved the fact that the offer was refused.

"That's our case," he said. "We rest."

The Down Neck lawyer stared at him.

"Aren't you going to show," he demanded, "what a nerve you people have? Aren't you going to show that your contributions to the testatrix, Becky Eckert, were but a small fraction of what Becky Eckert left?"

"I'm not interested in how much she left," smiled Bill.

"Suppose you show it," smiled the court, nodding the judicial head toward the counsel for the defense.

"By gum, I will," said Peters' counsel.

He did. He did more. He opened up the entire past of Becky Eckert, so that when the case was closed the court had all the facts—a rare occurrence in the trial of any case.

"Now, counselor," said the court to the artist from Down Neck, "I'll hear you on these facts."

"There are no facts that amount to anything," returned the counsel for the estate. "I rest upon the last will that Becky Eckert made."

"Oh," returned the court, "I don't care about any will that Becky Eckert made. The making of her will was a detail, nothing else. What I'm worried about is the contract that she made."

"Contract?" echoed the Down Neck lawyer.

"A very definite contract," went on the vice chancellor, "to do a very definite thing. A contract testified to very clearly by a witness of undoubted credibility, a well-known bank man in this city, who has no interest of any kind in this affair. You don't deny his testimony, and in the nature of things you can't deny it. You haven't any witness who was there. The testimony of this disinterested Mr. Olds must stand. It establishes a clear agreement between two parties—an oral agreement, it is true, but none the less enforceable. On the one side Marguerite Brewster, the complainant, solemnly undertook to provide for this old woman during the rest of her natural life, whether she lived one day or fifteen years or more. She agreed to bury her. The evidence shows that subsequently she carried out her contract. On the other hand, in consideration of that promise, Becky Eckert agreed to leave to the complainant everything she had. Marguerite Brewster kept her part of the agreement. She insists that Becky Eckert shall fulfill her part. Why do you say she shouldn't?"

"Your Honor," cried the Down Neck lawyer in amazement, "this woman was in her dotage. She had no mind."

The court smiled.

"She had mind sufficient to execute the will that Judge Peters drew," he said.

"Ah," returned the lawyer, "but here were three young, strong-minded people who shut themselves up with her in a room alone—exerted undue influence upon a helpless old woman; old, helpless, even toothless."

"Not toothless," said Old Bill.

The court nodded to Peters' lawyer.

"Counselor," he said dryly, "you hand me up those bank books, if you please."

The books were handed to him. He looked them over carefully—he had examined them cursorily before.

"Helpless?" he echoed, taking off his glasses. "Not so helpless but that she could bamboozle everybody that came within shouting distance of her. Not so helpless but that she could amass a fortune by the simple process of making a dozen different people think she was destitute. Not so helpless but that she could see to it that her interest was written up every six months in these books. Not so helpless but that she could make frequent deposits, even up to and including the very day she died. Not so helpless as all that, counselor. She wasn't bamboozled. The shoe is on the other foot. She was merely caught in the meshes of her own net. I am going to enforce this contract to the letter. I'm going to give to Marguerite Brewster, this complainant, every dollar that Becky Eckert left."

"You're doing something that you cannot do," spluttered the defeated lawyer. "You are setting aside our will—Becky Eckert's last will—already irrevocably admitted to probate in this state."

"I am doing nothing of the kind," explained the court. "Your will stands just as it was made. The Bavarian relatives of Mrs. Becky Eckert will get what is left of her estate after all her debts are paid. This contract is a debt. After it's fulfilled the relatives are entitled to the rest."

The court of errors sustained him. Seymour Brewster, with a well-defined scowl upon his noble countenance, read its decision to his daughter from the columns of a New York newspaper.

"Well," he said at length, wondering how it all had happened, "at any rate you've got over thirty thousand dollars coming to you, Mig—less this young pettifogger's pay."

"He isn't getting any pay," returned the girl.

"Not getting any pay!" echoed Seymour Brewster. "He's entitled to fifteen thousand dollars of your money, maybe more. No pay? What the devil did he go into this thing for?"

Miggie's face became so ruddy that her good looks were momentarily spoiled. But she was game.

"Just so he could make friends with me," she faltered.

Her father thought it over.

"And he has made friends with you, has he?"

"I'm afraid," said Miggie, "he has."

Her father thought that over too.

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"Miggie," he went on at length, "I—I'm worried about you. I am—honest. I've been worried for some time. I don't like this Olds."

"I do," said Miggie firmly.

"I know you do," returned her father. "And before I talk about him I want to talk about myself. Listen, Mig, don't get me wrong. I'm not the kind of father that you read about in stories, chortle over in the comic papers and look at in the movies. Get that hard, because it's true. What my daughter wants she gets. You understand that? I don't dictate to her, even in this instance. It isn't what I want that goes; it's what you want, Mig. You get me? Now, listen! What you really want is this—what you really want to do is to tie up with somebody that's going to interest you and keep you interested for the rest of your natural life."

"Like Warren Olds?" smiled Miggie, recovering her equilibrium.

"Well, why not?" went on her father. "Warren's a live wire. He's the coming man in our trust company. He knows finance. You can't fool him."

"Oh," said Miggie, "if I can't have a man that I can fool ——"

"I've given you the keynote, Mig," went on her father. "You want a man that'll keep you interested in himself. You want a selfish man."

"*Pourquoi?*" demanded Miggie.

"For the very reason that a man who's selfish on his own account is bound to be selfish on your account. He'll carry you on with him in the rush."

"Warren will?" returned the girl.

"And this pettifogging young fool won't," nodded her father, "because he won't get anywhere himself. He's got nothing—no resourcefulness, no get up and get, no pep, no ginger, no spunk. If he'd had any he would have made you pay him twenty thousand for winning this fool case of yours. He didn't do it. He's a colorless proposition. He's a sad bird. He's a spineless jellyfish. You ought to see the bank account he runs! Warren showed it to me just the other day."

"You were a poor boy yourself," Miggie reminded him.

"I don't object to a poor man," said her father. "I was poor, yes. But thank God I had some pep! And it's pep that made me what I am to-day—a successful, up-to-the-minute, interesting man. And it's pep that will keep you interested all your life, Mig, nothing else but pep."

"And Old Bill hasn't got any?" smiled the girl.

"He certainly has not!"

"I'll tell him what you say," said Miggie.

"With my best compliments," nodded Brewster with emphasis. "I wish to heaven that you would!"

He was so sore, so worried, so anxious about this matter that he carried his daughter with him for a four weeks' stay at the inn that crouches on the tiptop of Peveril Peak. He took her there with the avowed purpose of getting her away from the insidious influence of Bill Olds. They got away from such insidious influence for about three days. At the end of that eternity Old Bill concluded that a short stay in the mountains would do him good, and spread out upon his desk a railroad time-table and Miggie Brewster's latest letter side by side. Looking the ground over carefully, Old Bill concluded that the air at Peveril Peak was about the most salubrious in the state. At the same time he formed a very high opinion of Peveril Peak Inn.

"I think," said Old Bill to himself, "that I'll take a run up to Peveril Peak Inn and play the devil with the girls."

He went. He had been there just about ten days when the untoward event happened—a catastrophe as devastating as it was unforeseen. It happened in this wise: Bourgeois, the affable proprietor of Peveril Peak Inn, stepped up one day to Seymour Brewster. He seemed perturbed. He held a slip of paper in his hand.

"It seemed best," he said to Seymour Brewster, "to take this delicate and somewhat unfortunate matter up with you. The gentleman is such a pleasing gentleman."

"What gentleman?" queried Seymour Brewster, his wondering glance fixed upon the slip of paper.

"This young man—this Mr. Olds. It is that he is of your party ——"

"Not of my party," testily replied Brewster.

"With your party—much of the time," said Bourgeois. "I thought therefore that I might take this matter up with you."

"What matter?" demanded Brewster, sniffing the air.

"It is this—his check for his first week's board," said Bourgeois. "It has come back to me—for insufficient funds."

"Hah!" cried Brewster. "Yes," said Brewster hopefully. "Bourgeois," nodded Brewster affably, "you did quite right to come to me. Just let me see that check."

Bourgeois passed it over. Brewster examined it carefully. There was no doubt about it, not the shadow of a doubt. It was a check signed by W. W. Olds, drawn on the River City Trust Company and plainly marked in the handwriting of Warren G., the trust company's paying teller, "Insufficient funds." Brewster regarded the check with an affectionate glance. In fact he gloated over it. Then he drew forth his own check book, drew his own check for the exact amount, handed it to Bourgeois and immediately became the owner of the dishonored paper. His course was clear. His daughter was a banker's daughter, ingrained with the banker's sense of honor. He sought her out and found her in their suite.

"I wish," he told his daughter, "that you would send for this young Olds. I want to have a final talk with him. I want you here."

Miggie Brewster, wondering, had Old Bill paged successfully. And Old Bill came at once. He wondered, too, but not for long. Brewster merely recognized his presence with a curt nod and then turned to his daughter.

"What is bred in the bone," said Brewster, making no effort to conceal the contempt he felt—and he really felt contempt "must come out in the flesh. A man that's yellow is yellow to the core. Mig, I want to get your own opinion of a man who will deliberately pass upon a trusting stranger a worthless check."

Miggie was a banker's daughter after all.

"I don't know just how it concerns me," she returned, "but I'm free to say that I would think considerably less than nothing of a man who would deliberately pass a worthless check. It's pretty bad, I think."

"Hah!" cried her father. "There's your check and there's your man! See for yourself!"

Miggie Brewster, with wide-open eyes, saw for herself.

"Why, it's Bill Olds' check!" she cried.

"My check?" faltered Bill Olds.

"Maybe," said Miggie, "Bill Olds can explain that check."

"Maybe he can," returned her father with a grim smile upon his outraged countenance. "Maybe he can. I'm asking him to do it. As the matter stands, the maker of this check is guilty of two crimes under the laws of this state."

"Two crimes?" echoed Old Bill.

"Two," repeated Brewster. "One, the mere passing of a worthless check; two, the atrocious swindling of the keeper of an inn."

"I forgot that one," faltered Bill.

"Perhaps," cried Brewster, pointing his finger at Old Bill—"perhaps the drawer of this check can explain the matter. If so, then let him do it now."

Old Bill looked at Brewster; he looked at Brewster's daughter.

"There must be some mistake," he started in to say.

But Brewster cut him short.

"There always is," he interposed. "In this case the mistake happened to be Bourgeois'. If I hadn't taken up this check on your account Bourgeois, the keeper of an inn, would have been skinned out of one week's board. Mistake? Yes! Good! Explain it if you can."

Old Bill looked at the ceiling, looked at the floor. He blinked his bashful eyes. He looked at Brewster and slightly shook his head.

"You have no explanation to offer for this outrage?" queried Brewster in a voice as hard as nails. "I'm waiting. What explanation can you offer?"

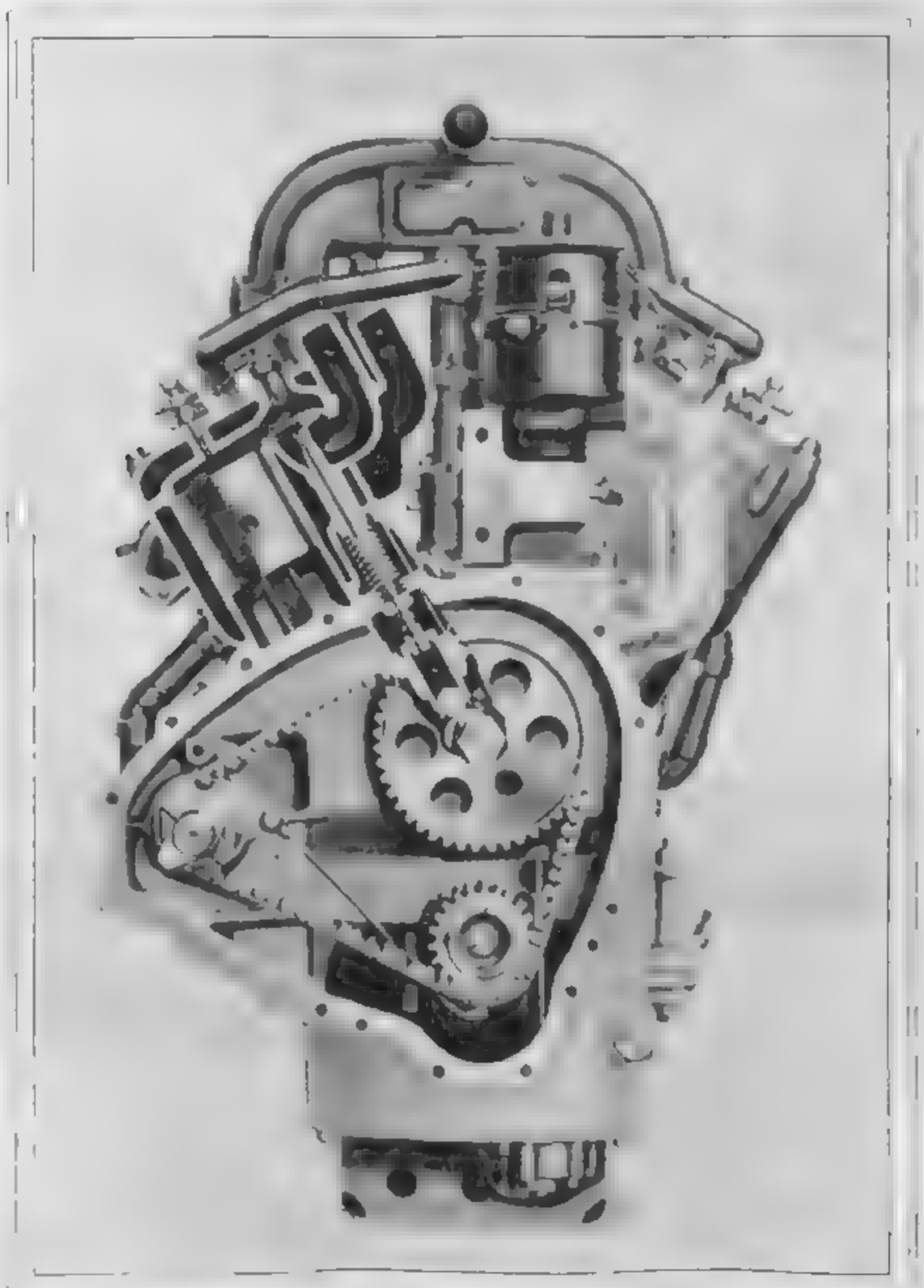
"None," said Old Bill, gulping. "That's the trouble. If I had an explanation I'd offer it at once."

"Very well," cried Brewster; "let me go on: What explanation have you, a hotel-beating, worthless-check-passing, concededly criminal member of the bar—what explanation have you to offer in defense of your unwarranted conduct in forcing your way into my house and forcing your attentions on my daughter?"

Old Bill blinked some more. "Why—none," he stammered, gulping once again.

(Continued on Page 49)

How Lincoln Engineers have Eliminated noticeable vibration at all speeds in the Leland-built Lincoln Car



Sectional view of the Leland-built Lincoln Eight-cylinder, V-type Engine

In the early days of the industry, the principal efforts of automobile engineers were devoted to making cars that would actually "go."

With that accomplished—in greater or lesser degree—their thoughts turned to other developments—power, speed, endurance and, *the reduction of vibration:* these results also have been realized in varying degree.

Of the enemies to long life, of the things which detract from smoothness, ease and comfort, and of the irritating factors with which motorists may at times be obliged to contend, vibration is one of the more conspicuous.

In evolving the Lincoln car, its engineers were not content merely in moderation to *reduce* vibration. Their aim was nothing short of its complete elimination.

They have not endeavored to accomplish this merely by fighting it, nor by attempting to overcome it by what may be termed "artificial means." Rather, it was by going directly to its source and applying preventive measures there.

Vibration is simply rhythm; it is regular, recurrent motion or impulse.

Primarily, the principle of the V-type eight-cylinder engine, with its continuous flow of power which results from the over-lapping impulses, tends to lessen vibration, or rather, not to create it to a very marked extent. The usual rhythm of its impulses would, however, in the very nature of things, set up a certain amount of vibration which the design alone would not overcome.

To further oppose any tendency to vibration, Lincoln engineers have designed a one-piece crankcase, so braced and trussed that it affords a remarkably staunch foundation for the engine.

Then, the crankshaft is of unusual strength, stiffness and sturdiness; it is of unusual diameter in proportion to its length. As an additional measure, the crankshaft is supported in five bearings of extremely liberal dimensions—instead of the conventional three.

But even these would not be thoroughly effectual without that added element for which the Lelands and their organization are noted the world over as foremost exponents, namely: the most exacting precision in the making and the finishing of the parts.

There is still however one more condition which automobile engineers have tried for years to eliminate. It is a factor perhaps of little consequence to some motorists, but it is a factor more or less distressing to those who appreciate the finer things in motors and in motoring.

It is known as "periodic vibration" and is ofttimes very pronounced at certain speeds. In the Leland-built Lincoln car, even this has been conquered.

Instead of timing the explosions to occur at uniform intervals, as in ordinary practice like this—

O O O O O O O O O

they are timed to occur like this—

O O O O O O O O -O

While this plan at first thought might seem to be one that would induce vibration, it is in fact a method whose influence in this type of engine is the very opposite.

And now that Lincoln engineers have achieved this much-sought result, it is not unreasonable to look forward to the general adoption of this advance.

The elimination of noticeable vibration, together with the extreme precision of manufacture which helps to make that possible, is a long stride toward prolonging the life of the engine and of the entire mechanism.

It is however only one of the many evidences of true progress in the Leland-built Lincoln car.

But these advancements, which are so abundantly in evidence, were all evolved for a common purpose—to make a better, a finer, a more enduring, a more comfortable, and a more satisfying motor car.

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1117 Main St
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LANCASTER, PA.
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RICHMOND, IND
823 Main St. East
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336 Main St
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(Continued from Page 46)

"I thought so—none," echoed Seymour Brewster, a pæan of triumph in his tone.

"I think, if you don't mind," stammered Old Bill a bit forlornly, "that I'll take the night train back to town."

He took it back to town. Next morning before ten he ushered himself into the cashier's office of the River City Trust Company. He saw the cashier.

"My name," he said to the cashier, "is Olds. I've just come back from Peveril Peak Inn."

"Mr. Brewster's there," nodded the cashier pleasantly. "See much of him?"

"A good deal," said Old Bill. "There was," he went on, "an unfortunate occurrence that considerably upset Mr. Brewster. By some fluke a check of mine went wrong." He had his check book with him and his pass book. "According to my figures," he said to the cashier, showing them, "I've still got seventy-three dollars' balance after allowing for this check. According to your memo on the check I'm overdrawn."

"What's the size of the dishonored check?" queried the cashier.

Old Bill told him. The cashier nodded, still pleasantly.

"Just a minute, Mr. Olds," he said. "I'll get a memo of the state of your account. Then we'll see what's what."

They got the statement and they saw what was what—according to the statement. The statement in and by itself wholly justified the paying teller in refusing payment of the check. Its payment would have left Old Bill lamentably overdrawn. Bill compared the statement with his pass book, then he nodded, smiling, to the cashier.

"Thought so," he said. "Couple of weeks ago I deposited this check of a hundred and fifteen. Client of mine paid a bill. It's on my pass book, but you've failed to give me credit on your ledger."

The cashier looked at the statement, he looked at the pass book.

"Devil of a mistake," he said.

"Not so much so as you think," smiled Bill reassuringly. "It happened once before. You've got two accounts here for W. Olds. One's W. W. Olds—that's me. W. G. Olds is the other."

"I get you," nodded the cashier, relieved. He called a clerk. "Jim," said the cashier, "Warren Olds' pass book is always in the bank. The bookkeeper'll give it to you. Bring me the pass book, and get the bookkeeper to hustle me a line on Warren's ledger account—and right away."

Five minutes later the cashier scrutinized the evidence.

"You are right, Mr. W. W. Olds," he said at length. "Warren's pass book shows no entry of that one-hundred-and-fifteen-dollar check, but his statement does. Hence the check that you put in was credited by inexcusable error to his account. Hence your Peveril Peak check should have been paid."

"Good!" nodded Old Bill with a fetching smile. "Now, since I'm in bad with the hotel keeper at the inn, will you write me a letter stating just what we've found and just what you've said? That will square me with mine host."

"I sure will write you such a letter," said the cashier. "This has been an unfortunate mistake."

He wrote the letter. Bill thrust it gratefully into his inside pocket, went back to his office and started in once more to practice law. Some two or three weeks later the Brewsters came back home. They arrived home early in the evening—with results. Train travel invariably put a fine edge on Brewster's nerves. His temper was almost at the breaking point when he strode into his house at Miggie's heels. Old Bill was waiting for them in their living room. He had been there waiting for some time. Brewster caught sight of him and exploded.

"Explain your presence in this house!" he cried

"Willingly," returned Old Bill with a propitia' ..g smile. "I explain my presence in this house by saying that I came to see your daughter—just this once."

"You can't see my daughter just this once!" stormed Seymour Brewster.

"But I'm looking at her," expostulated Old Bill mildly. "I see her just this once."

Had he purposely desired to rouse the ire of Seymour Brewster, Old Bill could have adopted no cleverer course. It is within the range of possibility that he wanted to get Brewster very, very mad. If so he succeeded well.

"What did you come here for?" demanded Seymour Brewster, his noble features almost distorted with rage.

"You are entitled to a full, fair, square answer," said Old Bill. "I came here for the purpose of asking your permission to make your daughter my wife."

"Bill," pleaded the girl, "don't! Please, please don't!"

"This is a case of do, not don't," said Old Bill firmly. "I have a right to ask the question and I want an answer, and I shall stay here until I get it from your father."

"The answer is no!" roared Seymour Brewster.

"And also go?" suggested Old Bill.

"And never dare speak to me or to my girl again!"

Old Bill saw that this was Brewster's ultimatum and he accepted it as such.

"Bill!" pleaded the girl.

"You heard what he said?" demanded Bill.

"I did—I did!" returned the girl.

"Very well," said Bill, "I go."

He went. Next evening he came back with a male companion. It was after dark.

"This is the house," whispered Bill to his male companion. "I'll wait out here while you go in and do the dirty work."

His male companion went in and did the dirty work. He asked for Seymour Brewster and he got him; saw him, by request, behind closed doors.

"Now," said Bill's male companion to Seymour Brewster, "I take it that you're the president of the River City Trust Company here in town."

"I am," said Brewster, wondering what it might all be about.

The stranger whipped out a legal document. He handed it to Brewster.

"Summons and complaint," he said. "William W. Olds against River City Trust Company. You're served! You're on! Good night."

After the stranger had made his exit Seymour Brewster opened up the paper. He read the complaint. It was ten pages in length. On the first reading it contained a mass of weird detail that at first amused Seymour Brewster, then puzzled him. But when he had read it through a second time—and it was an interest-compelling document—his face was purple.

"Blackmailer!" he choked.

That night he didn't sleep. He was late next morning at the bank. Boggs, the bank's counsel, was waiting for him. Boggs was fresh, clear-eyed, happy, unperturbed.

"Brewster," said Boggs, "you were so busy yesterday I couldn't bother you. But here's something that can't wait. It's a case that'll make some money for the bank. Ever hear of a man named Conrad Bittelson?"

"Never did," said Brewster.

"Conrad Bittelson," went on Boggs, "is a young farmer back here in the Two Bridge district. He had a second cousin—an old rat-tailed file named Julius Snape, cantankerous and cancerous."

"And what?" said Brewster.

"Cancerous," nodded Boggs. "Relatives wouldn't have anything to do with him. Young Conrad Bittelson took him in. He took the old man in and from that day on young Bittelson's existence was just one merry hell. One morning not so long ago they had a row, a terrific row. Bittelson said he was through for good and all. He was going to turn the old man out. Snape called in some neighbors, got them to smooth young Conrad down, and in their presence he promised young Bittelson that if he'd take care of him until he died he'd leave him everything he had—everything, you understand. No reservations. As an earnest of it old Snape produced a bank book with a balance of over a thousand dollars in it. Conrad was surprised. He didn't know the old man had a cent. Conrad agreed—the neighbors remember the whole thing. He said he'd take care of the old man if he'd leave him all he had. He kept him on. Ten days ago the old man died. He left over three quarters of a million dollars."

"To Bittelson?" asked Brewster.

Boggs shook his head.

"To a home for indigent bachelors, to be founded with the money," he returned.

"What have we got to do with it?" asked Brewster.

"Conrad has a small account here," nodded Boggs. "He consulted the cashier about his rights. He wants the bank to see he has a square deal. He'll let the bank handle his fortune if he gets it. The cashier

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sent him in to me. As a matter of fact, Bittelson didn't think he had a look-in. I've advised him that he can scoop the pot."

"No!" cried Brewster.

"Yes," went on Boggs. "The principle of the thing is as clear as crystal. The law's settled, if we've got our facts—and we've got 'em, never fear. Curious thing about it is that the latest and now the leading case here on the subject is the case of Brewster versus Peters, as executor—your daughter's case. That case settled the principle that many others didn't; that even though your daughter bought a pig in a poke she was entitled to the pig, no matter how much it weighed. That's not the point. I'm full up with these tax cases, as you know. And Bittelson has got to have attention right away. I want to employ special counsel from the start to see him through."

"Fire ahead," said Brewster. "You have *carte blanche*, you know."

Boggs rose.

"All right," he said; "I'll send for young Olds right away."

"You'll send for whom?" gasped Brewster.

"Young Olds, your daughter's lawyer," nodded Boggs. "He's the man I want. He's briefed every case upon this subject for the last two hundred years. He knows this thing from A to Z."

Seymour Brewster was very, very pale.

"Not in ten thousand years," he said, "you don't call in this Olds! He's a blackmailer! He's a black-hander! He's a rascal of the deepest dye!"

"As how?" queried Boggs, interested.

"You shut that door," commanded Brewster. He drew from his pocket the paper that had been served upon him the night before. "Boggs," said Brewster, his voice sunk almost to a whisper, "the bank's been sued by Olds and I can't even tell the bank about it. I can't tell anybody but yourself, and you've got to keep it mum."

"The bank sued by Olds?" faltered Boggs. He took the paper from Brewster's trembling hand. He glanced at its first and second pages, then at its last page. "Good Lord," cried Boggs, "he's sued the bank for one hundred thousand dollars! Man, he can't get damages to the tune of an amount like that! There's no way out. The bank has got to fight him on this suit."

"No, no!" said Brewster.

"Let's see now what it's all about," said Boggs. "First off, he claims that at a time when he had ample funds to his credit in the bank the bank declined to pay his check. Now tell me first, is that much true?"

"Ding him," cried Seymour Brewster, "I find it is!"

"If that's true—if he can prove it's true," said Boggs, "he's entitled to some damages, if he happens to be damaged, which probably is not the case. His premises are pitiful. He shows his social standing in the city, his unsullied standing at the bar. He says that the bank's refusal to pay his check discredited him and blackened his reputation. Nothing doing! He's got to show the goods!"

"Read on," groaned Brewster.

Boggs read on. As he read he sniffed with excitement.

"By gosh," he said, "the youngster sticks the gimlet in and screws it round and round with practiced hand. Special Damage is his middle name. He says that when the check was dishonored the fact became known through the keeper of the inn to one of the plaintiff's influential friends—yourself. He says that you, in the presence of another valued and influential friend, being another guest at the same hotel—that you denounced him as a criminal, charging him first with the crime of passing a worthless check and second with beating a hotel keeper in violation of the statute in that case made and provided. He says that you drove him from your suite in the hotel as a swindler and a thief. Question is, is all that true?"

Brewster's only answer was a groan.

"He says," went on Boggs, "that this action on your part was the perfectly natural result of the bank's failure to honor the check. He claims you are the most valuable acquaintance he has ever made and that because of the bank's error you have broken off all relations of any and every kind that you ever had with him and that you so declared in the presence of the other hotel guest. Can that be true?"

Another groan.

"He says," proceeded Boggs, "that at the time he was the accepted suitor of your daughter."

"He's a dinged liar!" cried Brewster.

"Will your daughter back you up on that?" smiled Boggs. "He says that after the catastrophe he made every effort to continue his attentions to the young woman of his choice; that by reason solely of the bank's action in unwarrantably dishonoring his check he was driven disgracefully, vehemently and irrevocably from her presence; and when in desperation he proposed honorable marriage he was, for no other reason than as stated, peremptorily and ignominiously refused. As the direct result therefore of the bank's neglect he says that his life is blasted, that he is ruined beyond recall."

"He ought to be disbarred!" cried Brewster.

"Not till we try this suit," said Boggs.

"No, no, no, no!" shivered Brewster. "I can't afford to have you try this suit. I can't afford to have the papers filed. I'll be the laughingstock of River City. He knows it, drat him! I could skin him alive!"

"But," protested Boggs, "the directors of the bank have got to know about this suit."

"No, no, no, no!" cried Brewster. "Nobody must know about this suit—nobody but you and me."

"What do you want me to do about it then?" asked Boggs.

"I want you to see this blackmailer," choked Brewster, trembling. "I want you to hush the whole thing up. You give him anything in reason. I'll foot the bill."

Boggs took the summons and complaint and ascended to Bill's office on an upper floor.

"Now look here, Mr. Olds," he began, with a tinge of warning in his voice, "you must know that you can't maintain an action of this kind—never in the world."

Old Bill, for answer, pressed a button on his desk. A seedy individual—Bill's male companion of the night before—answered the summons.

"Jerry," said Bill, "have you sworn to an affidavit of service in this trust-company case of mine?"

"I have," said Jerry.

"All right," said Bill. "I wish you'd take the original summons and complaint and proof of service to the county clerk's office and file them right away."

"No, no, no, no!" implored Boggs. "Just one moment, if you please!"

He took one moment. He took thirty more. Old Bill let Boggs bullyrag and threaten to his heart's content. When Boggs had finished raving Old Bill had Jerry in again and once more directed him to file the papers in the case.

"No, no, no, no!" cried Boggs. "Just one moment more!" He got one moment more, but only one. "Now, Mr. Olds," he said pleadingly, "you just tell me what you want the bank to do for you in this case of yours."

Old Bill shook his head.

"I don't want the bank to do anything for me," he returned. "I want your client, Seymour Brewster, to do it all. Your client, Seymour Brewster, Mr. Boggs," went on Old Bill, "at various times and on various occasions too numerous to mention has referred to me in the presence of an intimate friend of mine—he has referred to me as a hopelessly colorless and uninteresting young man. He has called me a pettifogging young fool. He has frequently asserted that I have no get up and get—no spunk, no pep, no ginger. He has called me a sad bird, a spineless jellyfish. And more than all, he has averred that I have none of that essentially entertaining quality known as resourcefulness."

"You also claim," nodded Boggs, "that he has charged you with the commission of crimes."

Old Bill waved his hand.

"A mere detail," he answered. "The other thing is vital. Me, a sad bird! Me, a poor fish! Me, without pep! Me, without resourcefulness! You get all that, and get it hard!"

"I do," smiled Boggs.

Old Bill clicked his teeth.

"You go back to your client, Seymour Brewster," he said to Boggs, "and you ask your client, Seymour Brewster, whether in view of certain past performances he feels he ought to revise the opinions he expressed; whether he ought not to reform his hasty judgment. Ask him, with my compliments, to eat his words and put the process down on a piece of paper in black and white. Otherwise," said Bill, "I shall proceed to make life as interesting for him in the future as I have tried to make it in the past."

At four o'clock that afternoon Old Bill found Miggie Brewster at her home. He drew her into the neutral presence of the baby-grand piano and closed the door behind him.

"The three sweetest words in the English language," whispered Old Bill in Miggie's ear.

"Yes, Bill," returned the girl expectantly.

"You know what they are?" demanded Bill.

"Yes, Bill," she faltered, "but I want to hear them, Bill."

Old Bill took an envelope from his pocket, shook out a narrow slip of paper and exhibited a letter.

"Here they are," he said, pointing them out to her in the letter. "Enclosed find check!"

The girl pouted.

"Do you call those the three ——" she began. Then she stopped and looked him in the face. "Bill," she demanded, "you didn't take money from father in that suit for damages?"

"I did not," said Bill with a reassuring smile. "I took money from the bank as a retainer in the Conrad Bittelson case."

"What is the Conrad Bittelson case?" she demanded curiously.

"The Conrad Bittelson case," returned Old Bill, "is of no consequence. I am about to utter the three sweetest words in any language, honey."

"Say them, Bill," implored the girl.

"Aw," foozled Old Bill, "they sound a whole lot better when you can't hear 'em. Honey, what's the use?"

His voice was husky, so instead he said them only with those bashful eyes of his.

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS RYAN

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Jim's Goat

WHEN one has been under the influence of ether and is beginning to emerge from sleep there is a period when his tongue functions without the knowledge or consent of his wits. It may chatter merrily of the secret things locked in his heart, and run through its repertoire of energetic phrases and picturesque words.

So in a moment of stress, whether of fear or hate, anguish of spirit or suffering of flesh, one is thrown off his guard and exposed to the world in his natural character.

Jim Wallis owns a goat. It is a he-goat, with whiskers and horns and a pernicious smell, but it is loved devotedly by Jim's children and apparently returns their affection measure for measure.

In the Wallis household there is an atmosphere of good fellowship and kindness. There is never an exchange of hot words, never a sneer, never a black look. Jim does not use profanity and the children do not answer back. If character is the product of environment, Jim's goat should be a paragon, for he was brought into this atmosphere when a plaintive kid and has known no other.

Environment cannot wholly remove the stain of heredity, however. A goat will remain a goat.

A few weeks ago, as Jim was coming up from the stables for dinner, he stooped to tie his shoe laces. The goat was near and seeing Jim in this posture began to sidle round to a point of vantage as though meditating attack. Jim saw the maneuver and stood erect. At once the goat came to a halt and gazed innocently into space. Jim stooped again, and again the goat maneuvered for position. This time there was no mistaking the light of ribald malice in the animal's eyes, and Jim took counsel of prudence.

Near the stables was an inclosure frequently used as a corral for calves. A giant apple tree stood in the center of it, and about the roots of the tree were clustered a number of beehives. The fence was high and strong, and here the goat was interned to meditate concerning his sins.

He was in no mood for repentance. He had been thwarted at the moment of enjoying his first indulgence in wickedness, and he was peeved. He backed away from the gate, lowered his head and charged. The stout oak timbers threw him back and multiplied his grievance. He whirled, discovered the hives clustered about the tree, and turned upon them the vials of his wrath. Three short leaps and he was among them; a crash, and the hives were wreckage.

The system of justice instituted among men permits of delays, but bees pay their debts promptly.

The goat stood a moment, dumfounded by the destruction he had wrought, and then as a thousand tongues of fire began to bring swift retribution he found his legs and his voice and set off in a mad, erratic gallop. The most casual observer might have guessed that the goat wished to get away from there. Round and round the inclosure he fled, skidding at the corners, crying aloud of the wrongs he suffered, vainly seeking a way of escape, until at length desperation gave him wings. He left the ground in a magnificent leap that cleared the top bar of the fence and opened the way to the shelter of the distant hills.

At the height of his leap, when hope had brought surcease of anguish, Fate elected to try his soul. One who despairs of victory may accept defeat calmly, but when one has victory almost within his grasp and it is snatched away, his heart burns with hot rebellion.

As the goat cleared the fence a score of bees in squadron formation darted upon him and concentrated their fire upon the tenderest portion of his anatomy. He was undone. The veneer of rectitude that was the product of environment fell away, and from his throat rose high and clear an agonized and unmistakable "Daa-a-a-a-m!"

The Under Dog

WHATEVER else Americanism may be, it is a respect for achievement and an instinctive sympathy for the under dog. The typical American loves a fight, but insists that the fight must be fair. He will cheer the victor and make up a purse for the loser. In any matter of controversy he is more frequently influenced by his sympathy than by his judgment.

When an American steps from his path to kick a large dog off a small one it does not follow that he wholly approves the cause of the little fellow or that he will thereafter consider himself a partisan. Very likely his interference is not occasioned by a love for the small dog or a hatred of the large one, but rather by an inherent love of fair play. By interfering in the interest of fair play he ministers to his own self-respect. Saving the small dog is merely an incident. The small dog may bite him the next day.

Some years ago a one-armed man in an American town announced himself as a candidate for a county office. His platform was his missing arm. During the early days of the campaign sympathy inspired many pledges of support, and the man's opponent, being handicapped by a sound body, considered the matter of withdrawing from the race. The one-armed man made a fatal mistake, however. Instead of traveling about the county and exhibiting his trump card he sat at home and waited for his sympathetic friends to elect him. They were average Americans, these friends, and after a time they said among themselves: "This afflicted brother has two sound legs and a normal tongue. If he doesn't care enough about the office to get out and do a little of something in his own behalf, let him remain a private citizen." And such he remained.

Europe lost America's sympathy because it didn't saw wood. The rich, many of whom had grown richer by the war, shut their eyes to the future and engaged in the merry business of speculating and having a high old time. They did not see the starving children on the street. Or, rather, they did see them and expected America to feed them. They had no money to waste on charity—not while wine cost a dozen times its prewar value.

The rich shut their eyes to decency and patriotism, and the working people, poorer in wealth and just as poor in manhood, got themselves drunk on dreams of an impossible Utopia and quit their jobs to experiment in politics.

Many in Europe who are in no way at fault are suffering because America has judged the whole of Europe by the greed and madness of the few and turned her back.

Helping the under dog is a matter of chivalry and duty, but why bother to lend him a hand if he will not help himself? One can help an under dog without desiring to adopt it.

The thing that has happened in Europe is happening on a smaller scale in America. Men not yet free of the taint of Europe are quitting their jobs and gathering on corners to sob in chorus that they are victims of a capitalistic system and deserving objects of charity.

Are they Americans? Ye gods and little fishes! Did you ever see a regular two-fisted American crying as though his little heart would break because some tough guy had spoken crossly to him? When you see a man crawling on his belly and whining for a sugar teat, you need not ask concerning his parentage.

The American citizen is America. He isn't an under dog. He isn't any kind of dog. He is a man—a regular he-man, with pride and a backbone and a sense of decency. Is he getting less than he is worth? Very well; he will get all that he is worth. And he will get it without employing tears or bombs. This sob stuff about under dogs disgusts him. He is any man's equal, and he knows it. He will not sneak in the dark to get his rights.

If these professional under dogs who bark with a foreign accent know what is good for them they will wag their tails as they bark. America is growing rather weary of under dogs who whine during the day and kill sheep at night. This is a land of opportunity, not of easy money. A few have money they did not earn, but most Americans have to dig for it. They get theirs by making good. Every alien in America has an opportunity to buckle down and make something of himself. If he is willing to work and save and learn, every decent American will cheer him on his way.

But if he thinks to take a short cut to wealth and ease by fashioning bombs to blow the country sky high, or thinks to win favor by cursing a government that won't grant him a pension for loafing, he has another think coming. In the hard language of an earlier generation, let him root hog or die. And while rooting, let him grin and be a man.

Fighting

JEFF WILLIS and a livery-stable man named Kellett had a dispute in front of the Hardwick blacksmith shop one afternoon and came to blows. Willis was an experienced fighting man, wont to use his fists on the slightest provocation, while Kellett was a mild-mannered chap without knowledge of the art of fisticuffs. It was Kellett's first fight and he was not at all enthusiastic about it. He swung his arms like flails, however, and actually gave about as much punishment as he received.

A crowd collected in a few minutes and the two men were parted. Two men held Willis and two more held Kellett, and the belligerents struggled to be free and resume hostilities. Willis was probably sincere in his efforts, for he struggled fiercely; but Kellett was well content with matters as they stood, and after a time he said to those who held him: "One of you fellows go over there and help hold Willis. One man can hold me all right."

Fighting isn't the noblest of arts. If cultivated as a habit or profession it may be degrading. But it is a part of the scheme of the universe, and there is no prize in life worth winning that may be got without a struggle. Whether one chooses as weapon his fists, wit, intellect or character, fight he must if he would forge ahead and get the things to which he is rightfully entitled. The law of the jungle is hard, but it is the law of life and one does not win prizes by leaping to the gutter to let other men pass.

Fear is largely a matter of ignorance. It is dread of the dark—imagination without benefit of experience. The small boy who has never gone to the mat with another and forgotten pain in the fierce joy of driving his knuckles against flesh may take to his heels when attacked and find safety at home under the bed; but let him be cornered and compelled to defend himself, learning thus that the actual affray is less terrible than his affrighted imagination pictured it, and thereafter he will carry a chip on his shoulder and cultivate a pride in his prowess. He will respect himself, learn to discount the boasts of his fellows, come to understand that fear is a fraud, and in later years face the need of doing battle for more important things, and neither flinch nor turn aside.

A boy is much like a colt. His spirit is easily broken. Punish him because he fights and he will become a butt for the gibes of his playmates. He will hang his head in shame and learn to whine, and the calm reason of his maturity will struggle always against odds to overcome his habit of fear.

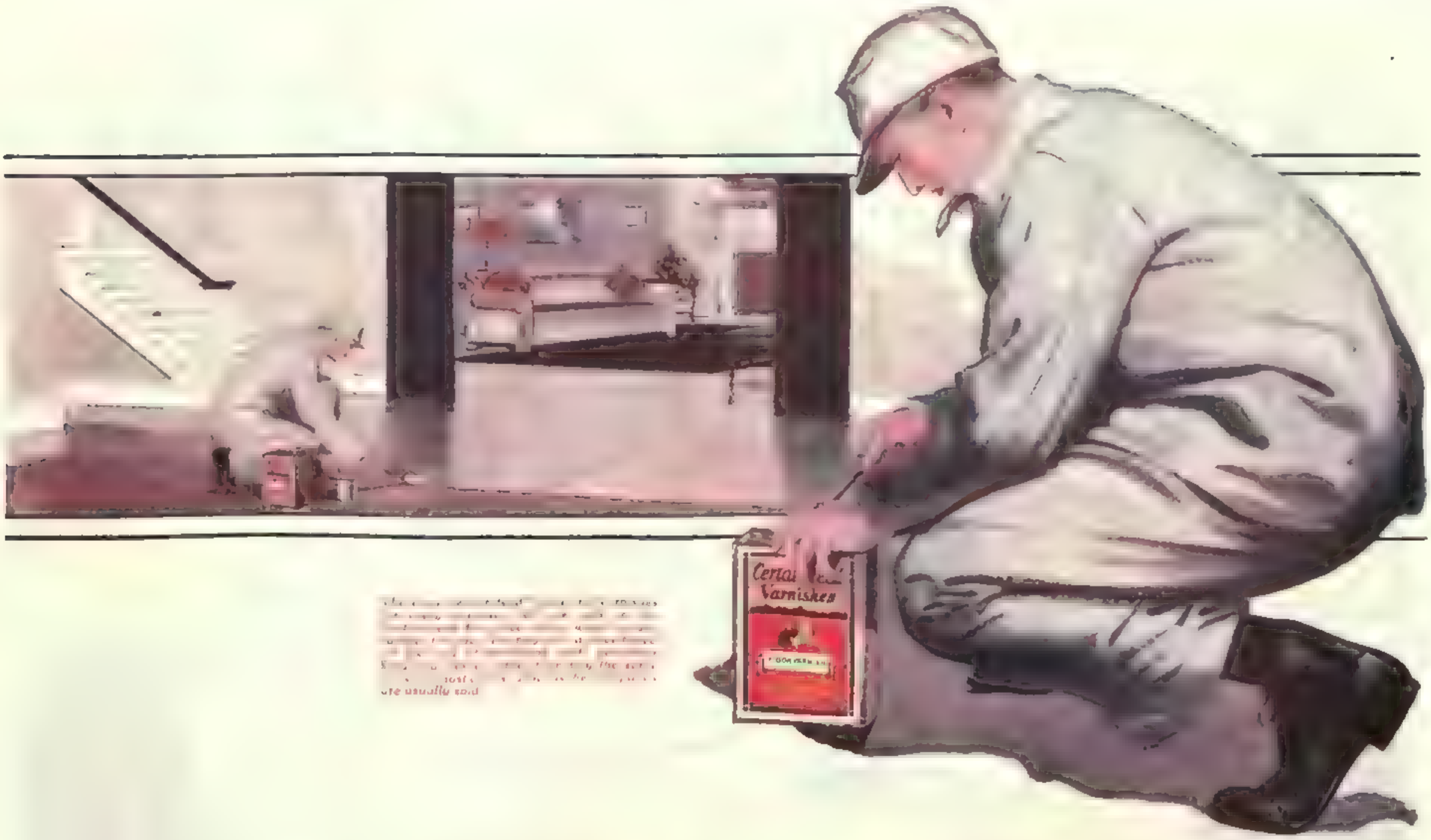
As familiarity brings contempt of danger it brings poise and self-assurance. The more one has endured the more calmly he faces another trial. Courage and self-reliance are taught only in the school of experience. They are lessons best learned in boyhood.

If you would know something of a man's boyhood find occasion to pick a quarrel with him. Then visit him privately in his office or shop, greet him coldly, and while holding his eyes with an unwavering stare apply the hardest adjectives in your vocabulary. If his face reddens only to turn white again and his eyes waver while he mutters and moves from foot to foot, you know that he was raised under glass and that if ever in his boyhood he struck or scratched or bit a bullying playmate he was promptly and soundly spanked for his sins and adjured to refrain from future combat on penalty of a sequel that would keep him on his feet at mealtime. You will know that cowardice was thrust upon him and threaded into the warp and woof of his character.

Try the same experiment with another. As you deliver yourself of blistering phrases relative to his faults and ancestry his eyes widen quickly and then narrow. A white line appears about his mouth and his jaws widen suddenly as the muscles tighten. One who is conducting the experiment should hasten to explain that it is all a joke, or postpone the explanation and take himself away from there. For the man to whom he speaks was a regular boy. He played marbles for keeps, jumped from the barn, dived into the swimming hole from the highest limb of an overhanging tree, fought when there seemed need of fighting, and throughout his summer vacations risked his neck forty times a day.

Fighting may not be elevating, but it is not so degrading as constant association with a yellow streak, and yellow streaks are acquired more frequently than they are bred in the bone. Known and proved ability to take care of oneself gives that confidence essential to success in any undertaking, whether a surgical operation, a real-estate deal, a political campaign, or a rough-house in a dugout on the Western Front.

The first-class fighting man may never have occasion to use his fists, but the fighting spirit, properly developed, will make him a more able builder of industries or a better fisher of men.



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AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAWN BY J. EARLEY

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

COME and take a seat on the front row with me and let's applaud the Hon. C. Frank Reavis, of Falls City, Nebraska, as he rises in the House of Representatives to talk common sense. He is a part of the national governmental machine and he ought to know what he is talking about when he says that "while the government of the United States is the world's biggest business, it is likewise the world's worst managed business."

That is an indictment and a statement of fact that will stand the closest scrutiny and the most unsparing analysis. There has been no reorganization of the departments since the days of Hamilton. But listen to Mr. Reavis.

Why should the Interior Department run an insane asylum and a college for negroes and a school for the deaf? How did it get that way? Why should one personnel in the Pension Bureau in the Interior Department be caring for the disabled soldiers of the Civil War and the Spanish War, while another personnel in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury is caring for the veterans of the World War? Why this hodgepodge of totally unrelated purposes which is resulting in endless duplication and appalling expense?

I will let Mr. Reavis go on without further interruption. As a member of the House he has his share of the responsibility for the conditions he describes.

"There are thirty-nine separate governmental agencies handling engineering, architectural and public-work functions, all of a related kind. There is no good reason why all these agencies should not be coördinated in one department and about thirty-eight of the useless organizations done away with. There are twenty-six governmental agencies engaged in surveying and mapping; there are twenty-seven separate and distinct agencies engaged in public-building operations; there are sixteen agencies authorized to build roads; there are nineteen engaged in hydraulic construction; there are sixteen doing work on rivers; there are ten engaged in public-land functions; there are fifteen doing chemical investigation connected with public-work operations; there are twenty-two doing engineering and research."

Time for a New Deal

"MANY of these agencies have been inactive for a number of years, but they are keeping up their personnel in anticipation of work in the future. We could save $300,000,000 a year, in my judgment, by doing away with useless bureaus and duplication of activities.

"Some of the duplications are ridiculous and absurd. For instance, the Government seeks to protect the wild animals in the national parks. If a brown kadiak bear has twin cubs, one brown and one black, as often happens, and one should shoot the brown cub he must make his settlement with one department, but if he shoot its full brother, the black cub, he must settle with another department. If you were to shoot a fox in Alaska your settlement would be with the Department of Agriculture, while if you trapped the same fox you must make your settlement with a bureau in the Department of Commerce.

"The Government issued last year through its several bureaus and departments sixteen cookbooks. The last one that was issued was published by the Board for Vocational Education. This is a board organized by the Congress for the purpose of rehabilitating crippled soldiers of the World War, to prevent, as far as possible, their becoming derelicts in life. . . . It may be of interest to state that while the Government has been issuing sixteen cookbooks and consuming vast quantities of print paper in these and similar useless publications, 1300 country-town newspapers have suspended in the last three months because they could not secure print paper."

Mr. Reavis and a great many others have sensed the feeling in the country and in Congress that the time has come to put an end to all this sort of thing. He gives reasons for his belief:

"One of the reasons is that the people demand that their taxation be reduced. For many years we have been collecting the revenues of this Government through systems of indirect taxation. The revenues have been collected through a protective tariff and by excise taxation on intoxicating liquors. Indirect taxation of this kind prevents the people from realizing fully just who is paying the expenses of the Government. There was a time when the expenses of the Government amounted to only twelve cents per capita a year. To-day the annual per capita expense exceeds forty dollars. This tremendous expense has made it necessary to resort to direct taxation, and the people have suddenly become painfully aware of who pays the expenses of the Government."

Money, Time and Energy Wasted

"THE departments have been in their present condition for many years and under both political parties. Every man familiar with the situation is impressed with the urgent need of a reorganization.

"Washington is filled with national organizations each working for its own purpose, each demanding legislation in many instances destructive of the rights and the interests of the other fellow, until it approaches a government by groups. Day after day we have been considering legislation demanded by groups. Day after day we are told by certain national organizations to be subservient to their demands or to be prepared to meet defeat. The time has come to recognize that the main purpose of a republic lies in the good of the whole people, and that the justification of the United States as a government consists in beneficial service to the general good as distinguished from the class good.

"I am very certain that the elimination of duplications and overlapping in the departments will result in the saving of millions of dollars. There is no reason why it should not be done.

"There is every reason, in the presence of the strife and turmoil that prevail in this country and of the unrest occasioned by the high cost of the necessaries of life, that the Government should be put upon a sane, efficient and economical basis."

I have let Mr. Reavis run on and have his say for more than one reason. He is not an eminently distinguished member of Congress, but one of the rank and file in the House. It is from a man or a group of men of his type that the impetus will come to put on an efficient basis the Federal machine. Indeed, Mr. Reavis has before Congress a concrete proposal to remedy some of the evils against which he declaims.

Whoever by public clamor or other means can induce Congress and the executive departments to organize the routine business of the national Government will have performed a great public service. Note that I say "organize" and not "reorganize," for in no proper sense has the Federal business ever been organized. It is just a hodgepodge. There is a sinful waste of money, time and energy in carrying on our daily national affairs.

What we need to do as a people at this juncture is to let go the flying rings and get our feet on the green earth. I am not opposed to idealism. A flight in the upper ether or an afternoon in the laboratory every now and then extracting sunshine from cucumbers is all very well and mighty refreshing. But it doesn't get you anywhere. After all, the day's work is the thing that counts. It is the day's work in the Government that I have to tell about.

The origins of these antiquated, cumbersome, costly, inefficient pieces of the national machinery that we call the executive departments show how any establishment if well watered with government money will expand and hold together, no matter how conflicting and incongruous its functions. Hardly one of these great business establishments—for that is what they are—was planned. As they are to-day they just happened.

Take the Department of Agriculture, for example, one of the greatest and most complex and widespreading of all the departments. It is in closer touch and more directly affects the greatest number of people in the United States than any other branch of the Government with the possible exception of the Post Office. It began in 1839 with an appropriation of $1000 taken from the patent funds for the distribution of free seeds and the collection of agricultural statistics by the patent office, then a bureau in the State Department. Now look at the darned thing. It is all over the place.

The title of the department indicates its most important field of activities, but its functions have been extended to include the whole range of rural industry and some branches of administration only very indirectly related to agricultural interests. For about sixty years subsequent to the Revolution the general interests of agriculture were left almost entirely to individual initiative. Federal activity was confined to relatively narrow limits and was merely sporadic. Soon after the national Government was organized some attempts were made to establish a board of agriculture; but neither the first proposal in 1796 nor a second effort in 1817 was successful.

The Free-Seed Distribution

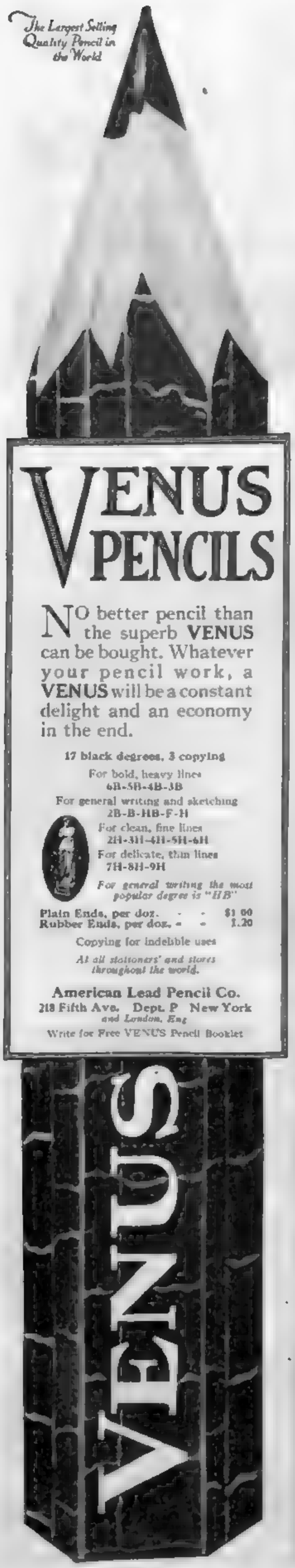
SHORTLY after the Revolution, following the example of Franklin while in England as agent of the colony of Pennsylvania during the years 1764 to 1775, American consuls and naval officers began the practice of sending home foreign seeds and cuttings for new crops, and of aiding in the introduction into the United States of new breeds of domestic animals. Even such small governmental participation was, in the beginning, rather extra-official.

In 1836 the commissioner of patents, one H. L. Ellsworth, began the distribution of considerable quantities of seeds and plants received from government representatives in foreign countries; and three years later through his influence an appropriation of $1000 was made for the purpose of procuring and distributing seeds of new plants, carrying on agricultural investigations and collecting agricultural statistics. This was the historic beginning of the notorious free-seed distribution to which Congress has clung as one of its dearest perquisites. It has never been abated or abandoned for a single year, and is still going strong.

This work was performed directly under the commissioner of patents, then an officer in the Department of State. By 1841 some 30,000 packages of seeds were distributed, and agricultural statistics, gathered in the census, were published in 1842. When the patent office was transferred to the Interior Department, in 1849, there appears in the official register a collector of agricultural statistics, the first officer especially assigned to this work; and after 1857 there is a small force of clerks in the section of agriculture in the patent office.

Like the little peach Eugene Field told about which was coveted by Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue—it grew, it grew.

By an act of Congress in May, 1862, since generally called the Organic Act, the activities of the Government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affecting agriculture were placed under a separate and distinct organization known as the Department of Agriculture, in charge of a commissioner of agriculture. It did not rank, however, with the other executive departments, and the commissioner was not entitled to a seat in the President's cabinet. Isaac Newton, chief of the agricultural section in the Patent Office, was appointed the first commissioner of agriculture. Other officers provided by the organic act included a statistician, a chemist, an entomologist and a superintendent of the propagating garden and experimental farm.

The organization was now firmly bedded down. It had got its taproots down and nothing could stop it from growing. New functions were found for it. This meant new offices and additional appropriations. In 1868 a botanist was appointed, and in 1871 a microscopist. In 1877 a forestry division was created. A year later a special investigation into animal diseases was begun; and in 1884 a special bureau of animal industry was established—inevitably—to carry on this work. In 1887 agricultural experiment stations throughout the country were first established; and at the same time new scientific divisions in pomology, ornithology and mammalogy were formed. The activities of the older divisions were steadily increasing.

An Amazing Expansion

The chrysalis was now ready to be broken. In 1889 the Department of Agriculture was elevated to the rank of the other executive departments and its commissioner was made Secretary of Agriculture with a seat in the President's cabinet. This was in Grover Cleveland's Administration. In honor of its new rank a few more functions were taken on. In 1890 the inspection of imported cattle was begun; in 1891 the Weather Bureau was transferred from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture; in 1892 experiments in irrigation were commenced; in 1893 a road inquiry office was established; in 1894 a division of soils; and in 1895 a division of agrostology.

But that's enough detail. It keeps on growing. Beginning with an appropriation of $1000 and two or three clerks, the department had, in 1910, employees to the number of 12,480 and an appropriation of $12,995,036. Five years later the appropriation had grown to $19,865,832 and the employees to 16,223. The employees in May this year numbered 19,098 and the appropriation given by Congress this summer for the fiscal year 1921 was $31,475,368.

The department has increased its cost of living in eighty-two years from a mere $1000—that is, $83.33 a month—to more than $31,000,000 a year—$2,622,947.33 every month. That shows as clearly and as sharply as it can be shown how the high cost of government living affects your own cost of living.

We, you and I, paid out of our savings and earnings every darned red cent of that increase from $1000 a year to more than $31,000,000. It may have been well spent. We probably got a run for our money; but nobody knows, except in a general way. We have a right to know. It is simply fatheadedness on our part not to find out. All I am asking is that our representatives in Congress give a thorough and searching once-over not only to the executive branches but to their own business, the legislative, as well; and make the savings they all know so well can be made. Such a minor detail as the 102 doorkeepers in the Capitol at Washington, for example.

The Department of Agriculture is one instance of how governmental establishments grow and spread and extend their activities, once they get started. The Bureau of Fisheries, in the Department of Commerce, is another. It had a modest beginning, and not so very long ago. Prior to 1871 there was no branch of the Federal Government especially charged with the consideration of fishery affairs.

Several of the states had established fish commissions and these state authorities, supported by private interests, began to agitate for a national bureau devoted to fishery interests.

So it came about that by 1871 Congress was ready to yield and begin to make appropriations. The first one was for $5000 and provided for a commissioner of fish and fisheries to prosecute investigations and inquiries "with the view of ascertaining whether any and what diminution in the number of food fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place; and, if so, to what causes the same is due; and also whether any and what protective, prohibitory or precautionary measures should be adopted in the premises; and shall report upon the same to Congress."

The Bureau of Fisheries

The commissioner was to draw no pay, for it was provided by Congress in the same joint resolution that he should be a civil officer of the Government, of proved scientific and practical acquaintance with the fishes of the coast, who should serve without additional compensation. The then assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, by name Spencer Fullerton Baird, was chosen as the best man for the job, and so he proved to be. He made the little acorn grow. He was industrious and competent and knew how to get along with Congress. He was diligent and he stood before kings. See what happened.

Remember, he started out with $5000 to discover whether there had been any diminution of the supply of food fishes along the coasts or in the lakes. He was at the head of an independent investigation and reported directly to Congress. The thing was kept alive by annual appropriations as an independent institution until 1903, when it was incorporated into the newly formed Department of Commerce and Labor as the Bureau of Fisheries.

By 1909 the annual appropriation had grown to $803,920, and the bureau had a permanent personnel of 325. At that time the land owned and occupied by the bureau at its fish cultural and biological stations had an aggregate area of over 12,000 acres, with a value of $240,000. The improvements and equipment at these stations represented an investment of more than $1,000,000. Other property of the bureau at that time included four seagoing steam and sail vessels, twenty steam launches and 150 small sail, power and rowboats, which with equipment had a value of $300,000. Its six fish-transportation cars were valued at $45,000. Indeed, the total investment of the Government in fishery-service property ran to about $1,585,000. That was back in 1909, eleven years ago.

Is Fox-Hunting Fishery?

Well, it hasn't stopped growing; bigger and busier than ever, as the advertisements say. The appropriations by Congress for the fiscal year 1919 were $1,183,140, and for 1921, $1,207,110. Besides what Congress gave, the President allotted in 1918 and 1919 out of his private fund "for the national security and defense," $160,000. With the years of its growth and increasing funds the bureau has taken on many new functions and activities, so many and such unrelated functions and activities that the commissioner of fisheries makes plaintive outcry in his annual report:

"The Bureau is administering to the best of its ability the laws relating to the terrestrial and arboreal fur bearers of Alaska, but the duty is incongruous to its legitimate functions. The pursuit of foxes does not constitute a fishery. The cultivation of minks cannot be successfully conducted in a fish hatchery. If Congress desires to retain jurisdiction over these animals, control should be vested in the Biological Survey."

Apparently, as so many other establishments under the executive branch have, the fisheries service has become all cluttered up with duties and jobs it is not fitted or equipped to handle. For example, in the general administration of the Pribyloff Islands the duties devolving on the Bureau of Fisheries comprise the purchase, transportation and distribution of supplies for the natives of the seal islands; the transportation of government employees and natives to and from the islands; the maintenance of schools; the maintenance of a medical staff; the general care of the natives; the handling and investment of funds belonging to the natives; the care of buildings and other government property; the supervision and protection of the seal herds; the maintenance of a patrol for the protection of the islands against possible raids; the taking, preserving, packing, shipping and selling of sealskins; the operation of a by-products plant for utilizing seal carcasses; the protection and care of herds of blue foxes, and the taking, shipment and sale of their pelts; the care, utilization and improvement of reindeer herds; the construction of roads; the maintenance of proper sanitary conditions; the improvement of landing facilities, and so on.

(Concluded on Page 59)

Is Your Youngster Left Behind?

Ride a Bicycle

WHEN the others ride off, happy, healthy and gay, is yours the wistful one, denied that glorious possession—*a bicycle?*

When you give your children bicycles, you give them more than happiness. You give them health—a love of nature—the great outdoors—a chance to do things worth while.

Men, women and children ride bicycles for pleasure, health, convenience and economy. The bicycle is the universal, beneficial mode of transportation. See a bicycle dealer today.

CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, *Inc., 35 Warren Street, New York City, U. S. A.*

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Quality Goes Clear Through

Doubtless no year has thrown a clearer light upon the Dort and its high standing in the esteem of the American public than this year.

Enthusiasm toward the car and appreciation of its remarkable performance ability and operative thrift have grown and extended further and further, day after day, and month after month.

The regular Dort clientele that inevitably replaces one Dort with another has augmented with a rapidity that has outstripped our closest calculations.

And the only conclusion that can be drawn is that more and more people who in past years have sought other cars are now turning to the Dort as the most desirable automobile investment they could make.

PRICES

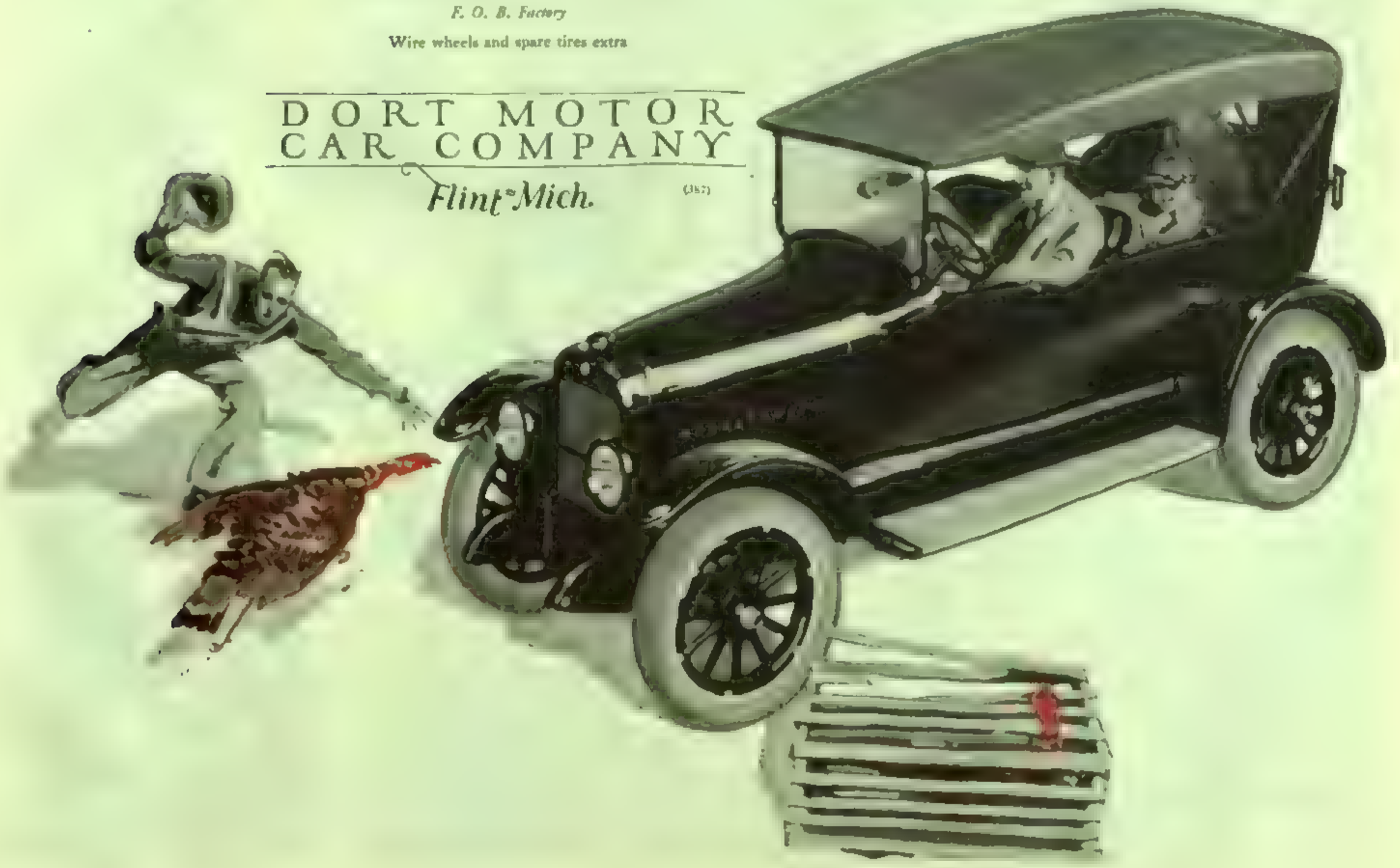
Touring Car - - -	$1085
Roadster - - -	1085
Fourseason Sedan - -	1765
Fourseason Coupé - -	1765

F. O. B. Factory

Wire wheels and spare tires extra

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint-Mich. (387)



(Concluded from Page 56)

All of which is a long, long way from an investigation of the possible diminution of food fish along the coast.

I don't pretend to say of the Fisheries Bureau that it has performed inefficiently either its proper work or the added activities that have been imposed upon it. For all I know it may be and is a great national blessing, and managed with maximum skill, intelligence and economy. I hope it is. I cite it here only as an example of a branch of governmental activity that has grown up haphazard from a small beginning to be a great, costly, far-spreading enterprise that by its own confession is overlaid with duties, functions and activities unrelated to its legitimate and essential business—the care, propagation and study of all manner of food fish. The supply of food fish along the coast is one thing, and the "terrestrial and arboreal fur bearers of Alaska" are another, while the maintenance of good roads, schools and landing facilities for the natives of the Pribyloff Islands is something else again for a fish commission to bother its head about.

Official Confessions

"Coördination" is a tired, haggard, nervous wreck of a word that was nearly worked to death at Washington during the early days of the war. It was the first of the dollar-a-year words to come forward to do war work, and it was worn to a frazzle. I hate to drag the poor wan thing out from the quiet retreat in my dictionary where it has been resting and recuperating, but I must say that this lack of coördination, lack of organization, duplication, inefficiency, waste, and haphazard hodge-podge structure of the national governmental machine is no secret to those at Washington who run and manage it for us, and who are even more directly responsible than we are for the condition into which it has fallen.

I submit pleas of avoidance and confession from both Democrats and Republicans. It is not a matter of politics. It is a matter of proved and confessed negligence on the part of the men we have hired to run the machine and have kept year after year in places of trust and power and responsibility. They haven't kept up the plant. The form of organization is grotesquely inadequate. The morale of the working force is badly impaired, as I have set forth at length in this publication in previous articles. We have paid the price for this, grossly and hugely, in money and in poor service. This has been costly negligence on our part.

I said I had confessions. Here they are, Reed Smoot, Republican, and a senator from Utah, speaking:

"The administrative branches of the Government have undergone no fundamental change since the organization was devised by Alexander Hamilton.

"No other government in the world could have gone on as ours has done and paid the bills involved in our wasteful methods of administration. We have been able to do it because this country has had resources and wealth unparalleled. But the war has brought us at last to realize that these will not last always. . . . We need a complete survey of the whole situation *de novo* by a committee of men willing to recognize that it is a task of day and night for a year, and very likely two years. . . .

"There is endless duplication of work among different departments, and even in the same department. . . . It is the same through all the government functions, and now, when the burden of carrying our enormous debt is weighing on the people, we can no longer neglect to give it consideration."

When he said these things Mr. Smoot was urging a concrete proposal to bring about the reformation so badly needed.

And now Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for seven years Assistant Secretary of the Navy and now the Democratic candidate for Vice President:

"The entire system or relationship which exists between Congress and the executive departments is fundamentally wrong. Let me illustrate: I made an offer this spring to the Appropriations Committees of both the House and Senate, telling them that I would to-morrow discharge fifteen per cent of the employees of the Navy Department if they, the committees, would give me complete authority to take one-half of the salaries of the employees so discharged and add it to the salaries of the other eighty-five per cent of the employees still left in the department. . . . Of course, however, under the present system Congress would not think of giving executive discretion of this kind.

"Congress, for various reasons, has so tied the hands of the executive officers of the Government that they have no discretion in the fundamental questions of employment. . . . My own wonder is that, considering the existing circumstances, the employees of the Government are as efficient as they actually are. Congress legislates for every minute item of employment. . . . There is a lot of work being done in other departments which ought properly to be under the Navy Department, and in the same way there is a lot of work done by the Navy Department which could perfectly properly be transferred to other departments.

"After seven years down here in an executive position, . . . I cannot help the conclusion that our governmental methods are cumbersome and wasteful. The first improvement must come in what is, after all, the source of governmental activities—that is, the legislative branch. . . . I firmly believe that we need a revision of the present methods of making appropriations. This must come from Congress. We need also a reclassification and redistribution of the work of the executive departments. This can only come if Congress, working in accord with itself and with the executives, will discuss the whole question simultaneously and not merely piecemeal."

Well, there you are! A Republican who has been in the legislative branch of the Government for seventeen years, and a Democrat who has been in the executive branch for seven years, both telling the same story of how badly the national business is managed.

The odd thing about it is that our agents and representatives at Washington who have neglected our interests and let this waste and inefficiency run on year after year pay no penalty. We pay the piper to the tune of millions and billions—literally that much. And the condition will endure until we make a real roar about it. Congress increasingly shakes its head over the situation and brings in various proposals of reform, and says how wrong it all is; but lacking a lively, inflamed public pressure nothing gets done.

Projects of one sort and another, resolutions and bills are pending in Congress now, designed to remedy this whole condition. A start has been made on a budget in the House, an inquiry has been made into the jumbled pay scale of government employees in the District of Columbia, the condition of the postal employees has been investigated, but all to no definite end or purpose. It does not seem likely that the job will be tackled in real earnest until the new Congress comes in next March.

The Taft Commission

Mr. Taft was the only President I ever knew who recognized his personal responsibility as chief magistrate for the efficient and economical administration of the entire executive branch of the Government. We have not had in our time a President who was a business man or who had close acquaintance with business methods. The chief executives have, for the most part, not been executives as that term is now understood. Anything but. They regarded the governmental machine as one regards a hired motor car—a piece of mechanism in which to get somewhere, and with no thought of its power-transmission system or economy of operation.

Mr. Taft did sense the fact that he was at the head of an organization whose activities are almost as varied as those of the entire business world. The operations of the Government affect the interest of every person living within the jurisdiction of the United States. Its gross expenditures amount to something over $4,000,000,000 annually. Not counting the Army and Navy, more than 400,000 persons are hired to carry on its routine administrative work.

As Mr. Taft pointed out, this great organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. No comprehensive effort has ever been made to list its many activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the Government is doing. No satisfactory statement has ever been published of the financial transactions of the Government as a whole. With large interests at stake, Congress and the executive have never had all the information which should be currently available if the most intelligent direction is to be given to the daily national business.

Congress, the President and the administrative officers are attempting to discharge their duties without full information as to the agencies through which the work of the Government is being performed. In the past, services, agencies, bureaus, what not, have been created one by one as exigencies have seemed to demand, with little or no reference to any scheme of organization of the Government as a whole. Until the head of a department is called upon to deal exclusively with matters falling in but one or very few distinct fields, effective supervision and control are impossible.

Mr. Taft pointed out all this and made an earnest effort to change it. With what result? Why, just exactly none. Congress was cold. The public—meaning you and me—was colder. We didn't take any interest in the project, and therefore Congress politely yawned it away into the tall grass and out of sight. Mr. Taft was given enough money to employ an efficiency and economy commission and to make an inquiry "into the methods of transacting the public business of the executive departments and other government establishments, and to recommend to Congress such legislation as may be necessary to carry into effect changes found to be desirable that cannot be accomplished by executive action alone."

Desire to Soothe the Public

The inquiry was made and the changes recommended, but nothing has ever been done about it. There has been no change for the better since these recommendations were made eleven years ago. This economy and efficiency commission was very conservative and cautious. It took Mr. Taft's view that the problem of good administration is not one that can be solved at one time. It is a continuously present one. This commission, made up of excellent men, suggested that the revenue-cutter service be abolished and its activities be taken over by other services. It was estimated that by so doing a saving of not less than $1,000,000 could be made.

Another report recommended that the lighthouse and life-saving services be administered by a single bureau instead of, as at that time, by two bureaus located in different departments. It was estimated that this consolidation would result in a saving of not less than $100,000 yearly.

The abolition of the returns office, of the Interior Department, was recommended, at an estimated direct saving of about $25,000 a year, in addition to a large indirect economy in the reduction of work to be performed in the several offices.

The consolidation of the six auditing offices of the Treasury and the inclusion in the auditing system of the seven naval officers who audited customs accounts at the principal ports, was urged. The change was expected to produce an immediate saving of at least $135,000 yearly.

From this modest start other changes and reforms and savings were to be made.

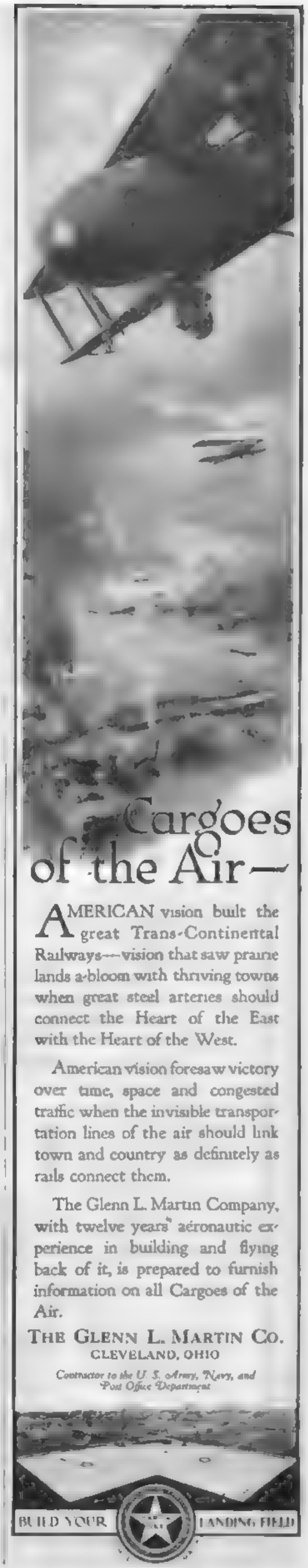
But we weren't interested in the high cost of government or the high cost of living eleven years ago. Mr. Taft didn't get a rise out of us. He didn't have much of a pull with Congress, either, poor man, and all his inquiry went for nothing as far as any action was concerned.

He and his commission did bring out and establish, however, certain facts and conditions. It was a trustworthy and competent investigation as far as it went. It offers a starting point for any inquiry that may be undertaken now. That is something to the good.

There is a patent disposition in Congress now to take the whole problem of the routine administrative processes of the Government under consideration and see how best to improve them. It is only a good impulse at present, growing out of a desire to soothe the public restiveness under high taxes. Whether anything really worth while will come out of it will depend entirely on the degree of interest you display. If you will take the trouble to show that you know that the national business is mismanaged and costs too much, and that you are tired of it, there will be quick action.

Otherwise—well, things have rocked along since Alexander Hamilton's day, and they can rock along a few more years so long as we are content to pay and ask no questions.

"As you like it," said Shakspere, who is nothing if not quotable.



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American vision foresaw victory over time, space and congested traffic when the invisible transportation lines of the air should link town and country as definitely as rails connect them.

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Cosmolac is for use indoors or out. It covers all surfaces like glass. It gives protection against all weathers, against soap or soap-powder. Cosmolac is not affected by heat, steam, hot or cold water nor marred by scuffing heels. It stays brilliant and satiny as the brush leaves it and will not turn white or cloudy. It does not craze, crack, blister or peel.

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THE HOUSE OF MASURY
Makes Good Paints and Varnishes

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SCARLET IBIS

(Continued from Page 7)

above the eastern woods. The sparkling serenity of the afternoon was lost in an intensified stillness and sense of heavy impending calamity.

"Rain," Beaver observed; "very soon." And at that moment Graves felt a strike so savage that he thought he had hooked a stump.

That it was a maskinonge the fish's leap into space immediately proved; it jumped again and again, shaking its long jaw and falling back with a crash loudly audible against the approaching storm. Beaver turned the canoe into the deeper water beyond.

"Twenty, do you think?" Lynn Graves asked anxiously, watching the red silk twisted into his line at a hundred and fifty feet flash through the agate guides of the rod.

"Thirty," the other asserted; "maybe thirty-five; maybe more."

Whatever the 'nonge might weigh, it was, he realized, the heaviest he had ever played, larger than any he had yet seen. The strain, the struggle, continued, it seemed, indefinitely; the fish sulked in the depths and thrashed on the surface. Lynn got exasperated and then weary, his wrists burned with the tension, and his excitement, his pleasure, sank into a dull hatred of the force tirelessly dragging at his arms.

In the end, with a revival of his interest, he brought the maskinonge up to the canoe, and Beaver, waiting with a club carved and stained in the semblance of a grotesque head, hit the long wallowing shape once above the gills and dragged it safely in.

Their pleasure, however, was brought to a period by a loud patter of rain on the water and a crashing stab of lightning. The shore, the woods, under the storm, were vividly, chalkily green, the water was blackly purple and a wall of wind struck them before they dragged the canoe up a narrow, steep beach. Turning it over, Lynn Graves and his companion crawled beneath its shelter as a deluge of rain fell with a reverberating shock. It drummed on the canoe and ran in rivulets by Graves' elbows and, he saw, spread dark wet patches on the Indian's shirt; these, adhering to the body underneath, emphasized Beaver's spare muscular strength, the rippling flatness of his back and the beauty of his shoulders. Beside him Graves felt himself thick and clumsy and inept; weak, really. He had need, for sheer existence, of all his superiority of mind; the force of government was for him a fortunate thing, since in any direct opposition to Wesley Beaver, in a reduction to the simplest personal terms, the Indian could break him like a rotten stick.

He wondered a little at the stupid patience of the despoiled Ojibways of the earth until he realized that they had been swept aside by just such a flood as was descending about them; the inchoate mass, the nameless flood, had drowned the individual. The rain over, soon lost in an aureate glow, a lake and islands of gold, he was again struck by Beaver's mouth. It was finer than he had first thought, sensitive rather than actually weak; it was the other imperturbable features which made it seem negative. Still, it was an unfortunate mouth for Wesley Beaver.

Graves asked suddenly if he were married and the other replied in a negative monosyllable. Lynn continued, developing his query in a jocular strain; but he soon paused under the unwavering silent gravity facing him in the canoe. He had an absurd disturbed sense of being impertinent and lapsed into a muteness unbroken until the canoe swung gently against the float at Oak Island.

There, weighing the maskinonge, he saw the scales pull out to thirty, thirty-five, thirty-six and a half pounds. It was the largest 'nonge, Beaver told him, that had been seen in Quamba Lake. This, Graves thought, required some special recognition; and with a feeling of satisfaction he gave the Indian a larger sum than ordinarily he could have justified. The younger man smiled, with a relenting from his remoteness.

"I am going to be married," he acknowledged; "pretty soon, perhaps, if we catch any more big fish."

A breeze was moving steadily across the lake toward the Ojibway village, and Graves watched him as he rigged an informal sail. Lying back in the canoe, with the paddle for rudder, Wesley Beaver left behind a slight pungent trail of smoke from his pipe.

IV

LYNN found himself, after dinner, practically excluded from a conversation because of his unfamiliarity with its terms, his ignorance of the phraseology of the stable; and, aware of a resentment which within the last twenty-four hours had become increasingly perceptible and fixed, he made up his mind to leave Oak Island at the first possible opportunity. It wasn't that his pleasure in the place, in Lake Quamba, had lessened; but with every desire to the contrary he couldn't finally feel at ease with the Bassetts. Not that they were deficient in courtesy or showed any feeling but a complete willingness to accept him; no, it was on such occasions as tonight, when, with no will on their part, he was made to feel outside even the circle of his sister, that his discomfort became acute.

He was, he hoped, sensible, and not sensitive, at bottom. God knew that he had no social ambition; nor did he accuse Ettie of such a second-rate attitude. These were, by temperament, her people, and they weren't his; there was nothing more to that! What stood out more clearly than anything else in his minor dilemma was that he didn't, he couldn't, like them. Try as he might to approve, to be amused by their liberty from many restrictions, he was, like Sanford's Indian, shocked. Even his private delight at the romantically polite atmosphere was swallowed up in his discomfort.

Lynn Graves was, too, in spite of his self-assertions to the contrary, rasped by his failure to be absorbed here. He grew critical of Mrs. Bassett, a middle-aged woman and mother, with her shoulders bare but for a cloud of pink tulle; Sanford, on the other count, was far too secure, conceited, for his years. After all, they were nothing in the great world outside the race tracks and dinner dances, while he, Graves . . . He ended this train of thought abruptly, impatient now at himself for having been swept into such a shrill, petty frame of mind. He was standing before the house under the gallery. The wind had almost ceased, there was only a vague stir high above in the trees, and away from the lighted windows of the camp the water, the tree trunks, the paths were clearly visible.

He walked away from the buildings, to one side, toward the rear of the camp rather than the float, until he came to where the way ended sharply at the lake. There at once he saw the tall, motionless figure of a woman, who, turning, showed him a pale, intent face, which, to himself, he immediately identified as Margaret Tyler.

"No," he told her, conscious of her decision to move away, "you stay and I'll walk on, if necessary. I suspect that I don't belong here."

She replied diffidently, but in a clearly articulated speech like Wesley Beaver's, that of course he did. "I came out for a—a little space."

It was an interesting confession and, frankly studying her, he was further engaged by what he discovered. No one without obvious insincerity could have called her beautiful or even pretty; her face was too harsh for youth, it was at once too strongly marked and devoid of expression; but she had a quality of repose, a quietness like the hemlock at night, that made the rest seem unimportant. It fascinated him to observe, as well, that while Beaver was in type an Indian who showed only a single trace of white blood, Margaret Tyler was in appearance a white woman who bore but an intangible suggestion of her Ojibway ancestry. Intangible but strong! In a white waist and dark skirt, with her dark hair coiled on top her head, she still was an inherent part of the night and setting.

"As a matter of fact," he went on prosaically, "neither of us need move; I think we both came out here for the same reason—for space. I was beginning to feel choked in the house. This," he said in a surprising rush of confidence, "is not my life. I don't mean the lake so much as the camp. You see, I work; I've worked a great deal and very hard, and I can't get used to ——"

He stopped awkwardly at the possibility of seeming to discuss his hosts, his, in a way, prospective family, with a

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Plaster or Liquid
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In two forms now—plaster and liquid

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60 Dishes
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The large package of Quaker Oats serves about 60 dishes. Sixty servings of meat, eggs, fish, etc., would, on the average, cost you $5 more.

Then figure nutrition. The Quaker Oats package supplies 6,221 calories of food. In meat, eggs and fish, on the average, those calories would cost about nine times as much.

Figure food value. The oat is the supreme food—almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. It is a food which young and old should eat at least once daily.

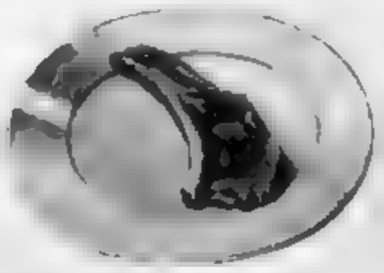
Quaker Oats, for many years, has been the world's best breakfast. Today it offers another appeal by so reducing food cost.

Note the cost comparisons below. The other necessary foods are figured on prices at this writing. Mark what you save when Quaker Oats is made your basic breakfast.

40c

60 dishes Quaker Oats cost 40 cents

$7.20



60 chops would cost $7.20

$5

60 servings of meat would cost $5

$5

60 servings of fish would cost $5

Cost per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	6½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Quaker Oats

Made to Delight

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The result is a delightful dish at no extra cost. Get it for your people's sake.

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woman brought in to do the sewing. She laughed, superior, in her lack of ulterior thought, to him.

"I couldn't say that because you know Indians are only lazy. It's true too. I just want, I don't understand what I do want."

Her voice trailed into silence and she gazed out over the lake with hands loosely clasped before her. In the full light of day, he told himself, she'd be positively ugly—or rather her face was ugly; her body . . . But it was her air, the remarkable composure of her being, that always triumphed over all the rest.

She tranquilized him; he had a strong impulse to stay and talk to her.

"This was entirely yours once," he observed with a sweep of the arm.

"We didn't keep it," she replied philosophically; "and now I wonder if we want it; or, anyway, I wonder if I do. The men guide, and that's something like the old life. They're mostly content; nearly all are. I suppose the women's life hasn't changed on the outside either; I'm more—more uncertain than the others."

She gave him suddenly a glance that was almost startled, and Graves met her eyes with a steady question.

"If you could decide what you wanted it would be tremendously useful; it would benefit nearly everyone, and me especially."

Her fingers rose subconsciously to a string of bright red beads about her throat. She was, he saw, hesitating between the desire of speech and the instinct to withdraw, to slip, metaphorically, away into the woods. Her face grew troubled and her breast rose sharply with an acute breath. Something of her difficulty was communicated to him, together with the formless conviction that the moment was of utmost gravity; if she turned away, fled, it would be, he recognized, final. All decision lay wholly with her; he was not a man who could pursue a woman to the back door, and Margaret Tyler, he felt, couldn't be so recaptured.

Her hand fell away to her side; there was a relenting of her entire person.

"But you should tell me," she half cried, making for them both her decision; "you have so much the advantage."

He told her that together perhaps they might arrive at some conclusion. Graves felt that this was very possible; he was extremely eager to talk to Margaret—Margaret Tyler. Already she had rested him; a new feeling stirred in him that he was unable to grasp, that indeed he made no effort to comprehend. It was at once new and in accord with all that he had been, and it changed him. A confused business! More than anything else it quickened his sense of being alive; it enhanced the still lake and gave the iterated sound of a whippoorwill in the evergreens a fresh throbbing intensity. At once he thought not so much of the present moment as of when, how, he'd see her again. The Bassetts rarely came to this part of their island.

"It will need a good deal of discussion," he warned her obscurely; "but then, it's so important. We could take a canoe any evening."

No sooner had he given voice to his proposal than he disliked it for its unavoidable resemblance to something quite different—the back door. What he should have said, what he now wished he had, was that they'd canoe at midday, before the noses of all the Bassetts imaginable.

"Perhaps," she agreed, in the gloom.

Her acquiescence oppressed him as well. He had been without courage—yes, a little common; but at the verge of correcting what he found blame for the words refused to materialize. Graves couldn't, he simply couldn't, paddle away from the float, from Ettie and Sanford and Mrs. Bassett, with Margaret Tyler.

■

HE MET her the following evening, as soon as he could decently and inconspicuously leave the others, at the same place. It was dark, overclouded, yet they silently moved nearer the water, to a seat and screen provided by an old half-fallen birch. She wore a dress of garnet, which blended absolutely with the night, consciously, he thought, taking the place of her white waist. There were a myriad things he wanted to say, yet singularly, close beside her, they evaporated in a mere emotion of gladness. Margaret Tyler, it was apparent, having made her decision, was, in contrast with him, serene. A number of troubles assaulted his fundamental satisfaction, but no more his regret of last night. He was not embarked on a vulgar intrigue, it was only that the artificiality of the people about forced them to ——

"I thought a lot about you to-day," she acknowledged, "and it seemed very long. You can say what you want about my helping you, but it's got to be the other way. What," she demanded, turning her pale face to Lynn Graves, "am I going to do? You see, I've been educated, and I've worked in Peterboro. I've met things, pretty things, wanted some and had some, and I don't know if I can get married and settle into the village, be a squaw. It could be easy if I knew what I wanted, or felt I could get it, but I don't. There's nothing I can say to my father or to ——" She broke off. "With us the family is very strong; we must obey the old men. We're wards of the Dominion, and it would make me."

"How about me?" he demanded. "I have a want, a need, as big as yours. I'm well over forty, and successful, but I am not contented. I suppose I am lonely; yes, in part you could call it that; but not all. I can get married easily enough; I could if I weren't after something I've never seen. It's this way—I don't care for what you'd call a squaw; and the others I have seen—suppose we say at Oak Island—I don't altogether like. The truth is I'm after a part of each in one."

His speech ran out and he found himself staring at Margaret Tyler, who was equally intent upon him.

"I'm not thinking of marriage now," she explained; "it's deeper than that, some things are. I want to forget it and look at the others. Having babies and cooking and keeping the vegetable patch can come at any time; you can always fall back on them. Or it may be that they're it, only very different. Oh, I don't know; I wish I hadn't gone to school or known Peterboro and the women, the houses, there. I'd rather be all Indian and not Irish at all."

Graves was, he told her, glad that she was what she was—delightful. This latter word, spoken without premeditation, startled them both. But again she recovered first.

"I like you too," she said. "You are so serious; a man should be that."

This pleased him until, perversely, he discovered that he didn't want to be too serious with her. His feeling was more and more emotional, instinctive. Margaret Tyler magnetized him; he became dimly aware of her extraordinary vitality, her graceful strength. He put his hand over hers; and, turning her palm, she met his grasp.

"I'll do whatever you say," she decided; and her words with the contact of her warm hand gave him a blurring thrill.

It wasn't, however, an affair of thrills, but—so soon—far more serious. This realization bothered him. What was he letting himself in for? What would Ettie think if she saw him sitting out in the dark, hiding, in fact, and holding Margaret Tyler's hand? What did he mean by it? He wasn't a sentimental youth; the age when he could with comparative safety do such things had long past.

This all at once struck him as being more than a little tragic, that he should be lost to the years of idealism, of purity. Lynn Graves required now substance, material reality; he couldn't, for example, keep on meeting Margaret—in his thoughts he dispensed with the Tyler—in the dark, as he was doing at present. Nor was she, whatever her age, a person to dally with an idea, an emotion. She was dangerous. Still he didn't want to escape, except to such a world as had no existence in fact, where he could be with her on the shore, in a canoe, with nothing to face, nothing to decide.

It was possible—and the thought momentarily chilled his growing ardor—that he was falling in love with her, a conventional and inadequate phrase for a most final and committing fact. He felt quite clearly that he didn't want to do that; it held too many difficulties—Ettie and the Bassetts and Eastlake; in short, the entire circumstances of his life. She was, he repeated silently, an Indian, an unfortunate heritage to propagate. Good heaven, how far was he going?

"Well?" she said in a tone of query.

"Maybe it's well and maybe not," he replied moodily. She rose so quickly that, clasped, their hands drew him forcibly to his feet. "I mean," he explained hurriedly, in a panic at the chance of her leaving him, "that the future's as dark as this night. It seems that I have helped you as little as

(Continued on Page 65)

How the antiseptic quality was put into shaving cream

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Like thousands of other men, you will like Lysol Shaving Cream, whether or not you believe infection possible through shaving.

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And, in addition, any uncleanliness that may exist on the razor-blade, strop, brush, cup, or hands will be eliminated by the antiseptic properties of this splendid shaving cream.

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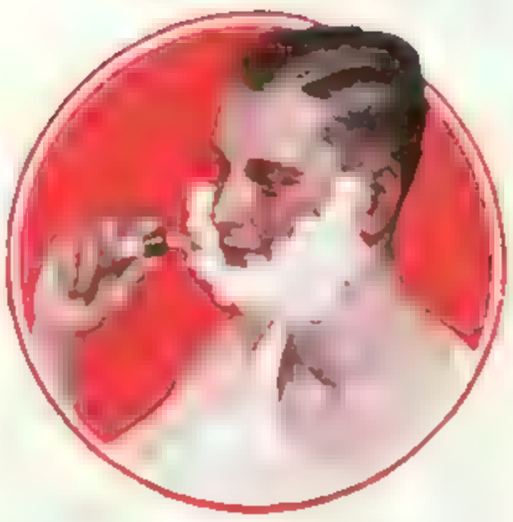

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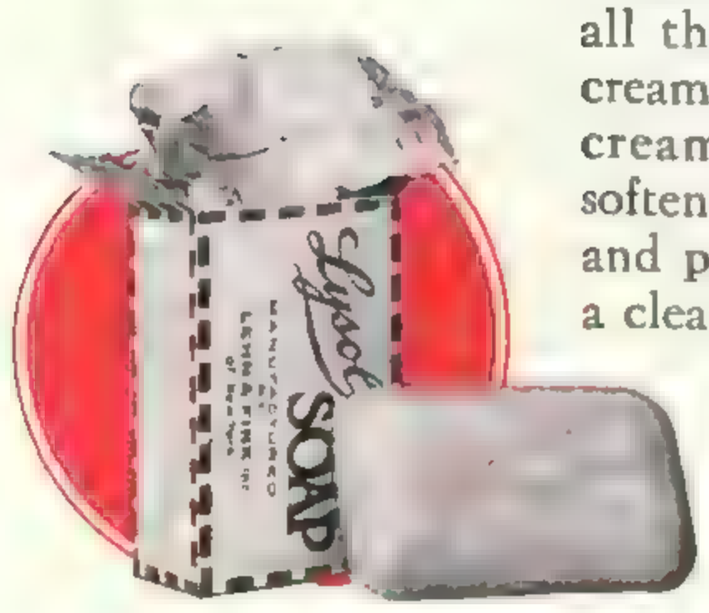

Lysol Toilet Soap 25c a Cake

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to protect the health of the skin. Also soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

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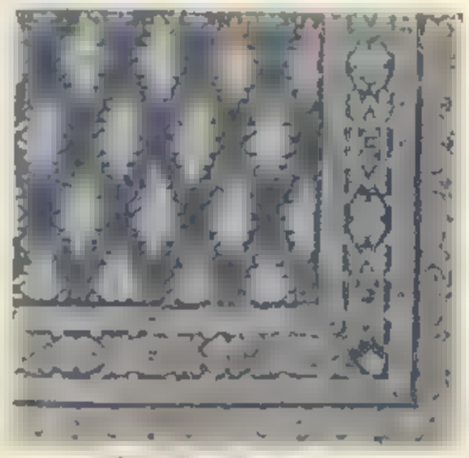

Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 350

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 62)

you have me. I wonder if existence can be helped, decided, by determination or conscious effort. Perhaps the power underneath is all there is for safety; it looks to me as though the rest were useless. Suppose we try the other, the first."

She didn't, she admitted, understand him. "Unless you mean that we should follow any impulse?"

"Not every one," he returned, combating the pressure to crush her in his arms.

The whippoorwill now exasperated him; its passion seemed positively indecent. Graves had a swift hatred of Nature, the arbitrary will of which seemed bent on his snaring. He couldn't kiss and get away, he repeated mentally; not with Margaret, largely because of that unknown, unpredictable Ojibway equation. The cross-breeding might have weakened other fiber, but not hers. He must see her to-morrow night, and they would be looking for him now; again he would prepare the camp for a longer explained absence—he'd fish through the dark in the narrows. Graves could paddle well enough for that.

"We'd better go in," he said, feeling decidedly absurd, since such a realization should have been expressed by her. She agreed with a listless gesture. "To-morrow," he whispered, close by her cheek.

"Why?" she whispered in return.

"We've got so much to talk about."

But he had just said that talking was no good!

He hadn't, he returned, meant that exactly, not altogether that; and, after all, what else was there to do, how otherwise could they arrive at anything? This she was unable to refute. "Will you trust yourself with me in a canoe?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes," she assured him; "why not? A canoe is very simple, you only have to sit down and keep still. We never fall out of them. It would be bad if we did, for hardly anyone at the village can swim. Wesley Beaver can't, and he's guiding you."

This struck Graves as hardly short of ludicrous and forced into his mind the unpleasant corollary that the Ojibways didn't like water. But Beaver was an exception there anyhow—a very clean man. He refused to consider Margaret in the same category.

"Good-by," he said, with far more intentness than the shortness of their separation warranted. She smiled. He had never seen that before—Margaret was customarily grave—and it set his heart to a sudden pounding. He wished that he hadn't released her hand, and was afraid to take it with what it might deliver him to again; in his hesitation she vanished about the angle of the trees.

VI

IN THE darkness of his room, faintly pervaded by the water troubling the shore, the stir of tree tops, he thought, in an unavoidable connection with his immediate experience, of love. He had already discovered the poverty of that term, its insistence on a single aspect of the widest possible implications. What that sentiment was in him now, brought out by Margaret Tyler, was a whole welter of impulses and necessities and desires; it touched every side of his life and being, propounding innumerable questions. Long ago he might have responded in a dominant, a single chord of feeling, in the past he had lamented; but to-night the probable future of an admitted passion, its action on his life, his associates and home and his probable children occupied him.

Even considered as emotion, his state was complicated beyond the elementary instinct for procreation. He wanted, he told himself—for the moment swept to the wildest possibilities of his speculations—a wife at once serious and gay—Eastlake gilded or gowned by Oak Island. Margaret, it grew slowly apparent to him, on the surface anyhow, almost fulfilled that requirement. She was self-contained, efficient, superior in body and inclinations, and at the same time she sharpened his imagination. He thought of her fantastically as his wife, not in Eastlake but in the city where he was occupied; there she would be unique and interesting.

"What nonsense!" he said half aloud; and fell asleep, to wake with his room flooded with sunlight and his mind illumined by the vision of Margaret Tyler.

In the canoe with Beaver he had an irresistible wish to talk about her, a thing impossible at the camp; and in a manner of studied casualness he remarked that he had seen her at Oak Island. "She seemed like a very nice girl indeed." Beaver's gaze, flashing from side to side, rested on him for an instant and then regarded the wild rice, still prostrate on the water but later to grow erect and fruitful, through which they were moving. "I suppose she'll marry some 'Jibway and go to seed in the village. A damned shame." He was busy with the endless task of freeing his lure from weed. "She has a lot of splendid qualities there's no use for on Lake Quamba. She ought to have gone on from Peterboro and seen the world, found what there was to choose from. Here she'll only be miserable until she loses her ability to feel."

"Margaret Tyler's an Indian," Beaver said abruptly.

"Some of her is, not all, not even much, but it's a toss-up, certainly, which part of her will come out on top. Just as, in a way, it is with you."

Wesley Beaver's mouth was twisting in a torment of irresolution, while the rest of his face—the high broad cheek bones under bronzed skin, the slanted eyes, the low smooth brow with a sweeping strand of coarse black hair—was as fixed as the head carved on the club with which he killed the maskinonge.

"I am an Indian," he added finally, the clear edge of his voice dulled, rough.

He made further conversation on any topic, even 'nonge, impossible, and went in for lunch sooner than usual. The sound of his ax blows rang destructively among the fallen timber by the water; and after his cooking he sat for a long while gazing across the lake, scarred white by the rising wind. Lynn Graves hoped that it would subside before evening or it would interfere with the announcement of his projected fishing.

The wind didn't, however, decrease, and it was against the remonstrance of Sanford that he stubbornly paddled away from the float. The other stood doubtfully for a breath and then turned back to the camp, at which there were a fresh number of guests; young men with an enigmatic phraseology and irreproachable flannels and girls who carried about tumblers of Scotch and soda which they drank over loosened brown harem veils.

Graves was in a fever of impatience to see Margaret, and when she stepped from an obscurity into the canoe, held steady at a root, he was conscious of an overwhelming relief; a delight, really. They said nothing as he forced the canoe away from the island; and for half an hour he was fully occupied in getting them to the shelter of a long protected passage. Once there he laid his paddle across the thwarts and comfortably lighted a cigarette. Margaret he could see dimly. The night, he realized, enormously increased her potency; she, too, was dark in spirit, enveloped with mystery and possessing depths, reaches, impossible to foresee.

"What's been going on in your mind?" he demanded.

"You!"

Her reply at once filled him with happiness and a remote oppression. He was no longer a boy; this wouldn't do; it couldn't go on indefinitely, without an admitted purpose and honesty. He, Lynn Graves, wasn't an unprincipled seducer; he had no will to experiment with mere sensation or invite the sting of cheap dissatisfaction. He wanted, with all his heart, to find contentment, purpose, the solution of his awakened and disturbed feelings. He must be careful to say nothing that would lead to Margaret's misunderstanding him, not on the score of flippancy but on the completely other, serious, side.

She, it became apparent, was entirely acquiescent, waiting for any move of his. Suddenly, after having been so rigid, so tonically upright, she gave him the impression of plasticity; and with this she took on an air of additional sadness that smothered his caution. But what he lacked in rigidity of purpose the difficulties of canoeing supplied; he couldn't move, approach her within the length of the fragile sixteen feet carrying them over the water again, beyond shelter, rough. In fact they said very little, at once accomplished nothing and a great deal. Graves felt now that Margaret was an actual, a material part of his life; she filled his horizon, curiously enough, that behind him as well as the future. She seemed to be the embodiment of all that, in connection with women, a particular woman, he had thought. The very strangeness of her position accounted for the rapidity and completeness with which he had accepted her; no one could have predicted Margaret, he couldn't have fashioned her from his hopes and dreams. How miraculously she suited his need!

He gave up foot by foot the ground, the protection, of his safely cautious position, telling himself that this retreat—or was it an advance?—was his wish, his cool planning. But he'd wait still; he would weigh, deliberate, all the facts; in other words, he must regard Margaret Tyler long and steadily by daylight, view her at every angle, take into consideration each social angle upon which, at furthest, he might conceivably go. That, he admitted, was marriage.

In a comparatively short while they were back at Oak Island and she left the canoe with a gracefully secure poised step. Margaret stood on the bank regarding him as, muttering something about returning to the float, he sat with his face turned up toward her.

Graves didn't intend to get out of the canoe then; it would be the height of folly, a contradiction of all that he had determined, of all that he was. Nevertheless he rose hastily and clumsily and, neglecting the craft, fortunately driven in against the shore, mounted the incline and caught her in his arms.

"I don't care," she said a long space after her mouth had been freed from his kiss. "I don't care, for this is what I wanted, even if it's bad."

Flooded with pity at the humility, the misunderstanding, of her surrender, he told her at once, formally, that they would be married with the least possible delay.

"If we could only go away to-night!" she cried, losing her joy in a passionate energy like an apprehension.

VII

HIS next meeting with Margaret, other than a fleet glimpse of her sewing in Mrs. Bassett's room, was short and in many respects unsatisfying. He resented doubly now the surreptitious aspect of what called for utter dignity. The character of his engagement demanded an elevation to the greatest possible height of fine justification. Graves was thrilled by her impetuous yielding; but this, he felt, was not the time for kisses; neither the time nor, hidden behind the camp, the place. For her part, in an instinct at once mysterious and clear, she wanted to go home.

"You'll come and see me there," she said, her hands twisted in his; she added a murmur of something he must know. "But it's not important now; it's over. How lucky I am!"

It was he, Graves returned, who had the luck. He thought that he should speak at once, to-night, to Ettie; but Margaret, with a persistence that he failed to comprehend, wanted to finish what she was doing for Mrs. Bassett. She was, it followed, devoted to the elder woman, whose attitude had been the perfection of consideration.

"I'll come back to-morrow afternoon," she proceeded, "and be done in an hour or two, and then —"

He agreed and left her for an interior of concerted chatter, a roomful of bright inconsequential youth gathered about a pair of ivory dice skittering over the floor. The shifting of money, silver and bank notes, was accompanied by a jargon—strange invocations to chance and luck—to which he was an entire stranger.

Lynn Graves was relieved, in the morning, to be shoved off from the camp with Beaver; he specially welcomed a silence that gave full play to his crowded thoughts and plans. Later he intended to stop at the Ojibway village and see Margaret; they would, in fact, bring her back to Oak Island.

In a space he permitted his emotions, the image of Margaret herself, to fill him, when Wesley Beaver in an unexpected bleak voice said: "I was going to marry Margaret Tyler."

A sudden unpleasant shock struck coldly at Lynn Graves. He stared absurdly at the set face, the working lips before him. With his first comparative recovery he asked himself why Margaret hadn't told him this. A man at all her equal would have disposed of it at once, cleared such a formidable barrier before proceeding. A man, but not Margaret; not, it seemed, a woman. His growing irritation found expression in a speech as sharp as Beaver's:

"I didn't know anything about Margaret and you."

However doubtful that admission was, there was an absolute necessity for truth. Wesley Beaver nodded shortly. It was impossible to foresee what he might next say, do. The disagreeable cold sensation continued in Graves. It wasn't precisely fear, he refused to admit cowardice; and yet the Indian was so unpredictable, so portentous in his vigorous stolidity, that Graves wished at least that they were on firm land.

"Margaret told me," Beaver went on after a painful silence, "She said she never wanted to marry a 'Jibway and live in the village. It was a mistake." His eyes narrowed and for a second his mouth was still. "If I had been only that you would never have seen her again; but you'd seen me—like that!" He made a flashing cut through the air with his paddle, then his energy perceptibly deserted him. "I'm white too," he went on in a slow puzzled tone. "I want to be white, and I had to think hard. I could have kept Margaret, perhaps; but I didn't want her then; it would have been bad for me and worse for her. Take her!" he commanded, in a mask, a superb assumption, Graves recognized, of indifference. "A woman is nothing; we have plenty of them, too many. A woman is of no account." The paddle now met the water in a firm balanced sweep; he swung with a measured kneeling precision.

The other reeled up his line.

"Stop!" he insisted. "Good Lord, do you suppose we can go on fishing!"

Wesley Beaver smiled at him, a grimace of flawless teeth and tremulous lips that owed nothing to humor. It was a disturbing, a mocking smile, copied with no understanding of its function—like the wagging of dogs' tails in civilization.

"I'm very sorry," Graves began, and then his apology died before the Indian's remoteness.

A sense of relief crept over him, inglorious but human; there might have been a very bad muss indeed—with a regrettable finale for himself. He was exceedingly glad of the dominating whiteness of Wesley Beaver's blood; it was a resplendent thing—the control, the unselfishness of his race at its best. And, in forgetting himself for Margaret, Beaver had reached the loftiest plane society knew.

He tried to acknowledge this, thank him, but that, as well, failed; and Graves went off into a stumbling promise to make Margaret happy, to justify Beaver's relinquishment. Together with his feeling of relief he was vaguely disturbed by the fact that Margaret hadn't told him of this other commitment; it was at variance with all he had so quickly built up in and round her. But it was the action, he repeated, of the inexplicable woman; or was it the Indian in her? He became seriously annoyed with himself at such an ungenerous thought; and, anyhow, the past was the past, the future was full enough of difficulties to be overcome.

Graves laid his rod beside him in the canoe and, mechanically detaching the feathered hooks, put them away in his tackle box. Beaver as conventionally tapped the dead core from his pipe and refilled it. Then, with the canoe motionless on the motionless water glittering with noon, surrounded by the tranquil green islands and more distant shore, the two men sat and regarded each other. From the lake the loon stuttered his irrational-sounding, mocking cry; a bass leaped, curved with a splashing fall.

"Well," Graves said finally, "we'd better get along, to the village, please. Mrs. Bassett said that we were to bring Margaret back to the camp."

The canoe went in a direct line toward the Ojibway village, and Lynn Graves studied the landing, a weathered boathouse, apparently floating steadily up to them. He was conscious of an intentness, an excitement, almost distressing in its acute bearing on his happiness. The landing was broken, precarious, and buried in weeds; in the boathouse an old Indian in frayed trousers, the inevitable suspenders and a stained and battered felt hat, was pottering about. Already Lynn Graves was possessed by a feeling of disappointment, an air of dejection, of slow unimportant decay, hung over him. There was yet no trace of houses, of a village, and he turned inquiringly to his companion.

He, hauling the canoe up on the draggled shore, without remark strode away from Graves, leaving him to follow over a road of deeply rutted sand, a neglected, sorry way between rank greenery and early-blooming goldenrod. Crows in near-by trees kept up a harsh scolding rattle of sound; and away from the lake a burning heat, a cloud of mosquitoes, enveloped

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their heads. The road twisted, following the easiest course, and a house, a one-story cabin without glassed windows and streaked with faded and blistered paint, appeared. It had a small straggling vegetable patch, a space of rusted and broken wire fence; and at the door three diminutive children, partly white and incredibly dirty, regarded Lynn Graves with drooping mouths. Another dwelling was visible across the way, neater and painted within a year; but its neatness was, if possible, more depressing than the frank squalor opposite—it seemed isolated, incredibly dreary, marked with tragic futility.

It was the latter, more than any other aspect, that oppressed Graves as he entered the center of the village. Hardly more built up than the outskirts, there was a dingy store at a single crossroads, with a meager window of casual supplies, a dreary brick church and a hall on the left, and scattered houses submerged in disorderly bushes, rough grass and trees. The effect of the whole was that of a forgotten and neglected, a deserted, place; there was no evidence of its Ojibway origin; it was commonplace, saturated with the spirit of poverty, infinitely melancholy. There wasn't, he realized with a slight relief, the disorder and unsavory details he had obscurely dreaded meeting—the luxury of the surrounding growth hid practically all else—but the unforeseen atmosphere of nullity, of collapse, assaulted his basic individuality.

Almost no Indians were visible, no sound now broke the somnolence; the church was locked, the hall empty; there were no paths, no place to walk through the hot clogging sand. Beaver continued on to where the road turned again toward the lake. He walked indifferently, heavily, his arms scarcely moving at his sides; the muscles of his back gave his cheap blue cotton shirt a distinction of beauty. He stopped suddenly at a wooden gate opening on some half-wild marigolds and a small house beyond. Margaret Tyler, in white, stood in the doorway.

She was, Lynn Graves could see, radiant at his coming; but she expressed her feeling in a restrained gesture; she appeared almost shy. A species of stiffness, a sense of being at a loss, swept over him; and his greeting was awkward. Her dress, a thin white material, was freshly ironed, and in her hair was the scrap of the red he now associated with her.

"You must come in," she said at once, "and meet my mother."

The interior had obviously been prepared for him, but no clearing or arrangement could conceal the paucity of needs revealed in its inhabitants. He had the feeling, perhaps unjustly, that though knives and forks were displayed on a pine dresser, alone, at meals the Tyler family, except for Margaret, would be little bothered by acquired customs.

His oppression increased to a leaden sense of having by some incredible mistake involved himself in appalling misfortune. He tried with every honest nerve to combat his mental sinking, to fasten his attention on Margaret—Margaret whom he was about to marry; but without success. It wasn't, Graves comprehended, she who affected him so unpleasantly; it was the setting, the terrific children—part Indian and part white, as his must be—he had seen near the landing. Graves was, all at once, overwhelmed by a dazed sensation of having just waked from a stupor, from a spell cast by his drugged flesh. He was furious, horror-stricken, at himself. What, irrevocably, had he done?

Margaret's mother was without salient traits; she was less Ojibway even than her daughter, markedly Irish in features and voice, with a labor-thickened body, dressed—for the occasion—with an effect of lace flounces contradicted by shapeless, extremely common-sense shoes. These, she explained, referring to the undeniable fact that she was weighty on her feet and continually busy in that position, while the men had it easy sitting round in canoes with wealthy gentlemen from Toronto and Pittsburgh.

"Not that I'll ask Margaret," she proceeded ambiguously; "and the other children are married and away."

A voice within Lynn Graves, over which he had no command, whispered imperatively that he must get away, out of this dreary tangle, at once. He was aware of Margaret beside him, waiting intently for him to speak, to say the one appropriate, necessary thing; but he found it impossible to utter a word. His constraint grew to such painful proportions that he almost turned and fled—from the village, from Margaret, from, as much as anything, himself, the Lynn Graves that in the treacherous night had betrayed him. It had been only an infatuation, he realized, precisely of the inexcusable type he had declared his years and superiority free from. He hadn't recognized it; glossed over with his own particular hopes and dreams, the thing had assumed a totally misleading appearance.

He'd have to explain to Margaret—Lord, how he hated that!—but his anxiety to escape was so tyrannous, so absolute, that it made all else relatively unimportant. Standing awkwardly, gazing helplessly about for an inspiration, for the slightest possible suggestion of the baldest excuse, through the open door he saw, with a disagreeable start, Wesley Beaver. An inordinate cloud of smoke was coming from Beaver's hidden pipe as he leaned in an attitude of heavy thought on a gate post. Graves felt that his position was more complicated, more threatening, than he had superficially reckoned.

He wasn't, he asserted again, stiffening his shoulders, afraid of Beaver. Still, the Indian was wholly unaccountable. Yes, his position was devilish precarious. However, he had this for the support of his self-esteem—there should be no lies, no slinking away behind a screen of false assurances; he owed both Margaret and himself that. At that a scintilla of returning confidence brushed him. Graves moved quietly up to Margaret, but before he could speak he saw that she understood all that was passing, whirling, in his mind. She was paler than usual, though as quiet as he; and, indicating that he was to follow, she moved to the little ragged garden outside. There was a flare of anger burning in her high-boned cheeks.

"Why didn't you come here first?" she demanded in a suppressed, resentful cry. "And why did you talk about marriage? The other would have been so much better, because I'd have understood, and left you. I thought you were different, that I had found something wonderful, that . . . Oh, I told everyone here! I was certain about—about so much. I was sure of you, of myself. But I suppose I ought to have known; it was all new, no man had been like that."

She stopped in an effort to recover her composure, at the point of vanishing entirely.

"Why didn't you tell me about Beaver?" he asked with an incredible stupidity.

"What did it matter?" she answered. "He had gone out of my life like a goose in the sky."

A wave of misery swept over her so sharp that she swayed with a lifted chin and shut hands and eyes. Graves was dismayed by her capacity for silent suffering; the situation was not getting clearer but worse and worse. Once, without understanding, he had thought of her as dangerous; and now that quality was revealed to him—it was the elemental character of her being, of all simple women moved to their greatest consciousness. As a man he hardly touched the surface of her illimitable primitive emotion. There was nothing he could do; nothing not offensively trivial, weak, for him to say.

"It was my fault," she added with a gasp; "but you fooled me. If I'd been white, all white, I would have known and waited. The Indian's always paying for his dullness; the others are so much sharper. Really, you might say I ought to thank you. I don't!" she cried in a new accession of feeling. "You've made me seem like an idiot, and they never forget that, they never forgive it, here. Ojibways have some dignity left; they'll laugh at me as long as I live, for I'll never get away now, I haven't enough courage. That's the Indian," Margaret Tyler said profoundly, dully. "I'll be a squaw after all. Why don't you go? What are you waiting for?"

He told her out of his emptiness of resources that something had been said about Beaver's paddling her back to Oak Island. "But you won't want to come."

VIII

LYNN GRAVES' most conspicuous feeling, waiting outside the house for Margaret, was that, everything considered, he had come off very fortunately from a nasty error. He could, he reassured himself, now practically say that he had come off. Wesley Beaver remained, moodily silent, by his post; but he had been so consistently negligible that Graves thought he might well

(Concluded on Page 68)

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(Concluded from Page 66)

continue that attitude to the end. He vigorously hoped so. Analyzed, the Indian had no ground for excessive action or temper; and Margaret, he trusted, would select an appropriate time to inform him of what had happened. That, principally, was that he, Graves, had made an ass of himself. He'd get away from Lake Quamba, from the Ojibway village, as rapidly as possible, return to Eastlake and his aunt's admirable care. Marriage, he added, had grown remote as possible from him; he was decidedly annoyed at all women.

Margaret Tyler appeared and, joining Beaver, the three walked slowly, without speech, back to the landing; where Beaver, rearranging the lazy backs of the canoe, indicated the seat in the middle as Margaret's. He addressed her curtly, in Ojibway, and she made a similar, to Graves, unintelligible reply. The latter had overlooked such a means of communication, and its possibilities made him freshly uneasy. Margaret Tyler and he were seated facing each other, with her back to the man paddling; and that in the insecurity of the canoe might prohibit any discourse between them.

There were, Graves reflected, a number of trains from Peterboro east, one early in the morning, which he might get. Meanwhile a general dissatisfaction with the world at large grew. He specially condemned the Bassetts; yes, and Ettie, with her long cigarette holders and affected manner; Sanford's conceit rose to move him to resentment. The wind had returned and increased, the lake was rough with beginning white water, and Beaver skillfully paused to avoid waves that might have wet them. The motion of the canoe became uneven; it had a decided roll that mounted in discomfort for Graves. He forgot that, however, in Margaret's abrupt, unexpected and revealing speech.

"You'll have to know, Wesley, and I might as well tell you that Mr. Graves and myself are not going to get married."

She said this without turning, her gaze fixed on the hard and brilliantly revealed shore. The canoe stopped for a moment and then moved forward.

"Why?" the Indian demanded after a long wait in which Graves silently damned the woman's stupidity. He was held breathless by his uncertainty about her tone, her purpose in speaking.

"It's hard to explain," she went on, "and yet very easy too. He didn't want to marry an Ojibway; his mind hadn't been made up, while I thought it had. I went too fast. It's very unfortunate, but it can't be helped now."

The stillness which followed her few words was heavier than any Graves had yet experienced. Margaret was obviously through, Beaver was wrapped in a blanket-like reserve and there was nothing he, Lynn Graves, could say. He turned, gazing in the direction of Oak Island, but it was not yet visible; they were still a considerable distance away.

At last Beaver made a short, rough demand, in Ojibway, but the woman failed to answer. He repeated it, without result; and then, in a suppressed anger, spoke in English.

"This man, was there anything ——" He stopped.

"Oh, nothing at all," she finally replied. "That's not it; it's worse, deeper, and can't be helped. Perhaps it was because I was an Indian and perhaps because I wasn't. You know what I mean; we've often talked it over, wanted to be white."

The paddle made a savage pass through the water.

"We were wrong," Beaver explained. "It's ruined us!"

"Perhaps," she echoed.

"Listen to me." The other man made it clear that he was addressing Graves. "You may be all right, and the Indians, alone, are not so bad; but together, your men and our women—it doesn't matter what you did—that's bad. I thought this when Margaret told me. I made up my mind to be 'Jibway. It was very simple, nothing more would have been expected; and then different ideas crawled into my head like soft white maggots. I wanted to be something else; but I told you about that, coming across. Now I say I was wrong." He leaned forward, and Graves could see his mouth knotted like a red string. His breath was labored; he spoke, breaking his natural and habitual taciturnity, with enormous effort. "I tried to be good and noble, as you call it. I'd listened to that kind of talk all my life, but it's wrong talk; for children and women, not for me and our men."

"This is very unfortunate," Graves admitted. "I don't blame you for what you may say or feel, and I have no defenses for myself, none whatever. It was my fault, mine entirely; Margaret has every right ——"

"Keep still about women and let her be still," Beaver directed. "There's too much woman in you and Oak Island; they ought to be whipped for not having their faces private." There, Graves felt, with a ridiculous impulse to mirth, he was one with him. Margaret Tyler spoke, bitterly, in her native idiom; and, in contradiction to Beaver's declarations, his face twisted with pain. The momentum of the canoe stopped as he knelt with relaxed arms, a loosely hanging paddle.

"Muddy water," he said at once aloud and to himself. "Who knows how to go?"

He looked up at the bright blue sky, the solidly shifting white cumulus clouds. A wave, meeting the drifting canoe, thoroughly wet Graves and made a pool along the bottom; and another, larger, followed.

"Get back in the course," Graves said decidedly; "the things are being soaked."

Wesley Beaver studied him, frowning.

"Afraid of a little water." He smiled in his empty and disconcerting manner. "Afraid; and afraid of heat and cold! What would you do here in winter or if the canoe upset?"

"Get along," Graves insisted, "you are talking nonsense; you know better than to handle a paddle like this too."

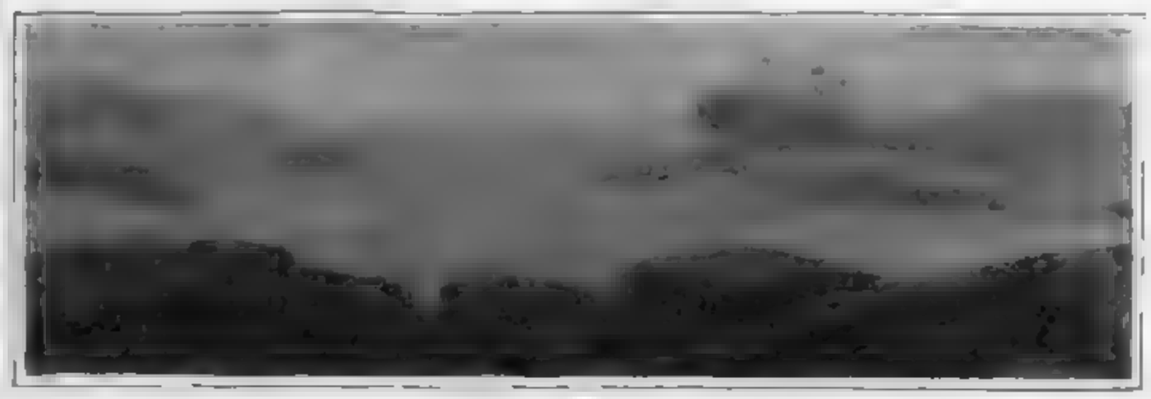
"Yes, I can paddle well enough when I like," Beaver replied slowly; "but if I don't like, what is there for you to say? And I think I don't. It's not much for a man to do all his life; there's nothing here for me. And Margaret Tyler ——"

He stopped and at an instinctive protest, an exclamation, from Lynn Graves, secured his small shining wood ax.

Graves' first impression was that he intended to kill both Margaret and himself. But Beaver did something very different. With an incoherent mutter and a sweep of his arm he sent the ax through the bottom of the canoe.

Graves sat rigid with horror, watching a clear upward spurt of water, caught in trivial amazement at the disappearance of the steel. Then he saw Margaret's face, staring and blanched with fear; Wesley Beaver, with a countenance expressionless as wood, his mouth, at last, composed in a thin line. There was no time for thought; the lake mounted with a swirl; and Graves had a last glimpse of what seemed to him an incredible and terrible dignity, into which vainly he wanted to enter. He sank, but came again to the surface—a hard empty blue plane sweeping, troubled, to the far shore. He hesitated, racked by sick emotions, and then, helpless, swam strongly away.

He was safe, but that was valueless to him; he was nothing better than the green bass he had contemptuously flung back to life, the fish that, unable to distinguish between sham and truth, had struck at the brilliant tied feathers of a scarlet ibis fly, only to find, in the concealed barbed sterility, a mocking at his impotence.



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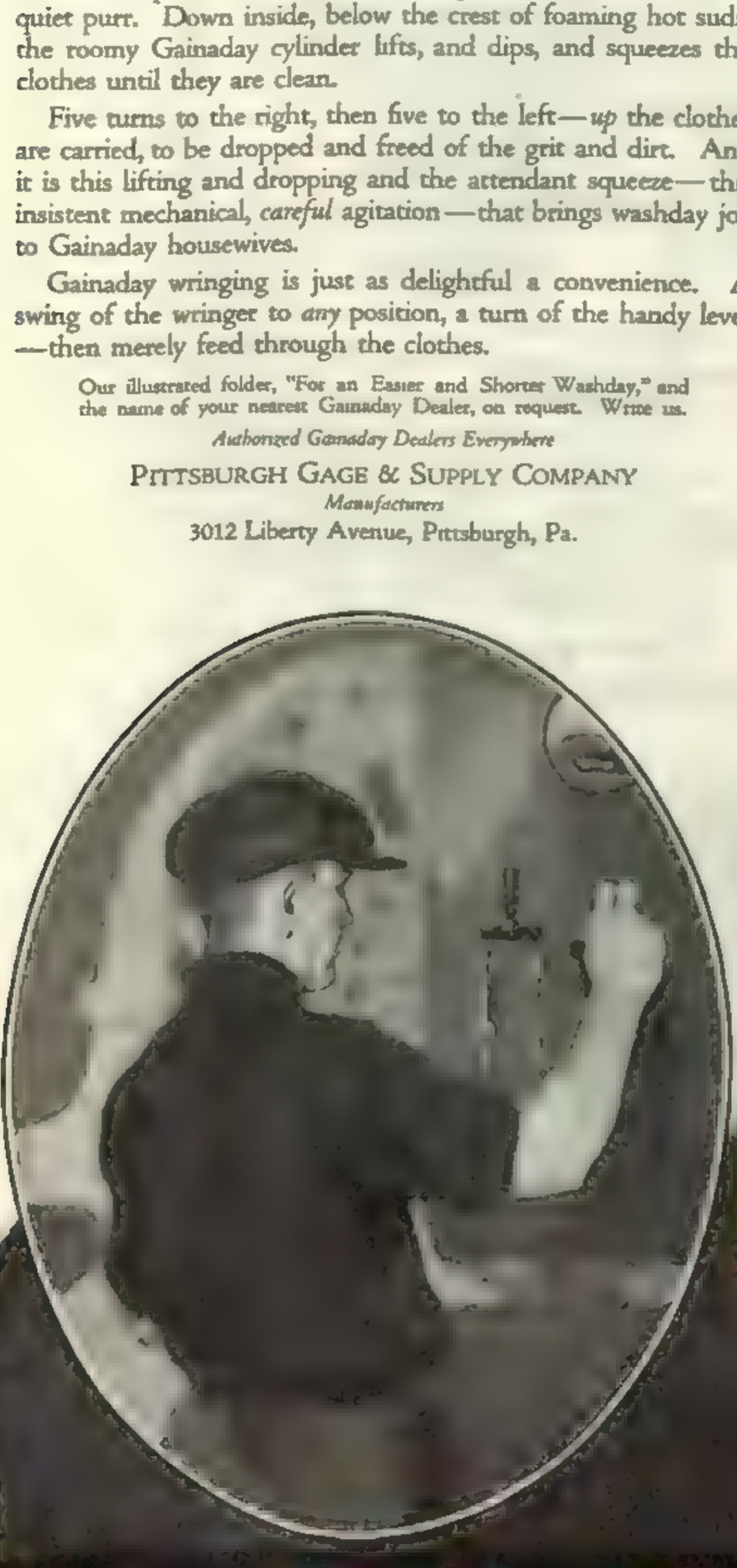

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DECLARE YOURSELF IN

(Continued from Page 4)

of it. You can't give me the name of your representatives in Congress. You don't vote in primary elections. You'd be ashamed to belong to a political club. You don't want anything to do with the heavy work of politics, but as soon as all the heavy work has been done and the hands begin to play you come round and ask, 'Why don't you let me in on this?'"

Let's get away from this low-life while he's saying "Bah!" and before he starts off again.

"Why don't you get into politics and find out why ordinary citizens don't have a say in affairs?" a gray-haired old politician said to me with a gleam in his eye at the San Francisco convention.

"Why, Tammany Hall would be like a house of cards if enough citizens took a notion to overthrow it and followed the rules of the game!" said a distinguished Tammany leader in answer to one of my questions. "Any number of citizens could get together, if they wished, under the rules of the political parties and put themselves in the place of Tammany overnight.

"But," he added, "so few citizens know anything about politics and the political game that when they get mad at Tammany Hall they shout and yell in public and in the newspapers, but they never meet Tammany on the one field on which she can be conquered—the field of practical politics. You might as well play tiddledywinks with the Yale football team and then insist that you were beating them at football."

You and I will not get much satisfaction in our quest until we get back home and begin to study the political game in our own home town.

By this time, I take it, you agree that politics is necessary in our form of party government. If we are going to have voting contests in the selection of our government officials, these contests are bound to be carried on by party rules. The game that is played under these rules is known as politics. I take it for granted that from what you have seen at the conventions you will admit this. Let me make it plainer, though, to be sure: For instance, to explain what I mean by the word "politics," let us imagine that I show you a certain book of rules, which you read.

"What is the name of the game that is played under those rules?" I ask you.

"Baseball," you answer, having discovered that fact from the book.

Another book of certain rules may disclose that the game of football is played by those rules. No game other than football could be played by that book.

Politics, Like Charity, Begins at Home

So the necessary rules that are laid down or that have grown up in the game of choosing candidates under party lines in the United States make the game of politics. It is a game that must be played; it is a system on which the life of our country depends and the form of our Government. Politics is as necessary to a republican form of government as air is to life. So if up to now we have discovered nothing else, we have at least reached the conclusion that politics is not to be scorned or sneered at or put aside as unworthy of our attention. We may have thought in the past that we were sneering at politics, while in truth we were only sneering at the crooked fashion in which it was played or at the crooked players.

Now that we are at home again, after the conventions and after the election, we have a chance to study politics and the political system at first hand in a friendly environment and among folks we know.

One of the first things a citizen who studies politics will discover is that politics begins at home. There is no such thing in all the world as a national politician. Every politician, from the President down through the great national party bosses, is first of all and all the time a local politician. No matter how many other big things his gaze may be fixed upon, first and foremost his eye is upon the folks back home. This does not apply alone to the United States, but to every country that boasts of popular government.

A politician must first win his spurs back home among the folks; they must put their stamp of approval upon him before he can gain further and wider honors. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, must keep his British Empire intact; but also, once every few years, he must go back to Wales, or elsewhere, and seek reëlection to Parliament. The same is true in France and in Italy and probably in the new Germany. It is true in the United States. One of the first axioms of politics is that there is no short cut past the home folks toward the seats of the mighty. Stop a minute to think how often some congressman or senator who has become a national figure, with his name on the first pages of the newspapers in every American city, suddenly drops from public view and is never heard from again, just because his home folks pulled him off the stage.

So we average citizens will be getting at the root of the matter when we begin to study the political game right in our own home town, in our own ward, and indeed in our own precinct.

Our fault is that, as citizens, we want to be national politicians and not precinct politicians. The crux of all our failure to make ourselves felt in the selection of officials and policies is due to this scorn which we have for what we sneeringly call ward politics. But the inevitable fact about the whole business is that the basis of all politics is home politics, the politics of your precinct, your ward, your town and your congressional district.

The Gateway to National Politics

This fact simplifies matters for us tremendously. We do not have to go to the state capitol or to the national capitol at Washington to pursue our investigation. In truth, the right place for us to start is probably within a few blocks of our homes.

Let us take it for granted that in our studies of politics we have come to the conclusion that as good citizens we feel we ought to make ourselves felt in politics. As we go about our investigation let us keep our eyes open for a chance, as ordinary citizens, to horn into the political game and make our voices heard.

We find out right away, as Fact Number One, that politics is more or less organized. It will depend on whether we live in a great city like New York or a lesser town, a village or in the country, what form the organization takes. Sometimes the organization will be highly formal, like a club; in other instances it will be an informal organization, brought together by a community of interests; but in every instance we will discover this extremely important fact: To get into politics, to have your wishes as a citizen carried out, it is necessary to join some party organization. The only way for citizens to get their wishes carried out in politics is to carry them out for themselves. There are those who say that it might be better to start a new organization of citizens. I will try to answer them later in this article.

First, let us consider the organizations in the large cities like New York or Chicago. For convenience' sake, I can take you to the district club of one of the two parties in New York where I am personally acquainted. It is a club in my home district. The other party has a similar club in a near-by street, and in every assembly district in New York you will find at least two clubs of the kind I am about to describe.

Make no mistake, this club is the center of politics in this district; it is the gateway for us to national politics, and the only gateway. The men who belong to this club are citizens of our kind, more or less, who have come to take a lively interest in politics. They are very close to the Government, these men, for the very simple reason that they have helped to make the Government. When they speak or express a wish I discover that they get immediate action. Wise citizens who get into trouble in our district go to them for aid. You will never hear one of these club members declare, as we ordinary citizens often do, that the city or state or national Government is irresponsive. They have no such impression of the Government. In their eyes the Government has raw nerves which they can touch here and there, as need rises, and bring instant reaction.

An evening at the club is full of interest. The room is large and clean as a whistle. It isn't a back-alley club. The lights from its huge second-story windows flood the streets. Banners and trophies and pictures line the walls, and the smooth floor bears traces of wax from the recent weekly dance. Two or three card games are under way here every evening. There isn't any high gambling. A penny a point at hearts is exciting enough for any of the members. There are no dark and mysterious back rooms where secrets are under way or where political crimes are planned. Sit here long enough and you can solve the whole mystery of how politics is conducted in this city.

There is all the atmosphere of a club here. In saunters a man leading a small black dog on a leash. He has just taken the family pet out for an evening airing and drops in to see what's going on. He says hello to several men, watches a card game for a time and then goes out. Two or three young men members breeze in, sit down at a table and ask for a hearts deck. Then they chat and wait for somebody else to come in to make up a game.

Fifty or sixty men spend their evenings here in this club. They pay their dues like members of any other club, and they take their comfort and their pleasure here.

When I first dropped into this club I made no bones about the fact that I was only an ordinary citizen who had moved into the district and who had taken a notion that he wanted to take a look at politics. I was astonished at the welcome I received. It bore out every statement that had been made to me by the big politicians at the conventions that any citizen could get into politics any time he wanted to take the trouble to do so.

"Fine!" said the executive secretary, who was out in the main room leaning against the piano. "You're just in time to get in on Monday night's talk."

"What is it?" I asked

"Why Judge So-and-So," mentioning a member of the high bench, "is coming to give us a lecture on court affairs. It'll be great, and you ought to hear it."

"But I'm not a member yet," I said.

"Just write your name down on this piece of paper and I'll put it on the files. Then you'll get a card that'll fix you up all right."

Then he explained to me that once a week during the winter the club listens to addresses on government and politics by leading city, state or national officials.

And I, a stranger, a citizen who had admitted that he knew little of politics but wanted to see how the wheels went round, saw my name deposited in its proper place in the membership cabinet. The formality of joining the club remained to be gone through with, but when I left that first evening I was invited to come round any time I desired—to drop in every evening.

A Poor Man's Club

Now you and I know that there is more behind this club than appears on the surface. There are at least fifty such clubs in the city, of one party or the other, and half of them, when their party is in power, sway an influence that is mightier than any other influence in this city. This club, with its attractions of card tables and dances and lectures, is part of the political organization that always remains in existence and that always plays politics while we ordinary citizens are going about our other affairs.

Other clubs in New York City have various purposes and aims, including relaxation and pleasure and comfort and sociability. This club and its like has all these, and besides a more important aim and more real power than any other club in the great city. Its mighty aim is to help select the members of our Government. If the fittings and the surroundings of this club suited its aim it ought to be one of the largest, the richest, the most luxuriously furnished clubs in the metropolis. Hundreds of citizens ought to be clamoring for admission. And yet you can see from my description that in every sense of the word it is a poor man's club. For some mysterious, inexplicable reason the average citizens in my community do not express any desire to join it, but on the contrary look down upon it with scorn and express surprise that I am interested in its doings.

You will not hear any of the members of this club complain, as we do, that they did not have a voice in the selection of a presidential candidate. The citizens who belong to this club did have a voice. They are

(Continued on Page 73)

Elected!

MORE than seven million people have elected the Parker Fountain Pen as their writing instrument.

You may be sure that an article has real merit when it sells consistently to so many people.

The "Safety-Sealed" self-filling device, the "Lucky Curve", the "Parker Clip" and other features will make this pen your closest friend.

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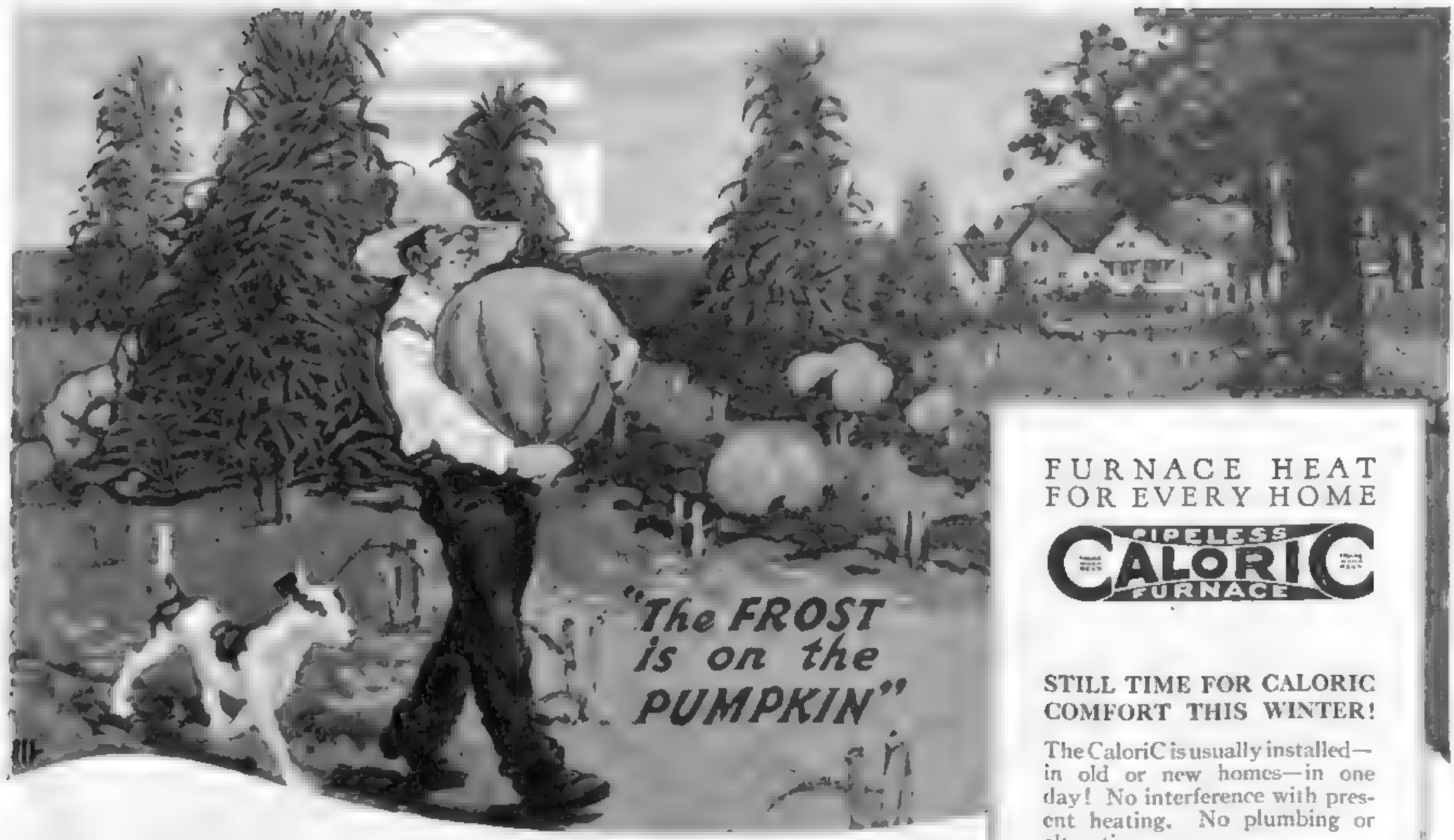

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Gives you summer warmth (70 degrees guaranteed) in every room in coldest weather—cuts fuel bills ⅓ to ½.

The scientific heating achievement of the age. Uniform, healthful heat in every room—electric-like convenience—clean rooms—drudgery banished!

The CaloriC heats buildings in the same way that the sun heats the earth—by natural circulation of air. This principle is scientific and fundamental—the highest possible heating efficiency—the surest and quickest in uniform distribution of heat. For winter comfort—health protection—fuel saving—get your CaloriC NOW!

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THE ORIGINAL PIPELESS FURNACE TRIPLE-CASING PATENT

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Over 100,000 CaloriC users — many in every state—in almost every neighborhood.

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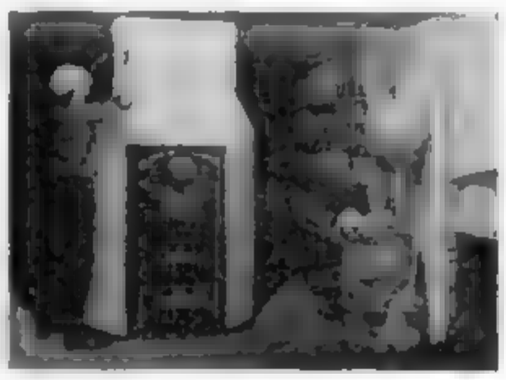
The Monitor Stove Company
The Monitor Family
101 Years in Business Cincinnati, Ohio



The CaloriC is easily installed

(Continued from Page 71)

in the game of politics by the rules of which presidential candidates are chosen, and they had a chance to have their say. Some of them lost, it is true, but even the losers have the satisfaction of knowing that their minority voices were heard.

Politics will never be any higher in quality than the average membership of such political organizations as this. I have a conviction, which I am sure you will share after you have come thus far in the investigation with me, that if we want to make politics a cleaner, better game in our districts, and therefore in our state and our country, the way to do so is to work not outside but inside the political field.

Suppose you and I were to take one hundred and fifty influential citizens to this club some evening and declare ourselves in. We would astonish the officers of the club and the other members beyond measure. Perhaps, though I doubt if this would be the case, some of the gentlemen might be inclined to deny membership to us.

In that situation we would have only to say: "All right, we'll go away and form another district club of the party and fight it out with you. We are citizens of influence, and we think we can get more votes together than you can. We've kept quiet while your club has handled the primary elections in this district, but we're going to stir up the people at the next primary election and put our own men on the ticket."

Anyone who knows anything of politics knows that a threat like this would bring the club to time. That was exactly what the politician meant when he told me that Tammany Hall would prove to be a house of cards if the citizens ever attacked it at its own game.

With one hundred and fifty citizens in this club, working at politics as energetically as these politicians do—indeed, to put it simply, if these one hundred and fifty citizens became politicians in the better sense of the word, with higher aims than have been previously common in politics, our assembly district in New York City would begin to make itself felt in city, county, state and even national politics.

We could put real citizens on the tickets, citizens like ourselves, who have the welfare of citizens at heart. The primary election system, which exists in most states in one form or another, makes this possible. In our state we would have simply to circulate a petition to be signed by voters requesting that the name of our neighbor, John Smith, be put on the Democratic or the Republican ballot, as the case might be, for the office of sheriff or senator or judge. This petition we would send to the secretary of state, and automatically John Smith's name would go on the ballot, whether the old-time politicians liked it or not. And if by playing politics twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days a year, like our fellow club members do, we could stir up enough votes to elect Mr. Smith, he would go into office in triumph.

How to Get In

As we investigate the political system we discover that it is one of the most open games ever devised. Any man can go into it who chooses, and if he has brains enough to command the respect of men anywhere he will soon find himself astonished at the influence he is able to wield.

In the course of my inquiry I have come across more than one esteemed politician who has said openly: "Why, politics is the easiest and openest game you ever saw! Anybody with a little brain can play it. There are a lot of bums in it who get along finely just because more intelligent men don't want to get into it."

So much for the large town, with its large political clubs, like New York and Chicago. For the smaller cities, more or less, the same method of organization is carried out. There may not be a club for each ward or precinct or district, but there will be at least one city club operated by each party, in which citizens may seek membership. I agree that though these clubs might admit to membership a restricted number of citizens, they might also hesitate at admitting a sufficient number of newcomers to take away from them their majority control. But by the same token such a number of citizens, knocking at a clubhouse door, would terrify into acquiescence the political leaders of any district in the United States. The time and the place to scare an old-time politician is not in public meetings or in public print just at election time, for his work has all been done by that time, and the result, one way or another, practically cinched. The time and place to give him the scare of his life is in his political organization, while candidates are being selected and plans are being laid. But citizens never knock at his door then: such scares come as often as century flowers.

In the still smaller towns—say, the ten-thousand-population towns—political affairs are usually in the hands of two lawyers. If you live in such a town consider whether this is not the fact. One of these lawyers is a Republican; the other is a Democrat. They, by common consent of the community, are considered the respective representatives of their parties. They are in touch with unknown, far-away leaders, and no one in the community pays much attention to their doings until along about election time.

Political affairs seem to move very informally in such a community, but they do move, and just as surely and effectively as in the great cities with their political clubs. These two lawyers are as much part of the political machinery of their party as are the clubs, and they are always playing politics, while the rest of the community goes about its other affairs.

Small-Town Bosses

In one little town like this with which I am familiar, a lawyer-politician, a druggist, a doctor and two or three merchants gathered behind the counter of the drug store one day before the county convention and held a meeting to select a delegate.

"You run up to the convention and represent us, Bill," said the lawyer to one of the merchants.

"I just plumb can't go this time," answered Bill. "I've got to tend to business. Why can't Jim go for once?"

"I can't get away," said the doctor. "I've got three maternity cases hanging fire and it wouldn't be safe."

And so they talked about who could or could not get away, until finally the druggist said: "All right, I'll run up. The missus wants a trip to the city anyhow, and a little vacation won't hurt me either."

"That's a good fellow," they said. "When you get up there just see how things are going and head in with the push."

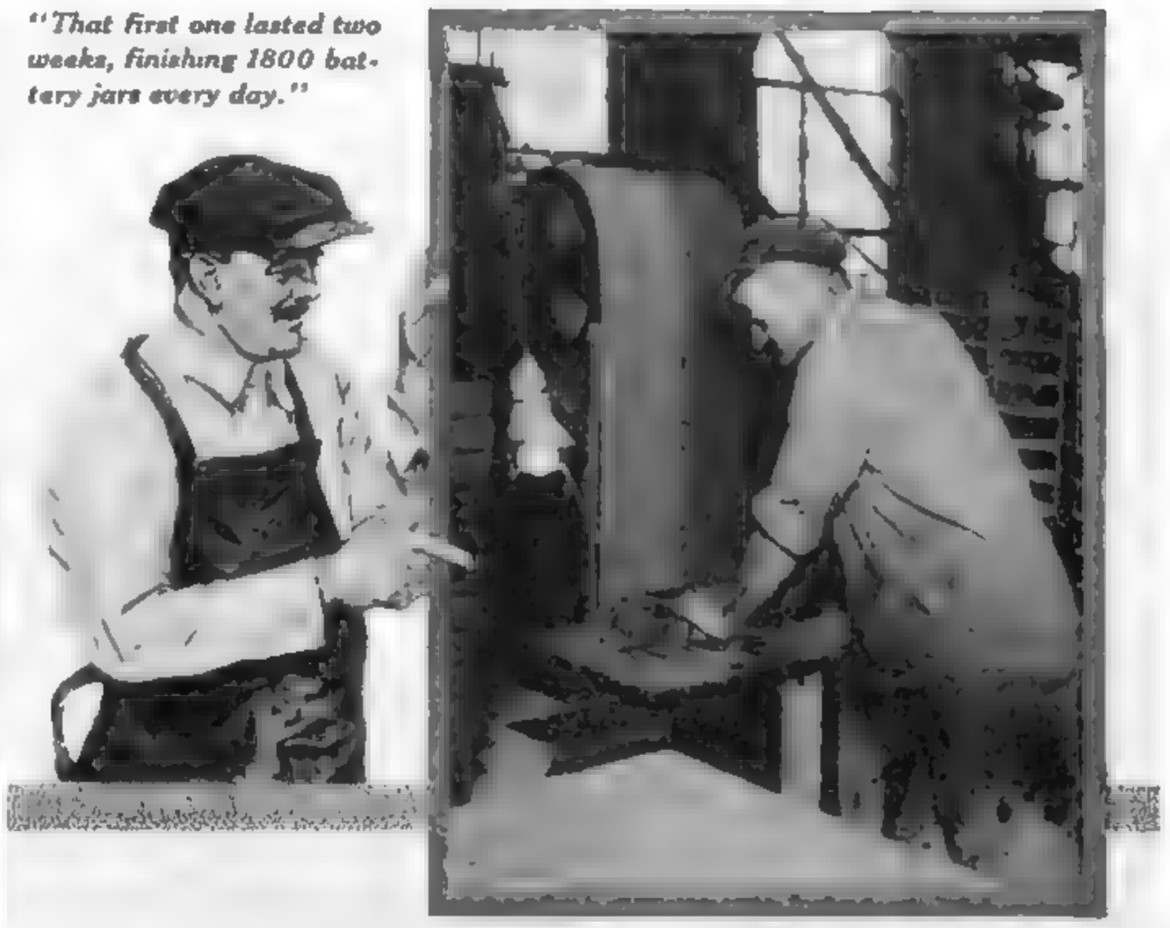
"Sure!" said the druggist.

And at the county convention, duly equipped with credentials provided by the lawyer, who was district chairman, he helped to choose a delegate to the national convention who selected one of the two candidates for whom the citizens of that town have just cast their votes.

Any dozen citizens in that little town that morning could have outvoted that little group of men in the drug store. As a matter of fact, most of the men in that little group, with the exception perhaps of the lawyer, who makes politics a business, were merely doing the work of selecting a delegate for the simple reason that no other citizens displayed any interest whatever in the event. Here, indeed, was a community duty that had to be carried out, and these men, handicapped beyond a doubt by the influence of the lawyer, who is in politics for business, did their best under the circumstances, playing the game as they found it. Any dozen citizens, as I have said, walking into the drug store that day could have made that lawyer look sick. His little one-man political organization would have been as much a house of cards as Tammany Hall itself if a group of citizens had chosen to attack it.

In this town, it is true, citizens inveigh against both the political lawyers. At the country club and in social organizations and in business houses they are sneeringly called politicians, and often in the opposition local press one or the other is vigorously attacked as an incubus on the community, but to such criticism and attacks the lawyer politicians, who by the way are the best of friends and often plot and plan together, give only the response of a pleasant smile. The citizens are shooting at them from a tangent; shooting at them with arrows that fly in front of their citadel but never hit it; and, withal, shooting too late. The place and time to have hit the lawyer, I have already described, was behind that drug-store counter when he was selecting a delegate to the county convention. And until some group of citizens does hit him on such an occasion he will continue to claim that he represents the people of his

"That first one lasted two weeks, finishing 1800 battery jars every day."



The Nick o' Time

(The Purchasing Agent's Story)

"Talk about the nick o' time!" said Mr. Gummere, Purchasing Agent of the Luzerne Rubber Company, of Trenton, N. J. "It's something less than a second—but you remember it all your life.

"Bill Smith," he went on, "is the operator on our big Peerless surfacing machine. He's an old hand at finishing—keen on his work. Well, sir, you should have seen Bill's face when he came into my office one noon two or three months ago. He'd had trouble with his abrasive belts—lots of trouble. Seems they were going bad on him, wearing out after only two or three days' use.

"'One make's just as bad as the other lately,' Bill growled. 'For the love of Mike, Mr. Gummere, can't you get me *some* make of belt that'll stand up to the work? I'm a good workman and I want good tools.' And then he walked out of the office, still steaming.

"Then came the 'nick.' I'd hardly turned to my list of abrasive manufacturers when in came the office-boy with the card of a salesman for Manning Abrasive Company. I had him come right in and nearly fell on his neck. Before he could start talking, I'd given him an order. And the best of it was that Bill Smith was tickled pink with the goods.

"Old Father Time made up that salesman's itinerary."

(The Salesman's Story)

". . . . . and I'd hardly sent in my card before they pushed me in after it. Gummere, the Purchasing Agent, gave me an order without shaking hands—before I could even tell him about our line."

(The Operator's Story)

". . . . . so I went in to see Mr. Gummere, our Purchasing Agent. I was sore about the abrasive belts he'd been buying, and I guess I let him know it.

"'Twasn't more than four or five days after that when out he comes in the shop and hands me a belt marked Manning Speed-grits, Durite 16. 'There's a make we've never tried before, Bill,' says he; 'see how that goes and let me know.'

"So I put that Speed-grits belt on the old Peerless. Say, there's a *belt* for you! No two- or three-day runs with that belt. That first one lasted two weeks, finishing 1800 battery jars every day. And after that run, it's still good for light work.

"Speed-grits different from the other belts? Ask me—I know."

Good workmen know the difference.

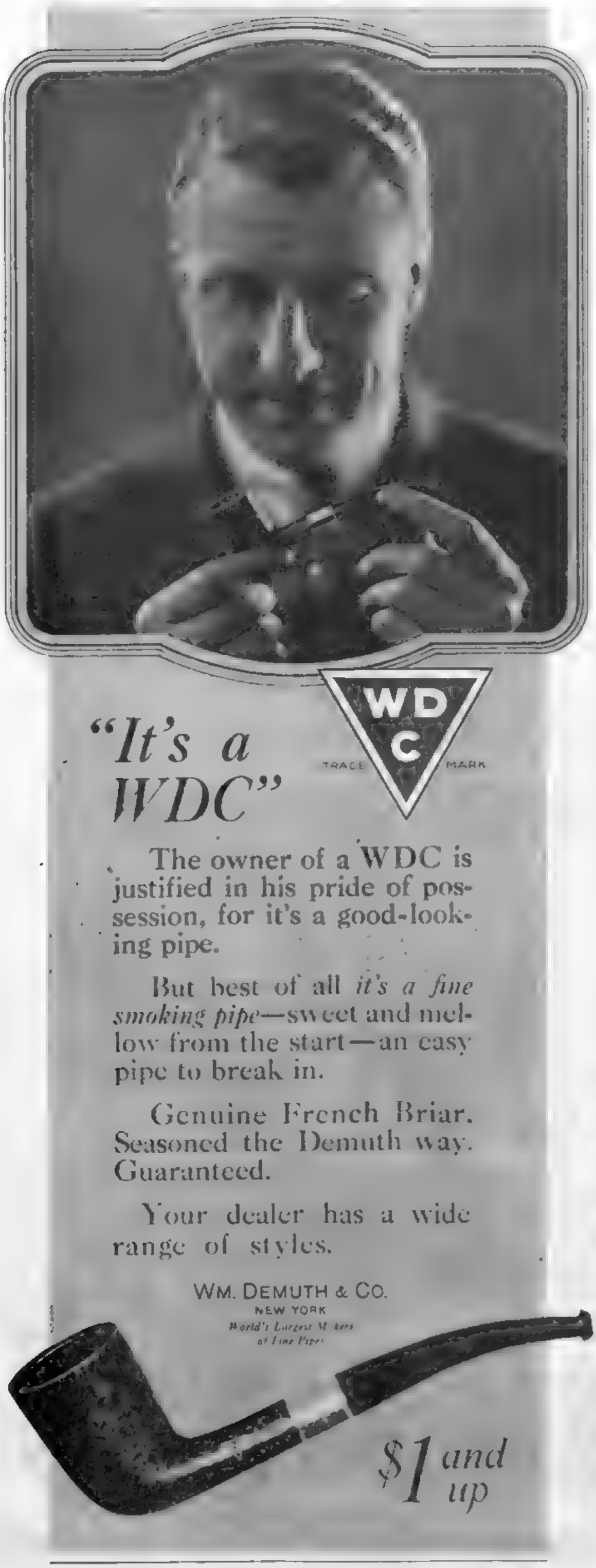
Manning Speed-grits

Look for this trade-mark on the back of every belt, sheet or disc.

Write today for "The Difference Book." Address Manning Abrasive Co., Inc., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

Manning Speed-grits
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say sandpaper—say Speed-grits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district and will continue actually to be a power, much to his own financial advantage and often to the discomfort of the citizens, in the selection of government officials who have actual control over the destiny of America. If you can discover that anyone in that small town is to blame for the condition of affairs besides the citizens who do most of the complaining you have caught a different slant from mine in our study of political affairs.

By this time you and I, who have grown wise as we have worked our way down to bed rock in this search for political truth, will probably begin to marvel at the ignorance of our fellow citizens in regard to political organizations. We discover that about all that most of us know about political events is centered in election day; election day is the only political occasion that attracts our interest. And yet, as we have also discovered, election day is in one manner of speaking the least important occasion on the whole political calendar. On that day two sets of prospective governmental plans are laid before us, together with the names of men who will try to carry out these plans, and we decide which set of plans and men we like best. But in the forming of these plans and in the selection of the men to carry them out we have had practically nothing to say.

The fact of the matter is, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in it, we have in this country two great political organizations with ramifications that extend to every corner of the land and touch every citizen. These organizations are as definite in their aims and as businesslike as any great steel or oil company. They have their boards of directors and their presidents and vice presidents and their board meetings and their declarations of dividends—of a sort—just like any great business organization. They deal in government and its by-products. Fundamentally there is nothing wrong in this plan. Such organizations must exist in a land which is governed under the party system, as a republic must be. When the plan seems to work badly it is at a time when inefficient or wrong-minded men have gained control of the board of directors, and using proxies which you and I have never given them, work injustice on us and on our lives and homes.

Knock and Walk In

But there is this difference between the great business organization and this far-reaching political organization: Under laws which our fathers provided and which we ourselves have improved upon, the political organization is not a closed organization. Any adult citizen of either sex in the United States can join it and can immediately wield an influence within its councils that will tend to produce immediate results. In some cases it may require a threatening gesture to get in, but the roaring voices of a few citizens shouting at the doorway of any local political organization, "We declare ourselves in on this," would be open sesame.

Has it occurred to you, as we went through our investigation, that in years past irate citizens who have been furiously driven to try to protect themselves against politicians and their doings have made the mistake of trying to work from outside instead of inside the political organization?

How many citizens' tickets have we seen fail at the polls? How many fusion movements that were really not fusions at all but only the combined clamor of a few outraged citizens, working without the walls of the political citadels, have we seen go up in smoke? The difficulty with most of these outside movements is that it is practically impossible to build up as great and efficient a political organization as already exists. If we consider the two great political organizations of the country as machines, manufactured to do a certain sort of work, we will come near to the truth. If we don't like the set of men who are running these machines we have only to declare ourselves in and take charge of the machinery ourselves. What's the use of trying to build another machine? To the mind of any American who looks over the political game as we have, I think that the desirability of using the present efficient machines is plain

Run it Yourself

There may be readers of this article who will say, "We can't declare ourselves in They won't let us in."

They won't, huh?

On the great window of my club in New York are painted the names of the club's officials. Last spring a painter came and added the name of a clever little woman in our community. She's only one of twenty or more women who have actually pried their way into power in the club.

The women are declaring themselves in; they are finding the way into the heart of the political citadel.

They are pounding at the doors of the political organizations in many parts of the United States.

I lay it down cold that any citizen can declare himself in in politics any time he gets up the spunk to do so.

And since I have investigated our political system and seen its possibilities, the clamoring voices of citizens on the street corners and in the clubs and in the newspapers demanding deliverance from politicians leaves me more or less cold.

It isn't hard to run the politics of the United States. We have a splendid system at hand. Any bunch of men, the Odd Fellows, the Eagles, the Elks, the Woodmen of the World, the Masons, could flop out of their own country-wide organization into one of the two country-wide political organizations and run them better and more honestly than they are being run to-day. All they would have to do would be to forget that they were Odd Fellows or Masons and consider themselves citizens in politics with the interests of citizens at heart, and they could bring a change overnight in the affairs of this land of ours.

It seems to me, after looking things over, that you and I, as a committee of two citizens who have gained some insight into the political game, can safely make this report to our fellow citizens:

"If you don't like the way politics is run in these United States declare yourself in on it in your own home town, and take a hand at running it yourself—and until you've tried this, don't yelp."

Moonlight on the Hawaiian Shore

"That's the way to buy heat *-by the roomful!"*

YES, the "roomful" is the practical way to measure heat. It does not matter how much fuel is bought, nor how much heat is produced, unless you get the full benefit of it *in the room where you want it.* Sometimes you want a bathroomful, and again a denful. The Perfection Oil Heater is the prompt and direct way to get it. The Perfection produces the heat on the spot.

If You Could Build Your House Over Again

You would change a good many of the radiators and registers around, wouldn't you? Why not put a Perfection Heater near the window where the radiator *ought* to be? Fresh air is necessary to health, and the ordinary window sash lets in a good deal of it. But a comfortable degree of heat is also necessary. By using the Perfection Heater in this way you get both. It throws out a clean, intense heat and continues to throw it out for about ten hours on a single gallon of kerosene oil.

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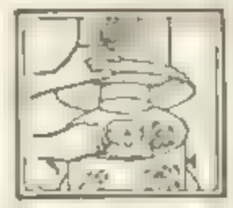
The warm, cheerful glow of the Perfection Heater makes it a favorite in many homes that have no open fireplaces. On Christmas morning the Perfection is usually the first gift put into actual use. It weighs only a few pounds and can be carried from room to room. It will heat shaving water or dry clothes indoors. It is the most economical and satisfactory way to get heat when and where you need it.



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To everyone except a Blue Bird owner, it seems unbelievable that Blue Bird can do all the shirts and heavy flat work, as well as the regular weekly washing, in a few easy wash-hours.

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For she has discovered that bed linen, table linen, articles of wearing apparel, everything in fact, lasts many times longer when washed in the oscillating copper tub of Blue Bird.

When you have seen this tub, smooth as a washboiler inside, you will realize why both fine lace center pieces and heavy work shirts are washed in it with equal safety; when you have examined the rigid frame, the swinging steel wringer, and the simple mechanism you will understand why Blue Bird service is so satisfactory and lasting.

But to really appreciate Blue Bird and its many superiorities, you must see it at work. Ask your dealer to demonstrate it to you, and write to us for the beautiful Blue Bird Book.

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Dayton, Ohio

Blue Bird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

THE ADVENTURE OF A READY LETTER WRITER

(Continued from Page 19)

of himself as enduring all the pangs of the misadventure, and told himself stoically that it was good enough for him. And then at last on the day before the purple gents' silk sock sale he got a six-month-old letter from Anna May—a letter that had knocked about the various ports of France, tarried a while in the forestry area, been exhibited for weeks as a curiosity by the postmaster at Dax; that had returned finally to its native land, visited Washington, and that had been pushed eventually under the door of the Bronx apartment.

It was rather a piteous little letter. It begged Bobby to say why he had stopped writing. If he had fallen in battle he was to let Anna May know at once. If he was sick in the hospital she would send him some jelly. If he had fallen in love with one of the mademoiselles he wasn't to be afraid to let Anna May know about it. She had heard how pretty they were, and she quite understood, and would be glad to meet them both when they came back to the United States. But she felt that she simply must know what had become of Bobby.

"I've got to see her and let her know the straight of it," he told himself inexorably. "The poor kid! Worrying about me all this while, and with her clothes all made for the wedding!"

Here he had glared at the purple gents, and had clenched his fists in futile agony.

"Gosh, but I'd rather be shot than do it," he had groaned. "The way she'll look when I tell her that I'm her big hero! The things she'll say! All the same, I've got to see it through. I'll do it this evening and get it over."

The evening had come with the fatal speed of the appointed time of the condemned. Bobby traversed the square that held Flatbush Avenue nine times, his gait faintly reminiscent of a track runner out for gentle morning exercise. As he went he seemed to look neither to the right nor to the left, yet long afterward he could have told the color and the facial peculiarities of most of the houses on that square. By the third lap of his race he had decided that the one where Anna May lived was a boarding house of the more forlorn order. When, on the tenth trip, he turned in at its entrance with the air of having remembered suddenly that he had meant to call, the down-at-heels little maid who answered his ring confirmed him instantly in his suspicion.

For the moment Bobby Jenks felt that it was quite impossible to go through with his errand. He tried to think of something casual to say that would account for his presence there at the door. He might ask whether this was 3333 Locust Street, or inquire if Miss Cornelia Slipshoddy lived there, or ——

"Well?" snapped the shabby little maid. "Just testin' the bells in this neighborhood—or what?"

"Miss Jackson at home?" asked Bobby Jenks in spite of himself.

"Eatin' supper—who'll I say?" the little maid asked economically in one breath.

And then Bobby Jenks had his great inspiration. Instantly, all in a flash, as perhaps the conception of electricity came to Franklin and the idea of the Inferno to Dante, his wonderful plan sprang into being. He saw the full possibilities of the glorious way by which he could save his own face and Anna May's feelings.

"Wait till she's through, and then say that it is a friend of Private Jenks," he directed huskily.

For a bottomless interval he sat very straight and still upon a deceptively comfortable-looking settee, staring hard at two companion pictures, Summer and Winter, procured by the landlady in the good days of trading stamps. The artist had painted the names in carefully in order that there might be no mistake, yet Bobby could not have passed an examination on which was which. His whole being was focused quiveringly upon that moment when the clatter of knives, forks and boarding-house conversation should end. It was still going on reassuringly loud when there was a shy little cough at his elbow.

"You asked for me?" inquired a laughing little voice.

For a moment Bobby remained glued to his settee, still steeped in the earnest contemplation of art. He waited for the deadly bump, as those do who fall in dreams. When nothing happened he stumbled to his feet and brought his eyes slowly to the little figure in the doorway. His first thought was the resentful realization that the snapshot hadn't done Anna May justice. The picture had failed to show the red lights in her soft, dark hair and the childlike curve of her cheek. It hadn't begun to give an idea of the innocence of her questioning eyes.

"You didn't finish your dinner," accused Bobby.

He felt a sudden overwhelming need of a few more moments of respite.

"It was tapioca pudding to-night," explained Anna May briefly. "Minnie—she didn't tell me what your name is."

Tremblingly Bobby tried out the inspiration.

"It's Chester Johnson," he announced belligerently.

He had always liked the name of Chester, but he felt that he might have done better in the matter of a surname had he been given more time. He waited a moment for Anna May to contradict him, but she was still smiling inquiringly.

"I was Bobby Jenks' best friend," he hurled the bolt.

"Were you?" began Anna May, smiling and blushing. "Then maybe you can tell me why it's been so long since he has writ——"

Her voice dwindled and died. The warm tide of color in her cheeks ebbed, leaving her face very small and white. Her eyes darkened and clung to his.

"Was?" repeated Anna May.

Bobby saw that it was going to be harder to do than he had feared.

"You'd better sit down," he urged her gently.

Anna May paid no heed. Her eyes still held his unwilling ones, and her face seemed momentarily to grow smaller and whiter. The whimsical fear came to Bobby Jenks that in a moment it would fade away altogether.

"When did he die?" she asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"It was up there in the Oregon woods," explained Bobby, regarding her anxiously. "If you'd sit down ——"

"You are sure?" demanded Anna May. "You—you saw him fall?"

"I was with him when he died," mumbled Bobby, hating himself anew. "He—he asked me to tell you that he was thinking of you at the last."

Suddenly Anna May put her arm up and hid her face in it. She was a very little girl, and in that attitude she looked like a child as she stood there—a child whose heart is broken. Bobby Jenks dropped his eyes and wished for the first time that he were back in the mess kitchen in France.

"Oh, I knew, I knew it couldn't come true!" sobbed Anna May.

"He—he was the only person I ever had that belonged to me. Other folks have fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and everything, but I had only him, and I'd never even seen him! And now there's no one again!"

"Don't!" begged Bobby futilely. In that moment he felt that if he had it to do over again he would have braved Anna May's contempt rather than this heart-rending grief of hers. Suddenly she tried to smile at him.

"I oughtn't to treat you like this," she rebuked herself, "when it was so good of you to come and tell me, and all. But maybe you didn't know, Mr. Johnson—I was going to marry him."

"Yes, I knew," said Bobby briefly.

"And now he's dead," went on Anna May's soft little monotone. "I've been waiting and waiting, but there isn't anything to wait for now. He's dead."

"Come out with me and get a little air," Bobby Jenks surprised himself by suggesting.

"Oh, I couldn't!" shrank Anna May.

There came the scrape of chairs against the floor in the dining room, and the nearing blur of voices. The tapioca pudding was finished. Anna May's brief moment of boarding-house solitude in her grief was over.

"They're coming," warned Bobby.

"Oh, I don't want to see them!" wailed Anna May, beginning to cry again. "They all know about it! They've given me things for my trousseau, and everything! They'll be so sorry, and they'll tell me so! I can't bear to have them sorry for me to-night. Let's go out-of-doors, Mr. Johnson, the way you said, and you can tell me all about Bobby. I want to know every little thing."

"This is where you get yours, son," said Bobby to himself. "Oui, oui! As the Americans would say, yes!"

But he squared his shoulders, clenched his fists and started in to tell her every little thing on a quiet bench in the small, secure park. He built up for Anna May again the world of trenches and shots and spies and daring prisoners that he had opened previously for her in his letters. That part of it was easy, of course, though once when a park policeman paused and eyed them quizzically Bobby's pulse quickened a trifle. The really difficult part was piling up adjectives in praise of her hero, as Anna May forced him to do. In spite of the contrary evidence of his letters, Bobby Jenks was a modest youth. His appearance and general circumstances had never been such as to foster in him an egotistical habit of mind. His ears tingled as he went on telling Anna May how wonderful he had been before his untimely death. At last he revolted.

"Don't take it so hard!" he urged Anna May, who was sobbing softly once more. "Maybe you wouldn't have liked him as much as you think."

"Why, I don't think you ought to talk like that!" she quavered indignantly. "I thought you were a friend of his!"

"I am," floundered Bobby helplessly. "But you never saw him, did you?"

"No, but I know just what he was like from his letters," insisted Anna May. "Don't you dare hint anything against him! Oh, they were the grandest letters, Mr. Johnson!"

A surge of pride went over Bobby Jenks, succeeded by a quick flush of hope. Maybe after all—he turned to Anna May with what must have seemed unpardonable curiosity had she been less preoccupied by her grief.

"What was it that you liked about Jenks, anyhow?" he demanded. "Was it just the letters? Or because he was from the West, maybe? Or the way he looked? Or what?"

"It was him," explained Anna May succinctly. "I was glad he lived on a ranch, though, Mr. Johnson. And I know just how he looked from the way he wrote, though he never would send me his picture. He said the censor wouldn't allow it. But I know how he looked."

"How?" asked Bobby Jenks dully.

"He was awful big, of course, and good-looking," dreamed Anna May. "An awfully husky guy. And he had a lot of chin. And was tanned—you'd know, just to look at him, that he'd been out-of-doors a lot. And he had nice eyes—blue, I think. Isn't that about right, Mr. Johnson?"

"Oh, yes, that's about right!" agreed Bobby Jenks listlessly.

Suddenly his whole being was consumed with jealousy, and the emotion was alleviated in no degree because the man of whom he was jealous happened to be himself. He knew that the dream Jenks whom he had created was a deadlier rival than any living man could have been.

"Maybe I'd better take you in now," he said hopelessly. "I'll come round to-morrow evening and take you for another little walk," he added in answer to the appeal in Anna May's eyes. "It'll do you good, maybe, to have someone to talk to about him."

"Oh, I'm sure it will!" agreed Anna May, tearfully grateful. "It's awful good of you. But then, of course, you like to talk about him, too, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed Bobby in an odd tone. "Naturally I like to talk about him!"

"He was the most modest thing!" sighed Anna May. "I don't feel that I have half heard about him, even with all you have said. You must tell me more next time, Mr. Johnson."

That was the beginning of a long interval during which the erring letter writer lived a new species of double life. Daytimes he was Bobby Jenks, imperiling his job at the Fourteenth Street Emporium a dozen times between every nine o'clock and five, recklessly mixing sizes, newly color blind, indifferent to the plaints of customers, often rude to Shirts and Neckties, always abstracted. Evenings he became Chester Johnson, that loyal friend, who lived only

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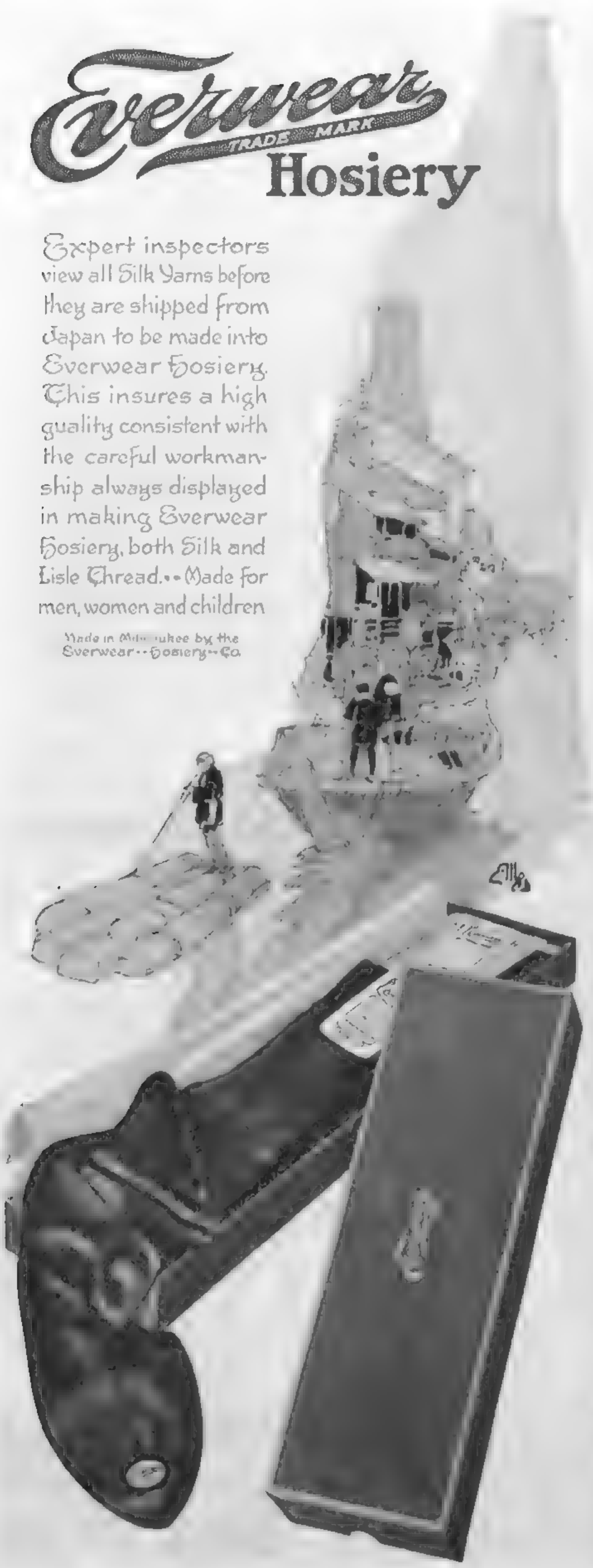

to build up a fitting monument of words to a departed pal. If now and then he paused wearily, Anna May's beseeching look prodded him to new endeavor. He could never even think of one of those evenings during which he tried so hard and so entirely without success to console Anna May for the loss of himself without a certain wry twist of mouth.

"I'm getting mine," he told himself, and returned anew to the hopeless task.

Sometimes they sat on the bench and talked; sometimes they walked in the little park and talked; sometimes on chilly evenings they visited a movie palace and talked straight through the picture. Anna May had been rather aghast at the notion of this when he suggested it first, but Bobby succeeded in convincing her that they were using the festive place not at all for entertainment, but merely as a comfortable spot for reminiscences. No matter where they were or what they did, they talked of Bobby Jenks. Over and over Anna May demanded the story of his great deeds in France.

"She might ask about me too, sometimes," the narrator would reflect, illogically aggrieved. But she never did.

Bobby Jenks, the dead hero, the unconquerable rival, came to loom more and more in the mind of Bobby Jenks, the living clerk, as a malignant personality. He had difficulty at times in convincing himself that the other had never really lived. He hated him as he had never hated a human being.

Often he grew so tired of the sound of the very name of Bobby Jenks that he told himself that he would hurl the whole truth out at Anna May, but he could not bring himself to the point of killing the growing friendliness in her pretty eyes.

Sometimes he felt that he must adopt the simple expedient of staying away altogether from the Flatbush Avenue boarding house, but the thought of Anna May, so in need of comforting, drew him back again. Sackcloth and ashes, never a comfortable garb, are all the more mortifying to the flesh when worn entirely in secret, but he wore them unremittingly. He was tortured by the thought that if he had written the truth in that first letter, if he had told her that he had got her blouse by mistake, that he was nobody's big hero, but a mess cook in the S. O. S., five feet three in his stockings—but, no, it wasn't likely. Women didn't care for that kind of a chap.

"If he had lived you'd have been our very best friend always, I'm sure," Anna May told him often. "You have such a kind disposition."

He tried to find a chilly consolation at times in the thought that at least he was helping her through the sorrow he had inflicted. Sometimes it seemed to him that her cheeks were pinker than when he had first seen her, and that he had never known any other pair of eyes so bright. Then their shining would be dimmed again by tears as she wept for Bobby Jenks, and he would see that her sorrow was as deep as ever.

"He'd want you to cheer up," he said to Anna May firmly one evening. "I know he would. I'm going to take you to a vaudeville to-morrow evening."

"Do you think he would really feel that way about it?" hesitated Anna May. "Well, then—but I'd rather not."

She came down dressed for the occasion in a pretty frock that Bobby had never seen before. But when he praised her appearance she burst suddenly into tears. It appeared, when she could explain, that the dress was one she had made herself for her trousseau.

"I was a little worried because it was red," she told him sobbingly. "I didn't think when I bought the goods, but afterward I wondered whether it would really do to wear in Montana. The cows don't like red, I've heard. Do you know, is it true?"

"I don't know anything about ranches," he replied gruffly. "I guess I don't know anything about anything except silk socks. I'd make a great hero, I would, eh?"

"I don't care," said Anna May. Then she quenched Bobby's astonished delight by adding hastily, "You were his best friend."

She was tractable enough after that, going everywhere he suggested, but it was easy to see that she did it only to please him because he had been so kind to her and above all because he had known Bobby Jenks. Her heart was not among those present, he was despairingly certain. Once indeed at the movies he put his hand over hers, and she let it remain there. He himself jerked it away presently, affronted because she seemed to imply that it didn't matter one way or the other. Well, it served him right, of course—he reminded himself of that forty times a week. But it didn't serve Anna May right, and the real trouble was that she wasn't comforted, as she should have been. Tears still came readily to the eyes that had laughed so engagingly in the snapshot.

Also, it must be admitted that Bobby found his double identity a strain. Once when Anna May called him Chester—it was the first time that she had called him by his Christian name, too—he neglected to answer until she spoke a second time. Once when someone behind them in the little park followed a trill with a sharp "O-o-h, Bob!" he turned, and barely saved himself from answering. Life was beset with difficulties, and Anna May's broken heart was unhealed.

Things were at this juncture, with the ex-letter writer watching his step carefully, but in constant doubt where to put the next foot, when the astounding, though melancholy, miracle came to pass. You, perhaps, will not think that it was a miracle at all. Indeed, I am pretty sure that if you take time to open any city directory and therein count on your fingers the number of pages given over to each of the more common names, you will scoff at the idea that what happened was out of the commonplace. But it looked like a miracle to Bobby Jenks—a miracle and a deliverance, undesired but conscientiously welcomed.

It must be admitted that the lanky doughboy with the broad shoulders and the hilarious grin did not look like a superhuman agency that morning when he strode up to Bobby's counter.

"Gimme a dozen pairs of silk number tens in different colors—or are there that many shades?" was his way of making known his request.

When he found that the price would leave only a slim slice from a month's army pay check he merely chuckled.

"Well, I guess Uncle Sam is good for it," he remarked. "I'm not sure, though, that the old boy would like to have me throw his cash round like this after the way he's been piling up debts lately. But I'll take 'em."

Bobby said nothing. He was entirely occupied by disliking the customer. The doughboy uniform hung a little loosely upon the big frame. The good-looking young face was a trifle gaunt and pale, but in general he had exactly the appearance that Bobby was sure Anna May would have delighted in—no reason for loving him, emphatically!

"Me in silk socks!" mocked the soldier, and there was a touch of awe in his voice. "Never wore them before in my life! Lavender silk socks—when you think of the mud in those Argonne Woods!"

Bobby put the stockings in the wire basket and jerked the cord that whisked them away to be wrapped.

"Oh, were you in the Oregon?" he asked, with some hauteur.

"Sure was, and darn glad to get out of it again," grinned the other. "I'll say I'm the last bird in this man's Army to get back to God's country. Been in a hospital over there since the fifth of last November. Here are the socks, huh? Some package, isn't it? Dunno what else I could expect, though—with my feet."

He picked up the parcel, then laid it back on the counter.

"What am I thinking of?" he demanded. "Gosh, it's hard to remember to be swell after you have been in the Army! Just send this for me, buddy, will you? You know that Salvation Army Hotel up the street?

"Yes, that's the right one. Bob Jenks is the name."

"What?" gasped the Bobby Jenks behind the counter.

"J-e-n-k-s," spelled the other patiently. "The handle is Bob."

He gave a farewell grin and started on his way.

"Wait a moment!" called the ex-letter writer, with a hope and a fear stirring at his breast. "You don't come from Montana, do you?"

"Sure do!" returned the other. "As much as I come from anywhere, that is. I've lived pretty much all over the West. Home is where I hang my hat."

"Been in Texas?" asked the clerk, oddly pale and anxious eyed.

(Continued on Page 81)

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The construction of the Premier is standardized. We have perfected a design which we believe makes for greatest cleaning efficiency.

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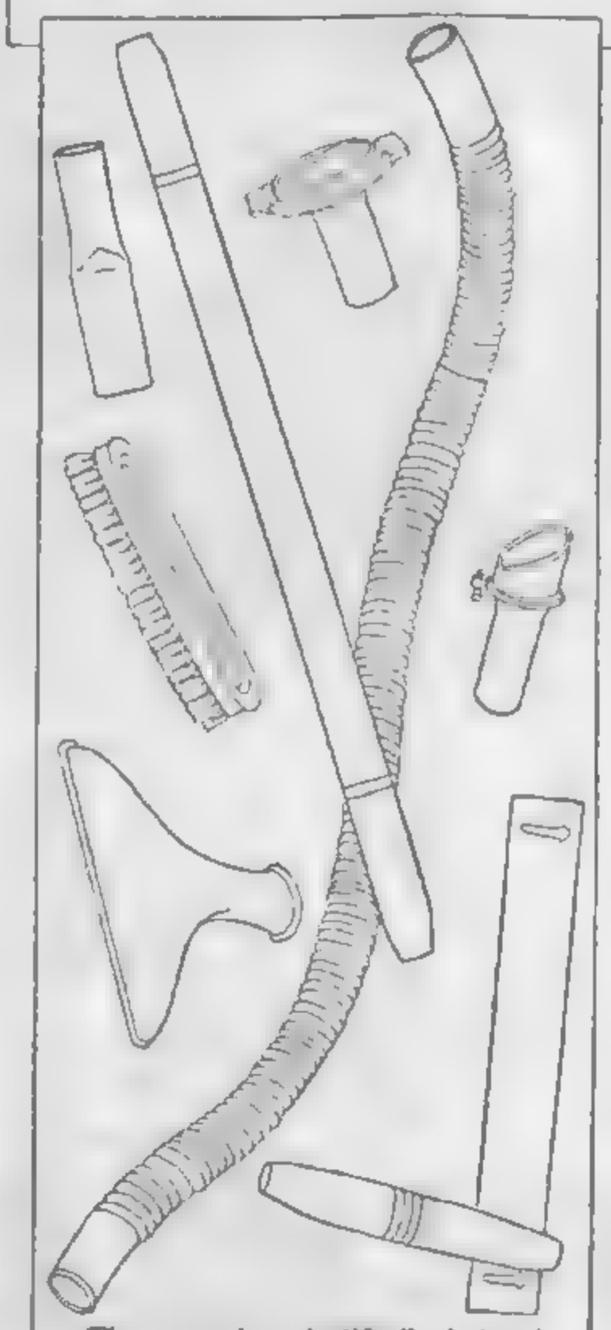

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(Continued from Page 78)

"You bet!" replied the soldier. "Great little bit of a state, Texas! What part of it do you come from, stranger?"

Bobby Jenks ignored the question.

"You'll excuse my asking, but are you married or engaged?" he demanded.

For a moment the tall soldier stared.

"Well, I dunno what this has to do with the price of socks, but I'm not, if you want to know," he replied. "No such luck!" he added more genially. "I'll have to try to fix that, now that I'm back in God's country. Never missed a wife or sweetheart much until that little old goddess girl loomed up and made me wish that I was coming back to somebody in particular."

The other Bobby Jenks opened and shut his mouth. Conflicting emotions struggled for supremacy upon his face, which for the moment resolved itself into a sort of Allied peace conference. At last he spoke.

"Like to meet a nice girl while you are here in New York?" he asked.

"Now you're shouting!" approved the doughboy gratefully. "Would you introduce me to one, buddy? A real, nice, pretty, homy American girl who doesn't know the frog language from Chinese and who can make fudge? Say, that's great!"

"Yes, but ——" hesitated Bobby Jenks. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind. "It's noon," he said. "Come out and eat with me, buddy, will you? I was over there too. Forestry area. Mess cook. So maybe you won't want to ——"

"Hard luck!" commiserated the veteran of the Argonne. "I'll say that was pretty tough! Oh, well, it's all over now. Did I hear you say something about chow, buddy? And a pretty girl?"

"I'll tell you about it while we eat," replied Bobby uncertainly. "Then if you still want me to ——"

"Oh, boy, if!" scoffed the soldier. "Let's hurry up, buddy! Lead me anywhere! I got just two last requests to make—if you love me, no beans or monkey meat!"

"You can't hate them the way I do!" shuddered Bobby. "I cooked 'em! Well, come along."

In the little lunch room round the corner he pointed out certain delicacies, neither corned beef nor beans, on the menu. Then while his guest ate, interrupting the process occasionally with sympathetic "Oh, boys!" and while his own untouched food seemed to eye him astonished from his plate, he came clean, as he phrased it, with the whole story. He began with his longing to be in things, his self-disgust as a fryer of flapjacks. He related the incident of the big blouse with the little letter in its pocket, and did not spare himself in any particular as he told of the answer he had written and of the correspondence that had followed it. He had a little difficulty in making the other understand the unmixed motives of philanthropy with which he had gone to see Anna May upon his return and the persistency with which he had helped her water with tears the unknown grave of the lost hero.

"Well, you poor nut!" the man in uniform kept remarking. "What did you expect to get yourself, that way?"

Ignoring the question, Bobby dwelt upon the fact that Anna May's heart remained broken in spite of his best efforts as an amateur welder.

"The poor kid!" he ended softly. "And no one can do anything for her—except Bobby Jenks."

Slow comprehension replaced the bewildered grin on the other's face.

"Oh, boy!" he ejaculated. "You don't mean that I'm to be the bird that wrote her all that bunk from over there? But I thought you told her you had seen him die?"

"You could say that you'd been picked up for dead, and then had shown signs of life and been taken to a hospital, where you'd been ever since," planned the first Bobby Jenks unhappily.

"I'll say it wouldn't be much of a lie at that!" corroborated the second Bobby Jenks.

"Of course, it's asking a good deal of you in a way," acknowledged the letter writer. "Maybe you weren't thinking of getting married just now, or something?"

The other meditated briefly.

"Suits me fine," he gave out as the result. "Might save me from something a darn sight worse. You see it's like this with me, buddy! Out in Montana, where I live, there's a widow who's so infernally patriotic that she's made her boast she'll marry the first returned soldier there. And I'm the only one from our town! You get me, buddy, don't you? Awfully good-looking she is—for her age—got some money, and all that, but the masterful kind, you know. A guy doesn't want discipline after he's been in the Army—don't you say? No reason why he should go and marry a second lieutenant!"

"I'll say there's not!" affirmed his listener.

"Of course, I might not marry her," mused the other. "I'd try not, but, man, she's got a strong will! I'm betting on her. But if I went back already married I don't see that she'd be able to do anything about it, do you? This other girl you tell me of isn't the masterful kind, is she? I don't suppose you happen to have a picture of her, do you, buddy?"

Silently the first Bobby Jenks drew out the little snapshot that he had carried so many months and held it out to the other.

"Oh, boy!" breathed the second Bobby Jenks. "Lead me to her, buddy! We'll consider it settled "

"Not yet we won't," returned the first Bobby Jenks. "You look all right, buddy—just the kind of a chap that would do for Anna May, though no one's really good enough for her—but I've got to know that you are. I'll want to see a copy of that citation you say you got, and a letter from someone where you live when you're at home—the minister, say."

The doughboy reddened.

"You got a nerve, buddy," he remarked noncommittally. "Who do you think you are—her father, maybe?"

"I'm the best friend of the man she was engaged to—or she thinks I am," explained the first Bobby Jenks.

His voice deepened.

"She's such a little kid," he added shamefacedly. "She hasn't got anyone to look out for her but me."

The man from Montana held out a huge hand.

"If you put it like that, I'm for you, buddy," he announced. "Go ahead and be my father-in-law. You've got my blessing. I'll drop in this afternoon and show you the citation. Of course, it'll take a while to get a letter back from Montana. I'll try the minister, though I'm not sure what the old boy will say. He may remember the time I put a frog in the collection plate when I was a kid."

Pending the arrival of the problematical letter from the Montana pastor, Bobby Jenks tried to prepare Anna May for her oncoming happiness. His task was made difficult by the fact that she seemed perversely more radiant than he had ever seen her before. Moreover, she scouted his mention of the amazing instances on record of the return of those who had been left for dead.

"I wish you wouldn't, Chester," she told him gently. "I know you just do it to make me happier, but it doesn't really help not to look things in the face. I'm used now to feeling that he's dead. You—you've been good to me, Chester."

Bobby was too downcast to persist in forcing his dose of optimism down her pretty throat. He took refuge in the supernatural.

"I've got a sort of a hunch," he said.

Too soon came the letter from Montana. Apparently the pastor there had forgiven and forgotten the amphibious donation of former years. The letter described Bobby Jenks of the Argonne in the vivid and endearing terms with which those of our own home town speak of us only when they are talking to persons at a considerable distance.

"In brief, sir, the town is proud of him," it concluded; and Bobby Jenks, the letter writer, reading this entirely cheerful ending, sighed deeply.

As soon as the store closed that afternoon he set out for the Brooklyn boarding house to break the joyful news to Anna May.

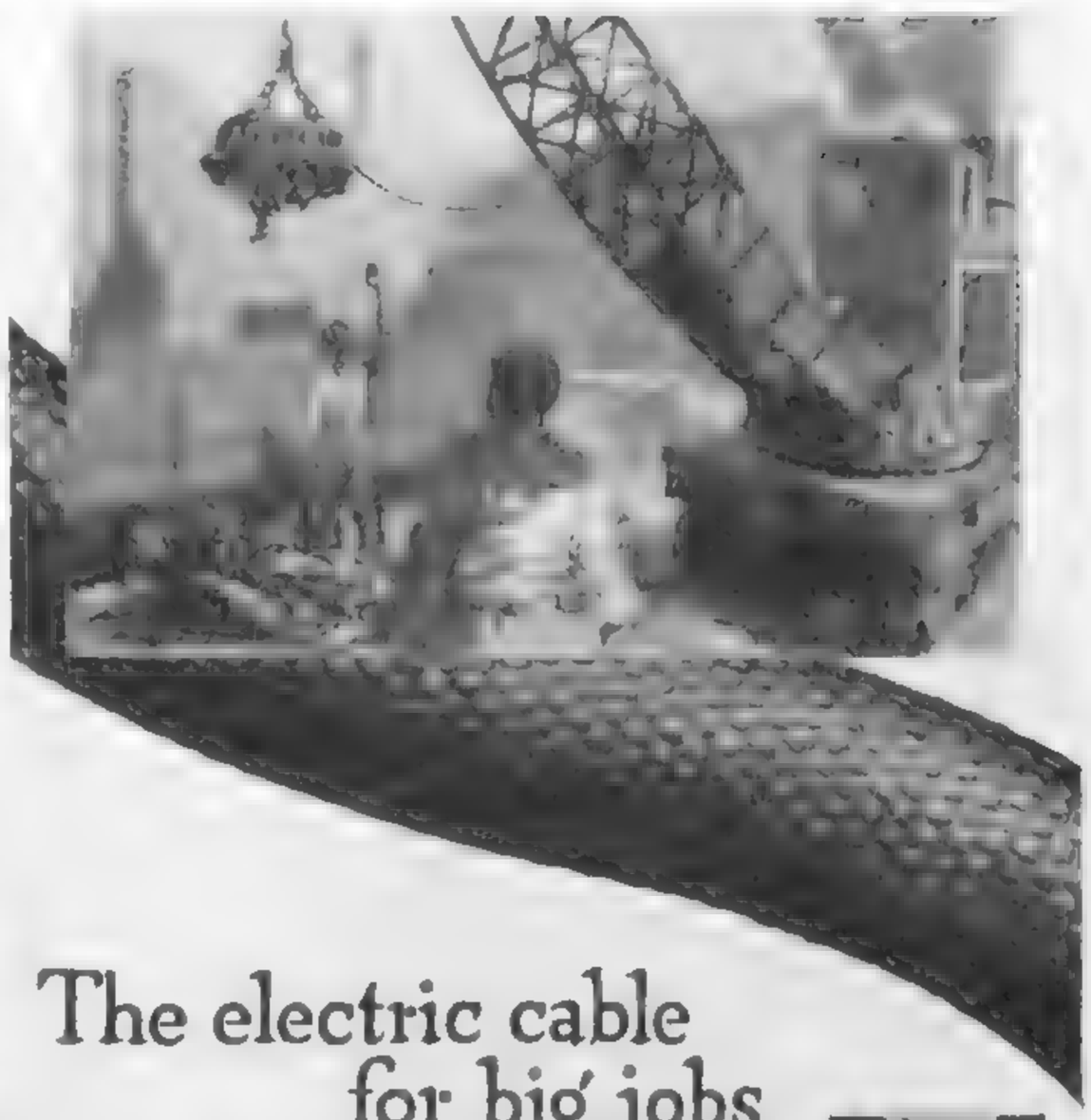
"Come on out," he urged rather breathlessly. "I've got something to tell you, Anna May."

Did she blush as she looked up at him? Bobby told himself that he must be mistaken.

"But, Chester, we haven't had dinner yet," she chattered nervously. "Why don't you stay and have it with us, and then ——"

Bobby shivered as he thought of telling her his news before that oval of boarders who had given her things for her trousseau.

"Let's go out," he urged precipitately. "It—it's a nice evening, Anna May. Let's eat somewhere else."



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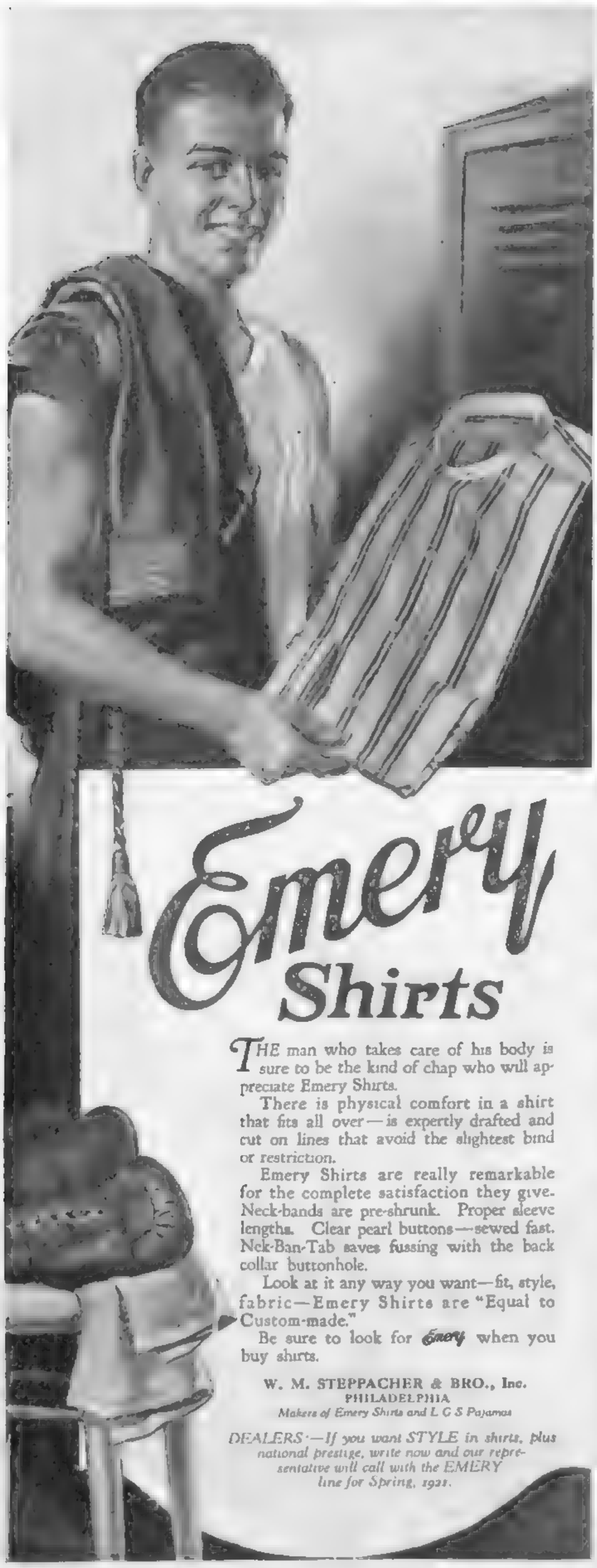
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Anna May's face seemed to flush again. Perhaps there was something queer about the lighting of the boarding-house hall.

"I'll get my things," she said.

The revelation staged itself, as many a tragedy and many a romance of the great city has done, over the middle-aged tablecloth of a little restaurant. Bobby waited considerately until Anna May, still chattering inconsequentially, had finished her soup and roast beef. Then because he felt his courage ebbing as the meal progressed—it was rather that kind of a dinner—he jumped blindly into the middle of the subject.

"Don't be scared, Anna May, but are you prepared for a sort of a shock?" he began with what he considered rare tact.

"A shock?" faltered Anna May, her countenance changing.

"It isn't anything bad," encouraged Bobby, though more than ever the news seemed very bad to him. "Anna May, who do you think walked into the store to-day?"

"Oh, I'm no good at guessing!" declared the girl gayly. "The President, maybe? Or ——"

Something fixed and glassy about Bobby's eye stayed her careless speech. She stared at him.

"Not"—she quavered suddenly. "Not?"

Bobby nodded.

"Good guess!" he said, and smiled carefully at Anna May. "Maybe you think I wasn't surprised to see him walk up to the counter. Picked up for dead, he was, Anna May, and he's been in the hospital ever since. Why—you mustn't cry, you know! He's all right now."

"Why didn't he write to me before?" demanded Anna May, winking away the tears. "Instead of waiting till ——"

She stopped.

"He was afraid it might scare you when he got able to realize how long it had been since you had had a letter," explained Bobby uncomfortably. "He thought it would be better to wait and let you see how well he was. He—he's fine, Anna May! I don't wonder that out in his home town they are so proud of him. Want some ice cream, Anna May?"

She waved it away blindly.

"Maybe I ought not to have told till you had finished your dinner," grieved Bobby. "But I suppose you're just too glad to eat, aren't you, Anna May?"

She hesitated.

"I don't know, Chester," she answered finally in a voice that was shocked at the words it uttered. "I think I'm just scared. He—it does seem so unreasonable of him to make mistakes about whether he's dead or not!" she finished in a burst of petulance.

"You won't be scared when you see him!" encouraged Bobby. "Well, I guess we'd better be moving along. He's coming out to see you at eight o'clock."

"At eight o'clock!" exclaimed Anna May. "Not to-night? Oh, Chester, I am scared! You'll stay, won't you?"

Bobby declined. He could not help feeling that the ordeal was one that even a repentant letter writer should not be called upon to go through. Consumed with aching jealousy and regret, hardly soothed by a small, quiet feeling of having made atonement, he took leave of Anna May at the boarding-house door, promising to drop in the next evening for a threesome.

"You won't forget, Chester, you're always going to be our very best friend?" she urged tremulously.

"Yes, but you'll be out in Montana!" blurted Bobby miserably and thankfully. Then he assailed himself for dimming Anna May's joy, and smiled at her.

"Good luck, Anna May, always!" he whispered, and wrung her small hand.

He had never realized quite how particularly he disliked the Argonne fighter until the next noon, when he floated into the emporium, effervescent with elation, vocal with gratitude and insistent upon standing treat to chow. The food seemed to choke Bobby. Along with it he had to swallow the other's maudlin mutterings of fate, which always brings true lovers together, no matter how unlikely the circumstances. Between breathless encomiums of Anna May's eyebrows and the dimple in her chin Bobby tried to get accurate information about her emotions, without conspicuous success.

"Did she seem glad to see you?" he demanded.

"Glad! Why, buddy, see who I am!" grinned the man from Montana. "I guess she was pretty much surprised," he added more soberly. "But she'll get over that. I'm—I'm not going to hurry her, you know. Well, we'll see you to-night."

"So long," rejoined Bobby, hating the "we."

He tried conscientiously to arrive late that night, to give the two some time together before his coming. As upon a former occasion, he traversed the boarding-house square countless times, wishing bitterly that this were that first evening over again, and that he might repeat those unsettled, upset, happy weeks of friendship with Anna May. After what seemed hours to him he was admitted to the boarding house by the terse little maid, and found Anna May alone in the parlor. Plainly it was tapioca evening again.

"Oh, Chester, I'm so glad it's you!" she told him with unmistakable fervor.

"Well, Anna May, did he look like you expected?" teased Bobby gently. "He's a fine, big Westerner, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he's big!" agreed Anna May with an odd emphasis.

"And it's all just the way you wanted it to be?" probed Bobby, forced by some inner surge to the query.

There was a brief silence.

"He doesn't talk a bit like his letters!" faltered Anna May at last. "Some way I don't feel as well acquainted with him as I thought I would, Chester—not near so much as I did with you. And—oh, well, I guess I'm a horrid, ungrateful girl. I'm going to keep my word, of course, Chester. But somehow—it's all so queer."

Close upon this admission came the Argonne fighter, resplendent in his new civilian clothes. Bobby, eying him professionally, caught a glimpse of the lavender silk socks and felt a new passion of jealousy. The evening, as might have been expected, was a good deal of a strain upon everybody concerned. The first and the second Bobby Jenks, attempting realistic reminiscenses of the departed days at the Front, seemed ill at ease. Anna May turned shy and silent; her eyes dwelt upon them questioningly. The boarders kept looking in at the parlor door, and then turning away with an air of outrage. It was a relief to the trio when the man from Montana munificently suggested the movies, where Anna May sat between the two men and directed all her awed comments and sudden gurgles of laughter toward her right, where the first Bobby Jenks was stationed, in a kindly effort, he supposed, to keep him from feeling out of things. All the same, he felt that the evening was an experiment which he would not care to repeat.

Two weeks went by, during which he did not see Anna May, though the obnoxious Argonne fighter, almost daily in evidence, bore hospitable messages from her. Bobby replied evasively to these, listened silently to long eulogies of her appearance and character, and examined in grim detail blue prints for a bungalow in Montana. Anna May kept putting off the date of departure, the second Bobby Jenks explained. He supposed that it was natural for her to hate to leave Brooklyn, since she had always lived there.

There came a day when the first Bobby noted the absence of the second as one misses the accustomed and threatening buzzing of a mosquito. So they had been married and had left for Montana at last—and without telling him good-by! Well, he was glad it was over, Bobby reflected glumly, fastening a green silk number nine to a French blue ten and a half and sending them up to be wrapped for an unsuspecting customer. Only—well, it was a queer sort of world, that was all; a queer, gray sort of a place, roofed with wretchedness and paved with loneliness. He knew one thing—he would never write a letter again!

As he left the emporium that night he all but walked straight into Anna May.

"Chester!" she exclaimed, her face lighting up in the way of the snapshot that still had its place in his breast pocket—he kept neglecting to discard it. "I was just coming into the store to see if you were about through. I knocked off work early this afternoon."

Bobby blinked, as he wondered what would have happened if she had inquired in the emporium for Chester Johnson, or had hailed him by that name.

"How are you, Anna May?" he stammered.

"Fine," she answered, and indeed it was obvious that she was in the best of health and spirits. Bobby perceived reluctantly

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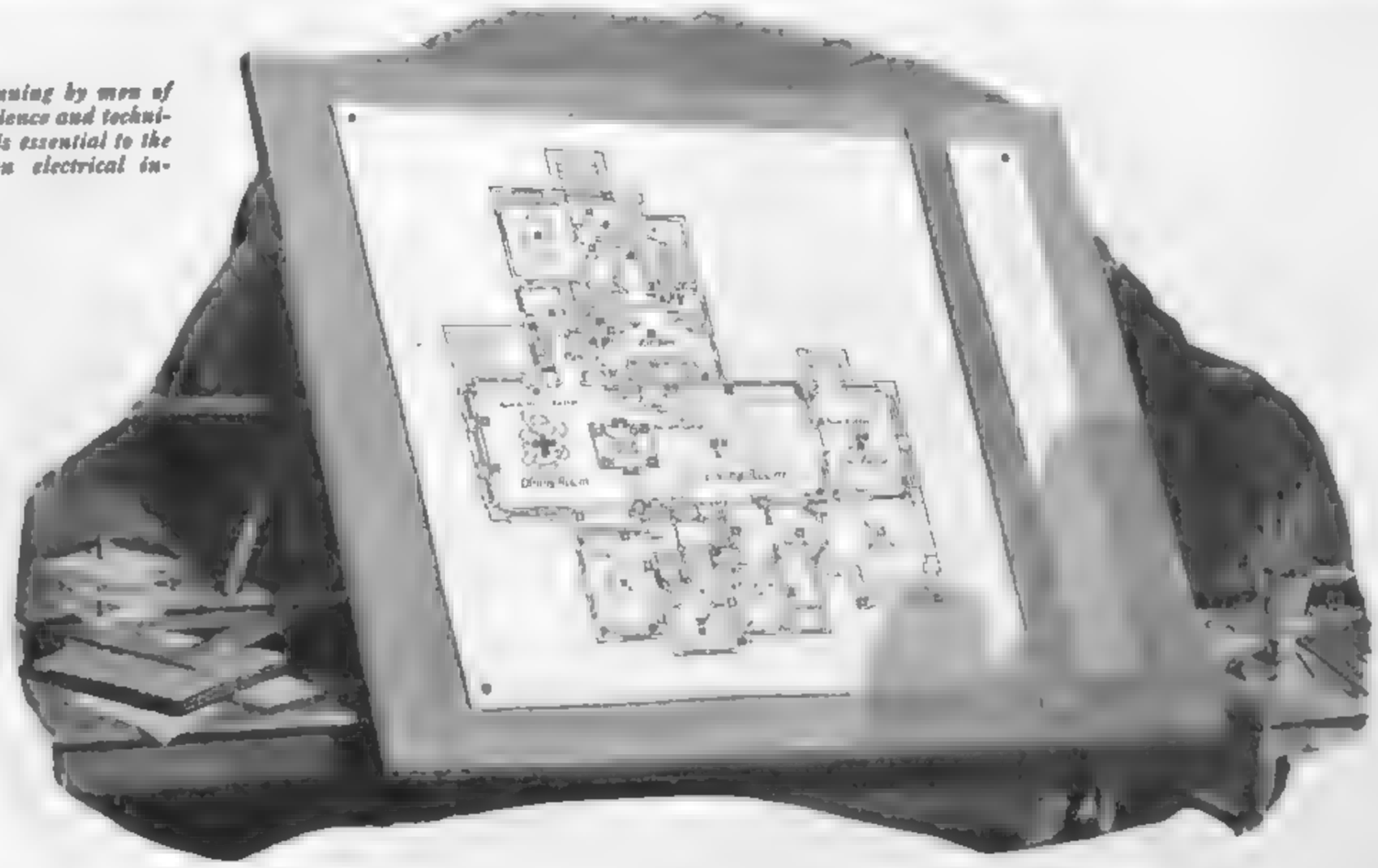

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that his introduction of the Argonne Bobby Jenks into the situation had been a success. Of course he was glad that Anna May was happy, but ——

"I came because I wanted to tell you something," she said. "But first—Chester, you promised once to take me to Coney Island, and you never did!"

Bobby tried to be loyal to an absent comrade, even in that great moment.

"Where's Jenks?" he demanded.

"Oh, I haven't any date with him this evening!" explained Anna May airily. "Chester, shall we go by street car or by boat?"

"We'll go by boat!" he declared. "But first, Anna May, I want to show you a kind of nice little restaurant down on Tenth Street."

It was a very gay meal, for Bobby, imitating the camel, was intent upon quaffing enough joy that night to last through the desert years ahead; and Anna May was radiance incarnate, the very spirit of laughter. They had a rather embarrassing but pleasant boat ride among the unseeing lovers, and later pranced as happily as ten-year-olds from one attraction to the other. Bobby Jenks all but forgot the dismal outlook afforded by life as he listened to Anna May's gurgling laughter in the House of Mirrors, and a thrill shot through him as she clung to him on the scenic railway.

"Want some ice-cream cones?" he asked indulgently when they were back on the solid ground of the Midway again.

"I don't mind," dimpled Anna May.

Bobby smiled down at her—very glad that it was down and that Anna May was so small—and the smile froze on his lips. Someone had caught his arm, and he found himself staring into the eyes of one of the Bronx cousins.

"Why, Bobby Jenks, what are you doing here?" she assailed him merrily.

"Aw!" said Bobby ineffectually, while his world tottered on its axis, then crashed through space. The cousin passed on, laughing, and Anna May tugged at his arm.

"What did she call you?" demanded Anna May.

"Dunno," said Bobby in the tone in which the witness says "I don't remember," on the stand.

"Why did she call you that?" insisted Anna May.

"Dunno," said Bobby again. Then he squared his shoulders. "What's the use?" he asked of no one in particular. "She called me Bobby Jenks because that happens to be my name. It always was, and I guess it always will be. I can't help my name," he blustered on blindly. "I ——"

"Did you write those letters?" demanded Anna May.

Bobby hesitated for another unhappy moment.

"I guess I did," he admitted piteously. "Anna May—you won't understand—of course I lied like thunder—but you said you liked big men from the West—I wanted to hear from you again. I—anyhow, now you have the other Bobby Jenks!"

Anna May ignored that issue.

"What made you say that you—that Bobby—was dead?" she questioned.

"I never thought you'd take it so hard!" pleaded Bobby. "You said that you couldn't stand not to know why he didn't write. I thought you'd get over it if you thought—well, anyhow, I'm paid up for what I did, Anna May! I'm—I'm kind of glad you know, after all. And—and you don't know the worst. I wasn't in the trenches at all, Anna May. I was a mess cook in the forestry area. I—I don't suppose you'll even let me take you home, will you? I'll take you to the car—and you can go on back to the other Bobby Jenks!" he ended bitterly.

Anna May dug at the paving of the Midway with the toe of a small shoe.

"He's gone back to Montana," she offered casually.

"Anna May!" Bobby quavered helplessly. "Why—why didn't you go with him?"

"I guess I don't have to marry just anyone you send round!" flared Anna May in a little gust of rage. "I guess I can manage my own affairs, without you, Bobby Jenks! Or anyhow ——"

Astoundingly she looked up and smiled at him.

"He told me all about it last night when I told him that—I couldn't," she explained.

"And you came here to-night!" marveled Bobby Jenks, a great light in his eyes. "You weren't sore?"

"Oh, yes, I was at first!" denied Anna May. "I was perfectly furious! Only after a while ——"

She attacked the Midway again.

"And you don't mind my being sm—my not being big?" asked Bobby in a hushed voice.

"I look funny when I walk with a big man," explained Anna May.

"You don't mind not living in Montana?" Bobby pursued, awe in his eyes.

"Pooh, Montana!" sniffed Anna May. "No movies or Coney or anything!"

Bobby Jenks bent ever so slightly and kissed her, ignoring the unheeding crowd.

"Oh, Anna May, you are too good for me!" he whispered. "I'll tell the world you are! Only—I'll try to deserve you! I'll never tell you anything but the truth again. And if ever you think I'm boasting or exaggerating or anything, all you've got to do is to mention the Oregon!"

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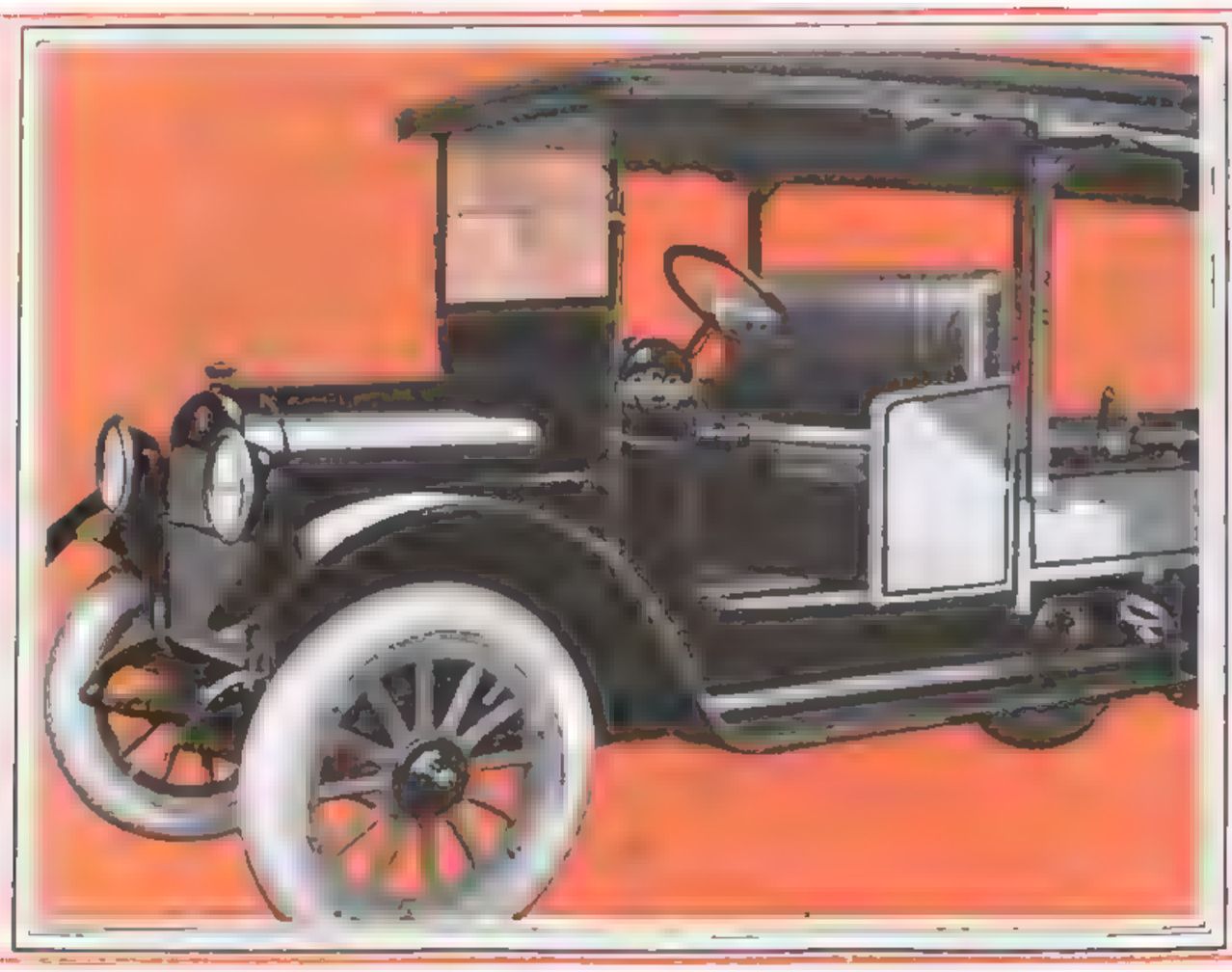

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ST. CATHARINES ONT

SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 25)

"Haven't you worked deliberately to ruin my crop?" she accused him.

"Why should I done that?" he inquired, one pathetic eye cocked up at her from his debased position. "Even if I did not make loving thoughts at you, would I cut up my face to spite my head? Answer is no!"

"Get up!" she repeated, but Shimba crouched lower on the hall carpet.

"I expect to die here," he promised. "What else I do when my dear boss feel mean at me? I am bursted financially. Empty rice tub resides in my home. My nice wife must dishwash in restaurant because everything bursted from rotten crop. Please made me dead with knife!"

Anna left him where he knelt for the very good reason that she knew of no way to make him go. There was nobody on the farm capable of removing Shimba by force save Henry Johnson, and Henry, she suspected, was a pacifist.

When she entered the house an hour later she was relieved to find that Shimba had gone. The grotesque earnestness of his prayer had had an effect upon her. Certainly if his motives were as simple as he had made them seem, he had lost more than she out of the sorry venture.

Was it a coincidence that Mr. Cyprian Helmholtz's car should have stopped before her veranda on the very afternoon when the sum of Anna's year had been laid before her? He was just as red-eyed and India-rubber pink as before, and he smoked the same type of freckled cigar that had sickened her upon the last interview with him.

"Well," he beamed cheerfully, "made a pretty rotten go of it, what? I sympathize with you though. More things can happen in farming than in the circus business. But I admire your pluck just the same. As I often tell my wife, women haven't got no business running a farm. One place for the man, another for the wife."

Anna endured all this because her mind was settling to a decision.

"I don't suppose you've cleared a cent after all this banging round, have you?" he jeered.

"When you count the improvements, I suppose I'm a little behind," she admitted. "But there are other years, Mr. Helmholtz."

"Sure there are other years," he conceded, but his voice spelled trouble ahead. "You've put in a new pumping system, I see, and built over the stables. It's a nice house you've got here—put some money into that, didn't you?"

"A little," she confessed.

"Well, I'm for action. What'll you take for the farm just as she stands?"

"I haven't advertised it for sale," she said, but her tone was more hesitant than it had been upon previous declarations.

"My offer stands," he informed her briskly. "Thousand dollars an acre. More than that, I'll make a concession for your improvements. New pumping system, alterations, decorations on the house ——"

Temptation fell over her like a sweet, soft cloud. Even under the spell, she paused to think of the man who might have advised her what to do.

"Who are your customers?" she asked.

"Now that would be telling, wouldn't it, girlie?" He winked toward the uppermost branches of the prune trees.

"I've got to know before I part with this property," she insisted.

"Look here—this is between you and I, see? I haven't got no customer. I'm taking this little deal over on my own—get me? I don't intend the Japs'll hog all the farms round here. I'm not a rich man, understand, but I can raise the dough to take a flyer now and then. I've got some of my wife's money to invest, and I want to put it where it'll do the most good. There's a pear orchard, a Tokay vineyard and this farm. Just a case of choose between the three with me."

Helmholtz's last statement put a new color into the situation. Vaguely she remembered something she had promised Dunc Leacy—Dunc Leacy, who should be no more to her than Cyprian Helmholtz himself. The farm had come to mean little else than chains and slavery. She knew that Helmholtz would drive a bargain, but in her heart she was eager for the chance to sell out to a white man and be free. She stood there pretending hesitation, but she was already lost to the idea.

"How long would it take to complete the transaction?" she asked him.

Mr. Helmholtz held his freckled cigar between two large gold teeth and stood a while in thought.

"How long?" He gave her a red-eyed stare and repeated, "How long? Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Bly. I been thinking of this deal quite a while. I even went to the state house to look up the title. That's clean as a whistle. Nothing to do but to name your price practically."

"I haven't set a price," she demurred, fearful lest his wits should conquer hers.

"You've heard mine," he snapped. "It's about the top o' the market, the way things stand. You've got a little under forty acres in full-bearing trees. You've got fifteen in old ones that'll have to be taken out. That strawberry patch is a joke. But I'll lump the entire acreage at sixty thousand and allow you for improvements."

The philanthropist removed his cigar just an instant to beam the generosity of a golden heart.

"I'll—I'll have to talk it over with my sister," Anna temporized.

"Go ahead! How long will that take?"

"Couldn't I let you know sometime this evening?"

"Sure! I tell you what you'd better do. Just ring me up at my house, will you? I'll stay home all evening. Better decide pretty quick, because the wife's anxious to invest, and she's pretty keen about that vineyard."

Cyprian Helmholtz bounded back into the front seat of his short-nosed car.

"Hear from you to-night!" he cried merrily, not taking the trouble to remove his hat as the car shot forward toward Anna's gate.

She stood dazzled in the dry sunshine. All her attention seemed to be centered on that gate, which she had had repaired and painted during the progress of improving her farm into bankruptcy. It glared at her like a symbol of vanity and bad management. How she longed to pass out between those spotless posts, a free woman, never to return!

It was an unbeautiful fall day. A north wind had baked the ground and filled the valley with spectral whirlwinds of dust. Dust lay upon the withering orchards, covered the fences, polluted every spear of grass. And on the bosom of the winds Japanese boys in the village were flying their batwinged, barbaric kites.

A large kite, more violent of face and spiteful of movement than the others, soared over the Southern Pacific sheds, poised high above the Bly orchards and began to descend with the idiotic, aimless motion peculiar to a kite which has lost the brain that lies in its string.

A dust whirl took it up, then released it, to come lower and lower toward the Bly house, where it disappeared among the outhouses somewhere to the rear.

A moment later Kipps and Henry Johnson came sauntering round a corner of the house. Kipps was carrying the kite, a toy similar to the one John Matsu had flown. Its body was purple, its demon face streaked with red, and across its fan were printed those three familiar Japanese characters.

"Henry," asked Kipps in a voice that all could hear, "do you understand Japanese?"

"I claim that among my eleven languages," admitted the philosopher.

"Well, what does that say—those words written across the kite?"

"That is very simple," replied Henry Johnson. It says, '*Nippon ichi.*'"

"What does that mean, Henry?"

"Freely translated, it might mean, 'Japanese Number One quality.' From that you might imagine it to say, 'Japan first!'"

XXV

AT THE thought of being free, of being rid of this incubus, Anna could have cried her joy to heaven. Hers was the feeling of the defeated general who—seeing hope over—surrenders his sword and dreams of a little peace. Then she thought of what Dunc Leacy had said so solemnly one day as he stood, one capable foot on the second step of her porch: "I'd just see that you stuck it out!"

How could she stick it out? What business of his was it now?

During the quiet hour after the children had been put to bed, and they were reading in the pretty sitting room, Anna took the matter up with her sister.

"Zudie, I've another offer for the farm."

"Who?" Zudie looked up from her magazine.

"Helmholtz. A thousand an acre."

"That isn't another offer then," decreed Zudie. "He's mentioned that before."

"But he's willing to reimburse us for the improvements."

Zudie sat thinking. Wind and sun had improved her beauty, though her eyes were a little sad these days.

"Anna," she said at last, "I've so wanted to stick it out. It seemed to be a solution for everything, but it's just another one of those things that look well on paper.

"Of course we've gone at it like a pair of rank amateurs, but I don't think it's that entirely. Failure seems to be in the air. I don't mind telling you now that I felt failure the first day we came on the place. It's always easy to pass the blame up to the Japanese. The sort of white people who don't like to work are only too glad to put the blame for their own shiftlessness on the Japanese. But under all that there's something—something ——"

Zudie paused, struggling for a definition.

"Well, there's something going on," she said, "that isn't wholesome for us. You can't blame the Japanese for the bugs that ate our strawberries, but you can blame them for the crates that were refused by the shippers. They seem friendly, these Japanese. They always smile. But in spite of that it's plain that they don't want us in the district."

"If our farm is worth a thousand an acre to Helmholtz, why isn't it worth as much to us?" asked Anna.

"That I can't see," admitted Zudie. "But it has been quite plain from the first that Helmholtz wants the farm. Probably it's because a man with a business education can put things through where we can't."

"We could never find white men to work the farm," Anna admitted despairingly.

"I've searched the employment bureaus over," said Zudie. "There were plenty of big white loafers to laugh in my face, but nobody to work. I've never told you the things I went through, begging and imploring white men to work at any price. Right in the midst of the harvest season great muscular louts stood with their hands in their pockets, gathered in knots to talk about a world revolution and to insult women as they passed. Afternoon performances at the movie houses were packed with able-bodied men. The I. W. W. delegates were nailing up signs demanding five dollars a day for an eight-hour day and seventy-five cents an hour for overtime. Work seems to have gone out of fashion. What's happening to our country, Ann?"

There came no answer to the question over which many a wiser head than Zudie's has ached in vain.

"If it's a matter of principle ——" faltered Ann.

"If we were rich enough," Zudie broke in, "we might hold on. We could leave the farm to the birds and the bugs until labor sobered up. But that would be a horrible waste, too, because the world needs food, even though it has to pay a pawnbroker's interest for it."

"Shall we sell?" Anna looked her sister guiltily in the face.

"Sixty thousand dollars is a lot of money," replied Zudie, her eyes lowered.

"Less than a year ago I preferred the farm, and now ——"

"We could go to Los Angeles and build bungalows with the money," said Zudie. "We could live in one of them and rent the others. Then I could get something to do."

Anna, from her place on the davenport, could see the despairing look in her sister's eyes. She reached out a slender arm and said, "Come here, honey!"

Obedient as a little girl, Zudie came to be petted and comforted by the only mother she had known since early childhood.

"Zude, you sweet, foolish thing," said Anna softly as she stroked the aureole of honey-colored hair, "life would be simple for you if you'd only let it be. For just a word you could marry and be happy."

"No," protested the lips tight pressed against the protecting arm. "I'd never leave you, Ann—even if I wanted to."

"But you want to. You know you do."

"Not now, dear. I've got over that. Besides ——"

Because of the long silence Anna prompted, "Besides what, Zude?"

(Continued on Page 89)

for comfort

For Holiday giving each President is encased in a handsome Christmas box reflecting its quality and your good judgment and good wishes.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

Made at Shirley Massachusetts

Mr. Dealer: For the Holiday Packing—wire your jobber your order—now.

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UNLESS your fan belt functions properly, your car could not run ten minutes without laying the foundations for serious and expensive engine trouble.

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Is it any wonder that automotive engineers have searched long and anxiously for a belt that would perform its duty perfectly and be as nearly impervious as possible to the attacks of its enemies?

The most exacting tests of the builders of more than 80% of American-made cars have satisfied them that—

Gilmer, with its tough, tightly woven fabric, containing neither leather nor rubber compounds, is the nearest approach to the ideal oil-heat-moisture-grit-friction proof belt.

Do you want a better reason for making your next fan belt a Gilmer?

At all good dealers and garages.

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CARRY A SPARE!

A spare fan belt is as important to carry as a spare tire, and when you need it, you need it more.

One Price throughout the U.S.

$1.00

with these exceptions
FORDS - 50¢
MAXWELLS $1.25

Gilmer
WOVEN ENDLESS
FAN BELTS

(Continued from Page 87)

"I saw it in the papers yesterday. His squadron sails for the Philippines Friday."

The three-party telephone in the hall trilled twice—the call of decision!

"I'll go," said Zudie, coming to her feet.

Anna heard the receiver click from its hook and a few sharp questions, ending in "Yes, she's here."

"It's Mr. Helmholtz asking for you," announced Zudie when she came back.

In her advance from the couch to the telephone Anna made her decision.

"Have you been thinking it over?" asked the buzzing voice from afar.

"Yes, Mr. Helmholtz."

"Well, what's the good word?"

"We've decided not to sell."

"That's good! What's the idea?"

"We're asking eleven hundred an acre, Mr. Helmholtz."

"You're a good business woman, after all. I'll say so! And just to show that I'm a sport I'll take you up on that."

"You mean to say ——"

"It's pretty steep, but I guess I can stand the racket. How about improvements?"

Anna hesitated and heard Zudie prompting from the hall door: "Say ten thousand!"

"We have put in something over ten thousand dollars, Mr. Helmholtz," said Anna.

A pause.

"All right. That'll be seventy-six thousand in all," came his decisive tone. "Never mind about the deed. I'll have all the papers drawn up early in the morning."

"Shall I call at your office?" asked Anna, her voice fluttering slightly.

"Oh, never mind. I'll blow round your way at about ten with a deed and a notary public and a check book. Good night, Mrs. Bly."

"Good night."

Anna went giddily back to the sitting room. The first sight to greet her eyes was Zudie's bright head buried in her arms under the glare of the table lamp.

All this happened on Tuesday night. Shortly before ten on Wednesday morning Mr. Cyprian Helmholtz stepped from his weather-beaten roadster to the Bly porch. He removed neither his hat nor his cigar as—speaking round the corner of the latter—he explained that the colorless human being at his side was Mr. Crass, a notary public, whom he had brought along in order to facilitate matters.

Mr. Helmholtz snapped the new-made deed out of his pocket, scarcely giving the seller time to read its typewritten phrases. It was plain to see that the legal transfer was being made to Cyprian Helmholtz and Gloria Helmholtz. Lawyers' English had always bored Anna, but she made a brave show at taking it all in. Zudie it was who studied the document carefully ere affixing her signature on the line marked "Witness," while the notary invoked divine aid in the tone of an alarm clock. Susan Skelley's wayward scrawl rambled across the line below. Then the seal was fixed, golden wafers licked and everything done according to that spirit of Hoyle that haunts the state supreme court.

"And now," said Mr. Helmholtz, slapping the marbled covers of his check book on Anna's desk with a briskness suggesting finality, "the amount's seventy-six thousand. Right?"

Nobody denied the correctness of the figures set flourishingly upon the slip of paper which he tore from its perforations and handed over to Anna Bly. The check was drawn on the Nippon Bank. Anna was too excited to see any significance in this—her only feeling was one of gladness. She felt weak and vague, much as she had on that fearful evening when Zudie had called her out of the orchards.

Helmholtz seemed to think a little speech necessary upon the conclusion of this stroke of business. He took his cigar out of his mouth and said in a tone which approached politeness: "You sure have made a good deal, Mrs. Bly. It'll be a long time before you'll find customers like me and the wife, ready to waive everything and pay a gilt-edge price, hands down, no questions asked. But that's the way I like to do business."

"Quick sales and small profits our motto," Zudie came in with something of her old-time sarcasm.

"You've got it, young lady," agreed Helmholtz. "Take your time about vacating. I'm in no hurry, and the wife ain't either."

"We'll be out in a week," cried Anna, glorying at the thought of quick release.

"You are prompt, I'll say! And you put up a game fight here, ladies. Of course, farming ain't no business for Easterners to try—especially city folks. But you did give 'em a run for their money. Well, happy days, ladies!"

He had scarcely taken his deed and his notary away with him when Anna hurried to her room and began changing her clothes.

"I can't believe it!" said Zudie, who had followed her upstairs. "Seventy-six thousand dollars! Ann, we're rich!"

"I'm going to the city," declared Anna out of her trancelike state. "I want to get his check in the bank as soon as I can."

"Moms, can't I go too?" was Kipps' plea, according to custom, as she went down toward the car.

"No, dear. You stay home and help Zudie with the packing."

"What's the idea?" he was asking after her as Henry Johnson shifted the gears and started the car.

Every mile of her long speed-defying drive to the city—Henry had been ordered to spare no gas, and he was capable of brilliant achievements under pressure—Anna could feel the precious scrap of paper crackling in her hand bag. Freedom from worry, new life, a start all over again! Kipps could be sent to school in some town where the conditions were suitable. Nan could have children of her own kind to play with. But where?

For a few miles of that reckless drive Anna reflected on the last pious letter from Aunt Julia. After all, with a little income of her own Anna would occupy a less humiliating position than she had heretofore in the Stannard household. But what about Zudie? New York under the former conditions would be just as dangerous for her as it had been on that wintry night when they made their bold decision.

Seventy-six thousand dollars! In that magic number there lay some solution to her problem. Possibly Zudie's plan for the purchase of Los Angeles real estate would prove the practical solution.

As her car finally rolled into the suburbs of the city Anna had about decided against a dreary future in Aunt Julia's religious home. The possibility of another failure in Los Angeles plagued her a little. Then again she felt the crinkling paper in her hand bag. Seventy-six thousand!

When Henry slowed down before the glassy front of her bank she was almost hysterical with fear lest the receiving teller would refuse Helmholtz's check for one perverse reason or another.

But the man at the window, expert in the teller's arts, examined the signature with the noncommittal eye of a hardened poker player. He scribbled the sum in her pass book and handed it back with an amiable comment on the weather. That was finished!

Anna, who had been living on her nerves these last few days, had no sooner taken the pass book in her hand than she realized how weak she was. Susan Skelley's sour warning, "Bed's the place for ye," was ringing in her ears. The California sunlight, beating through the windows into the glassy room, affected her with nausea. She had scarcely strength to weave her way through the crowd of farmers and to the door; and there she was stopped by a big man in a new blue suit. He came swinging in and all but knocked her down in his blithesome haste toward the teller's window.

"Anna!"

She glanced up and beheld Dunc Leacy looking very handsome and urbane in his citified clothes. A childish resentment overcame her with the thought that he had never dressed like that for her. The room was swimming round, but even then she could read in his eyes a warmth and an enthusiasm she had not seen there these many weeks.

"Anna," he persisted, taking her by an arm, "you're all in!"

"I—I didn't know you'd come back," she told him weakly, and leaned against a rack of counter checks to save her uncertain knees.

"Just about an hour ago," he told her in his changed, happy voice. "I've brought back some bully news, Anna."

"Let's sit down," she implored, almost in a whisper.

He led her to a yellow oak bench by the wall, and as soon as he was seated beside her he demanded, "Anna, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing, Dunc. I've come in on business, and I—I ——"

BLABON ART Linoleums

"I knew he'd consent!"

"Phil said home furnishings were too costly nowadays to expect to begin where the old folks left off.

"But I soon thoroughly convinced him that when it came to the floors the most economical ones we could have were Blabon Art floors of Linoleum."

"How *did* you ever do it?"

"Oh, I just got out the Post and showed him the advertisement of Blabon Art Linoleums, where it told how there are beautiful inlaid patterns to harmonize with the furnishings of every room in the house, and how their beauty goes clear through to the burlap back and gives years of service, and—

"that a Blabon floor may be waxed and polished if one wants, and—

"that Blabon floors make housework easier because they only need a light regular going over with a damp cloth or mop.

"And I reminded him that as long as we had to get along without a maid *some* means would have to be devised to prevent his bride from becoming a household drudge.

"That was enough!

"He capitulated on the spot!"

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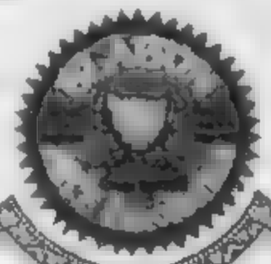

Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

"Can't Susan Skelley or Zudie or Kipps make you stay in bed? I no sooner get off the ranch than you're up and doing something foolish."

His scolding words were expressed in a tone so comforting that Anna had a feeling of being lifted out of danger under his strong protection. In that happy instant she was unable to believe that this man upon whom she had learned to lean had gone forever out of her life—that he had stolen this moment for her.

"I've jumped over the rope," he was telling her in his happy tone. "It was a grind, I tell you, but I'm through. And you'll congratulate me, won't you, Anna?"

She closed her eyes. Try as she would she couldn't congratulate him.

"Anna," he implored, "let me take you home. You oughtn't to be batting round this way."

"I'll be all right in a minute," she told him. "I've had rather a hard week settling things up."

"Why didn't you wait for me to get back?" he asked. "You don't know anything about prunes."

"It wasn't prunes," she said suddenly, disobeying her intuition. "Dune, I've sold the farm."

"Sold it!"

She saw his jaw drop and his capable hand grasping an arm of the bench.

"Sold it! When the deuce did you do that?"

"This morning. He wanted to close right away—he wouldn't wait—he brought the deed right over—I've—I've just deposited his check."

"Whose check?"

The hardness that had come into his voice worked like a stimulant upon her tired senses. Her faintness passed away and she answered in a tone as cold as his, "Helmholtz."

"I see" Leacy's body relaxed and his hands fell to his knees. "I see So you did sell out to the Japs, after all."

She sat silently trying to meet his stare. What was he implying now?

"Dune, I don't know what you mean," she told him, her anger rising to meet his. "It had nothing to do with the Japanese. The deed was made out to Helmholtz and his wife."

"Oh, yes!" He gave a miserable chuckle before the puzzling comment: "Helmholtz is building an empire."

"Do you mean to say there's been some trick?" she faltered.

"Some trick! What's the use of explaining, now that it's too late?"

"Dune, I don't like the way you're talking to me. You've got to tell me ——"

"Well then, you have transferred your farm to Cyprian Helmholtz. Helmholtz—to-day or to-morrow or next week—will transfer it to some nice little Japanese child born in California. The Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company has furnished the very dollars that Helmholtz wrote out to you on his check."

"Do you really mean that, Dune?" she asked, feeling a new alarm.

"I mean it as nearly as I can mean anything I don't know. I don't suppose one of us could prove it."

Anna looked away from him—looked through the window into the glaring streets. She hoped that Dune Leacy would leave her to her tortured thoughts, but when she glanced round he was still there, gazing at her with eyes that showed nothing more than pity.

"You didn't know what you did," he said. "That's the way they've caught so many."

"I knew exactly what I did," she replied, coming angrily to her feet.

"I'm sorry I pulled that rough stuff," he apologized. "You see, I just got my own money this morning, and I was starting for your farm with the idea of making a buying proposition of my own."

She left him standing there and hurried through the open door toward her little car at the curb.

XXVI

EARLY in the afternoon of the same day the Brand sisters were busy about the house in the first scattered preparations for departure when a marvel appeared in the sky. It was such a miracle as even so recently as fifteen years ago—would have caused towns to vomit forth their inhabitants and simple folk to fall in prayer upon their knees.

But the year 1920, being sated with miracles, scarcely looks up at the vision of great ribbed wings, scarcely remarks upon a dragon's roar filling the vaulted blue. And so it was in Bly. A mechanical bird, mighty as the fabled roc, passed overhead; and the folk of a race which, less than three score and ten years ago, had bowed down before Perry's black ships because they advanced into their harbor without sails, now went about their business from grocery to garage, from garage to Buddhist temple.

Just another aëroplane—Japan had as good, and plenty of them.

But this aëroplane was peculiar in its behavior; that much even the busy Mr. Akagashi had to admit. It seemed to have Bly on its mind, for it circled over the cluttered streets, coming lower and lower in an evernarrowing spiral. It seemed bent upon tearing away the gilt-topped spire of the new Buddhist temple and of perching on the roof of Mr. Awaga's jerry-built church.

The noise of its propeller was abominable to the ear. Just above the main street it hurdled an invisible barrier and rose again to take its curious flight over the Bly tract.

Kipps was the first to herald the monster to the women of the farmhouse.

"Gee, moms!" he shrieked, racing headlong toward the porch. "Ain't she a whale?"

"Ain't she a whale!" echoed little Nan, covering her head as she ran.

Every inhabitant of the place stood stock-still, faces upturned, mouths open, while the monster performed its remarkable antics so close above the prune trees that the topmost branches bent earthward as if under the stress of a tornado. It came down almost to a level with the trees, whirred dizzily upward, then descended once more to circle the barn and perform acrobatic feats above the chicken yard, where white wings were flapping and hysterical hens running back and forth in a frenzy of panic. Rodger, the old brown horse, had been dozing against the fence, but at sight of the marvel he leaped two bars as gracefully as a young thoroughbred and galloped snorting away through Shimba's settlement.

Through the doomsday racket Susan Skelley's shrill voice could be heard in malediction, but it was all over as quickly as it had begun. It looked for an instant as if the aëroplane would carry away the Bly chimney, but it cleared that obstacle, leaped two hundred feet and hurled itself toward the south. It seemed to be swallowed up behind the lacy barricade of trees. The sound of propellers ceased abruptly.

"I think they're in trouble," said Anna.

"They ought to be," agreed Zudie.

"It's the wrath o' God come to finish th' job," snarled Susan Skelley.

"Oh, moms!" shouted Kipps. "They've pancaked right down on the field beyond Akagashi's store."

He was already running toward the scene of trouble, and Anna, seeing no other member of her household about to take the initiative, hastened after him.

In the midst of Mr. Akagashi's stubble field Anna at last spied the aëroplane standing like a great, glorious dragon fly, unscathed to all appearances. A flock of Japanese children came running cross-lots from the settlement. They were gathering in knots round the short blue fusilage, gawking up at two aviators who were then scrambling stiffly out of the cockpit.

The first man to descend was disguised from head to foot in the baggy garments of his trade. After him came a second man in a weatherproof coat and leather helmet. While the first aviator set himself at once to a businesslike inspection of the machine, the second showed complete indifference to the perilous contrivance that had brought him there. He removed his helmet, tossed it back in the fusilage and stood undoing the complicated buttons of his coat.

Anna Bly watched this spectacle at a dignified distance. Kipps had crawled under the barbed wire, eager to be in at the death, if death there were. He had elbowed to the forefront of the spectators and had planted himself less than two feet away from the man with the weatherproof overcoat. Anna, her sense of propriety shocked, was about to call him back when another marvel crowned that miracle.

The man had just shed his weatherproof coat and revealed himself in a navy-blue uniform. At the instant of revelation he looked down at Kipps, uttered one ferocious roar and picked the boy up in his arms. Supporting Kipps on his shoulder, he came striding out of the mob, and Anna could hear a treble voice, pitched to the news key of the town crier as it proclaimed: "Hey, moms, it's Sid Footridge! Look here, moms! It's Sid!"

"Well, I got here, you see," said Sid, grinning from ear to ear as he put Kipps down.

"I see you did," she replied, astonished beyond any show of surprise.

"Kipps," suggested Footridge, "do you think you could run over to the machine and ask Billy Walker—he's the man in the munition maker's disguise—to pass me out my cap?"

Kipps had barely time to scamper across the field when Footridge was apologizing.

"I hope I didn't scare you to death."

"Almost," Anna confessed.

"It was the only way I could come," the naval officer was explaining rapidly. "I've been away on target practice got back this morning and found your telegram. I've got just two days of shore leave, Anna, and I sail at dawn Friday."

"It was wonderful for you to come, Sid," she told him, her heart filled with thanksgiving.

"It was something of a stunt," he agreed. "I saw that it was too late for railroad or touring car, so I just naturally went over to the Marina and hired a plane. The short way's the air way—forty minutes from the Marina to Bly."

"Wasn't it rather expensive, Sid?" she asked.

"Not so very—something less than a month's pay. I just arranged for the one way, because, Anna ——"

He leaned against the fence post, and his healthy, homely face was very wistful as he said: "Well, Anna, there wouldn't be room for her in the plane, and if she doesn't go back with me I don't much care what happens."

"What's been going on between you two children?" asked Anna, to whom Zudie had been more and more of a puzzle.

"The same thing. She wants me to quit the Navy for her, Anna. Can't you see how I stand?"

"I think she's changed her mind, Sid," said Anna very softly.

"Has she?" His face became radiant for a moment. "What's changed it?"

Her eyes turned back toward her farm and wandered over the orchard rows, tired and sere from the year's fruition.

"All this," she whispered, her hand sweeping in a gesture that covered her unsuccessful enterprise. "She thinks as I do now. Yours is the most glorious profession of all—to keep a band of steel tight round my country."

"You didn't think so a year ago," he interrupted.

"No," said Anna. Then she added with a sad, experienced smile, "But that was a year ago."

"Do you think she'll take me now?" he taxed her, keen eyes eager under shaggy brows.

"Let me talk to her, Sid."

She left Footridge to settle with his missing cap as she hurried into the house as though fate depended upon the turn of a second. She found Zudie bending over a trunk in her bedroom at the head of the stairs.

"Sid Footridge has come to see you," she announced after closing the door.

Zudie stood up. Her face was flushed with leaning over, and it showed no expression of surprise.

"Where is he?" she asked quietly.

"He was getting his hat out of an aëroplane when I saw him last," replied Anna.

"What does he want?"

"He wants to see you, Zude. He flew all the way over just to talk to you before he goes." Then noting the hesitancy on her sister's part: "You're going to be good to him, aren't you, Zude?"

Zudie made no reply to this, but went over to the mirror to smooth her hair. The act meant nothing more than that Zudie was any woman about to talk to any man. Presently heavy footsteps were heard on the veranda floor. Without a glance for her anxious sister, Zudie went down the stairs.

In her rôle of benevolent spy Anna listened at the head of the stairs, but gained little satisfaction. Only the buzz-buzz of two voices, male and female, then long silences, then another buzz-buzz. Finally she heard footsteps on the boards and the clack of feminine heels on the steps.

From another post at the bedroom window she saw them walking single file down the path toward the river. She had no glimpse of their faces, but by the expression of their backs she was forced to the sorry conclusion that they had been quarreling again.

For a gentleman too busy to come by any slower route than the air way, Lieutenant Commander Footridge certainly wasted a great deal of time that afternoon. The screen of willows seemed to have swallowed up the enigmatic couple. Anna, as detached as one swinging between heaven and earth, waited for an anxious hour. Then her heart stood still at the sound of footsteps bounding across the veranda and up the stairs. What had brought Zudie back in undignified haste?

Looking nervously through the doorway, she was disappointed to find that it was not Zudie but Kipps who had come in such a hurry. The boy was all out of breath, every hair of his sun-bleached head fairly bristling with excitement.

"Moms," he shouted, "why is Sid Footridge sittin' so long on a log with Zudie?"

"Hush!" his mother cautioned him.

"Well, why is he?" persisted Kipps, lowering his voice several octaves.

"He wants to talk to her, I suppose."

"He isn't sayin' a darned word."

"No?"

"He's kissin' her like all outdoors."

"You shouldn't spy on people, Kipps," said his mother, restraining her impulse to shout Amen!

"I wasn't spyin'. Isn't that the place where I set my rabbit traps?"

"You'd better stay in the house a while and help me pack," she suggested.

"All right."

He leaped impetuously to his task and began clattering among shoe trees, only to interrupt himself with the remark: "I don't see why he keeps on kissin' her when she doesn't like it."

"How do you know she doesn't like it?" Anna conceded.

"Well, if she did she wouldn't keep on cryin', would she?"

"Come here, Kipps!" she entreated her son. Kneeling beside an open trunk her attitude was almost prayerful.

"What's the idea?" he asked, but his question was smothered in a motherly embrace.

"Kiss me!" she demanded.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Kipps.

The sun was slanting over the trees when the couple came back up the river path. They were no longer enigmatic, and they were no longer walking single file. Was it the gold of a California sun that carried them in a nimbus of light? Sid Footridge's homely face seemed glorified to a heroic beauty. His look told the story as plainly as though he had shouted it over woods and fields.

It was then that Anna cast aside all reserve to rush forward to meet them on the path. Zudie clung to her and cried and cried. There was no need of telling anything now. But when Sid Footridge advanced to plant a resounding kiss upon the lips of his sister-in-law-elect the manful Kipps again put in his word.

"Can you beat it?" he asked the empty heavens, and strode disgustedly away.

The romantic act ended, the three of them sat on the veranda to settle the practical details of getting married.

"Zudie thinks," grinned Footridge—and he seemed quite unable to control that obsessing grin—"that she ought to stick round until things are settled."

"With me?" cried Anna. "Now don't you two be foolish again! Everything's settled as far as I'm concerned. I'll be out of here in a week."

"Ann!" Zudie objected. "What will you do? You won't have any ——"

"Don't be silly! Haven't I got Susan?"

"And I sail Friday morning," broke in Sid's refrain.

"You'll be married this very afternoon," decided Anna. "When is the next direct steamer for Manila?"

"The Pacific Mail. The Colusa sails Saturday at one o'clock."

"Could you engage passage so late?" Anna demurred

"I'll pull every wire on the coast for it," declared the bridegroom-elect.

"Oh, Anna!" was all Zudie could say.

Somewhere above the stubble fields to the south the throb of Billy Walker's aëroplane could be heard. Gradually it rose above the trees and vanished among the clouds.

"We can't have that boat to honeymoon in," said Footridge. "Now let's try and settle about a parson. I'm not much of an expert, but we ought to be able to dig up a good one in the city."

"You'd be wasting a good deal of time," declared Anna in a tone which caused the

(Continued on Page 95)

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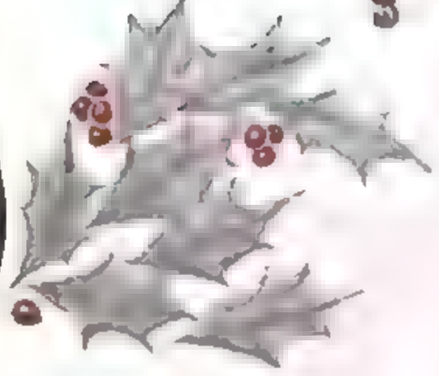

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San Francisco, Calif.	Hooper-Jobs Motor Co.
Charleston, W. Va.,	FWD Motor Sales & Trucking Co.
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Erie, Pa.	Park Auto Sales Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Rock Bell & Son
Pittsburgh, Pa.	United Motor Corp.
Greenwood, S. C.	Gresham Motor & Truck Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Gresham Motor & Truck Co.
Augusta, Ga.	Gresham Motor & Truck Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	J. B. Williams
Thomasville, Ga.	O. F. Schlenaker
Denver, Colo.	Paul V. Jennesa
Salt Lake City, Utah	Shaw Motor Co.
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Florence, Ariz.	Ralph P. Lane
Paducah, Ky.	FWD Motor Sales Co.
Bloomington, Ill.	Motor Truck Sales Co.
Spokane, Wash.	Keller-Fike Motor Co.
Bowdoinham, Me.	W. B. Kendall
Kansas City, Mo.	Bardeen Motor Sales Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Lambert-Jones Motor Co.
Brunswick, Ga.	Ballard Tait Sales Co., Inc.
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Republic Dominicana	Havana Fruit Co.,	Havana.
Upper Mexico	A. E. Collins,	Tampico
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Porto Rico	Havana Fruit Co.,	Havana.
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Santa Cruz	G. & C. Kreglinger,	Punta Arenas.
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Colombia	G. Pradilla & Co.,	Bogota.
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Russia	Gaston, Williams & Wigmore,	New York.
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Territory	Distributor	Address
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Lambton County, Ontario, J. W. Johnston, Inwood, Ontario.

Brant County, Ontario, S. B. Miller, 18 Clarence St., Brantford, Ontario.

Four Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis.

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ont.

FWD TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 80)

lovers to look round. "You'll do one thing for me, won't you, Sid?"

"Anna"—he reached out and caught her hands in his—"I'd take my heart out and skin it alive if you asked me to."

"It's not much—and I hope you won't think me sentimental. But, Sid—would you mind being married right here in Bly?"

"Why, Ann!" interposed her sister. "There's no minister here—except the Reverend Professor Awaga."

"That's exactly the one I mean," replied Anna. "He's an ordained minister of the gospel."

"You don't mean a Jap?" roared Footridge.

"Yes. He and his wife are Christians. They may not be of our color or denomination, but they are as good people as I have ever met. They're having an awful time, Sid—and somehow I should like to see the little preacher perform the ceremony. It would make me feel better toward—toward a lot of things we're putting behind us."

"I don't care if he's a Siamese Mormon!" grinned Footridge, and so it was decided.

The ceremony in the shabby little church had been of no practical convenience, that was sure, for it had necessitated a racing performance on the part of Henry Johnson in order to carry the bridegroom-elect into town for the license. But it satisfied something in Anna's heart—put a drop of sweet into her bitterness for the yellow town of Bly.

The Oriental wireless telephone seemed to have spread the glad tidings, for there was already a throng of Japanese—children in the majority—gaping blankly as the bridal party—Anna, Zudie, Sid, Susan Skelley, Kipps and Nan—left the automobile to enter the church door. Henry Johnson shambled over from the farm and lurked in the vestibule. Heads of wiry black hair were clustered together at the entrance, elfin-bright eyes peered into the bleak interior as the long-haired ones went up the aisle to stand before the weather-beaten pulpit, which Mrs. Awaga had decorated for the occasion with flowers from her garden.

It was a gaunt and ugly room. On the stained walls hung a few religious lithographs, partially concealing cracks in the plaster—illustrations of the good Samaritan and of the Resurrection, with texts in Japanese. On wooden tags, hung in a long row above the cheap wainscoting, were the names of Mrs. Awaga's Sunday-school scholars, each written down in the blotchy characters of Nippon.

The place was so bare, so tragic in its simplicity! Instead of pews, long rows of kitchen chairs stood waiting Awaga's dwindling congregation. The ecclesiastical scroll-work on a cottage organ in the corner did its bit toward proclaiming poverty.

Anna felt the pity of it all as she stood aside and heard the little yellow man in the long frock coat struggling with the English of the marriage ceremony. Once or twice he had to go back and read a passage over again in order that the contracting couple might understand sufficiently to make the response. Came another pause at the line, "With this ring I thee wed." Sid Footridge blushed purple. The headlong fellow had forgotten that detail!

The halt was just for an instant, for Anna Bly pulled a band from her finger and dropped it into the bridegroom's palm. It was her wedding ring.

"Let us pray," said the little minister, closing his book and raising his short arms.

The words from his high-pitched voice came sonorous and devout, but they were quite indistinguishable. Then Anna understood. His command in English had failed. He was praying in Japanese.

What a prayer might that have been! Prayer to an Almighty who has set the gulf of race, wider than any ocean, between peoples equally human yet equally unable to understand! Prayer of Asia to the Christ of Asia for some answer to the yearnings of two alien worlds held apart by a law as immutable as that which keeps the planets in their courses!

At last the little preacher raised his head and ceased to pray. The silence of infinity filled the church for just an instant.

"I wish you all can be very happy!" said the Reverend Professor Awaga, holding out his tiny hand and chuckling the easy chuckle of his race.

"Thank you, parson," said Footridge. "You couldn't have done a better job with a pipe organ and a vested choir."

"Oh, we not very much to offer," he apologized, bobbing and persisting in his chuckle.

The rest was a daze to Anna. She had an impression of Zudie's beloved arms round her neck and Zudie's voice caressing her. Somewhere out by the door, too, she came to herself to hear Sid Footridge whisper: "Say, Anna, I've been trying to slip ten bucks to that parson, and he won't take it. Can you beat it? Says the ceremony's his wedding present!"

"Take her away, Sid," she begged. "I can't stand it much longer."

And then she saw the bridal couple stepping into her pretty car and heard the self-starter snarl metallically as Henry Johnson put his heel upon it. Zudie was waving at her and blowing kisses through the window, but Anna stood immovable, watching the car roll down the asphalt road. Zudie had slipped out of her life.

Long after the bridal car had faded among barns and fences down the road she stood, her dry eyes fixed upon the spot where last she had seen it.

"Mrs. Bly, please!"

Anna looked round and saw Mrs. Awaga standing at her elbow, her body bent politely.

"Mrs. Bly," insisted the gentle voice, "my husband should like to ask you. Could you stay with us to supper? It is very poor, but we should so enjoy having you!"

XXVII

ANNA spent her last evening in Bly with the courageous, pitiful little couple who kept house in a sort of apartment in the back of the Japanese Church. There was a box of a kitchen where Mrs. Awaga prepared the meals. In the living room the Awagas ate, studied and—at least so Anna suspected—slept. Through a half-open door she could see a wide brass bed wherein reposed three little Awagas, their black and wiry heads lying all in a row, suggesting so many Japanese dolls tucked in for the night.

The living room was a jumble of odds and ends which looked like relics from every secondhand store in town. The articles of furniture were all shabby and all in a bad period of the Victorian or a little later. There was a marble-topped table with awful Egyptian legs, a whatnot of the design known to our grandfathers as "rustic," two tassel-edged rockers which creaked on patent springs. The carpet, which had once been flowered, was worn to the woof in gray footpaths from the kitchen to the dining table and from the side door to the kitchen.

This room displayed the ugliest of everything European. It gave the impression of a people who had lost their own beautiful art and were utterly confused by the aesthetics of another race. Nowhere was there any trace of the gracious, lovely things of Japan, save in the corner there was a framed diploma which Mr. Awaga explained he had earned upon his graduation from Waseda University. The pictures on the wall were mostly poor engravings. There was a portrait of Theodore Roosevelt; an enlarged photograph showing numerous little yellow men in long frock coats; one of those maudlin colored prints, so dear to our ancestors, depicting a sirupy child playing with a kitten.

"We've been getting our things together for a long time," explained Mrs. Awaga, and her air betrayed pride in having made a home so thoroughly consistent with her American ideals.

"Yiss," agreed the Reverend Professor Awaga, "many we bring all way from San Frisco."

All this time Mrs. Awaga was trotting along the worn footpath between kitchen and dining table.

"We going to try give you American supper," smiled the hostess. "My husband has killed our family chicken in your honor."

"How delightful!" cried Anna, yet feeling that the joke about the chicken was no joke. "I hope you're not avoiding Japanese food just on account of me. I love it."

"You are kind to say so," declared Mrs. Awaga. "But I am sure no American could like it as well. You eat much meat to make you so tall and beautiful."

When the meal was on the table it proved to be American enough, but rather flavorless and poor. The cooking was like the furniture—an attempt at a misunderstood ideal. The rice, of course, was perfect, because to any Japanese it is a sin to spoil rice. But the potatoes were heavy, the tea acrid and the chicken indifferently fried.

"I know that we do not understand it," admitted little Mrs. Awaga in tiny despair.

"Oh, it's delicious," lied Anna like a perfect guest.

"But we so wanted to see you before you go away."

"So much," Mr. Awaga supplied. "You are been so kind."

This was toward the end of their meal while they were indulging in preserves and baker's bread.

"I can't tell you how much I've admired the way you've worked here," said Anna. "And against such odds too. If I ever come back I'll attend your church and do everything I can to keep it going."

"Shank you!" said Mr. Awaga with a dreary hiss.

The sharp black eyes of the little couple exchanged quick glances before Mrs. Awaga said: "We shall not be here, I am afraid, when you might come back."

"What? Are you going too?"

"Yiss."

Mr. Awaga said the word in a voice that was very solemn.

"But where are you going?"

"Where the Lord sent us," said he, and looked again at his wife.

"I do not suppose you realize, Mrs. Bly," explained the woman, speaking for her inarticulate husband, "what goes on behind the scene. You Americans see in my race just one problem, and you are not aware of the difficulties between us. Much politics has happened in Bly, and it is decided that we should go. The Buddhist temple has arranged that for us."

"But, Mrs. Awaga," exclaimed Anna, "surely the Buddhists have no authority over your church!"

"No," she smiled. "But they have authority over those who have."

"But your church is controlled by an American organization!"

"So it seem," said the little schoolma'am. "Good American ministers got us here. To them we are much obliged for salary."

A look round the poor interior gave a hint at the size of that salary.

"But words can be spoken into powerful ears. We have not made friendship to the Buddhists."

"How in the world can that affect you?" asked Anna, quite puzzled.

"Ah, how easy it is to start wrong tales about us! Buddhists have many tongues, and they chatter smoothly with Christians. Then there are Christians and Christians.

"So stories get started. They say us to be mischief-makers, unable to keep our congregation because of bad tongues. They even blame us with death of Mrs. Shimba, saying that we poisoned her poor brain against her husband. Every misfortune in Bly is dropped on our church door. Therefore Honorable Bishop come to tell us that we shall be removed."

"We got such many things together here," declared little Awaga, blinking at the ugly collection which represented home to him.

"But I could go to the bishop," Anna volunteered. "If I told him how heroically you have worked and how they've plotted against you ——"

"No." There was all the mystery of Asia in the woman's eyes as she said that. "Honorable Bishop must be approached at another way."

"But how?"

"He is good man," she said, "but he love Japanese too much to behold their politics. What Beneficent Society tells him he believe. Therefore Beneficent Society is the only way ——"

"I'll go to them then," declared Anna. "Just tell me where to go, whom I shall see."

Again that rapid look between husband and wife. Mrs. Awaga hesitated an instant to ask him a question in Japanese. He replied hastily and returned his anxious gaze to Anna's face.

"You should see K. Sato," said the little woman solemnly, lingering over the name of a hidden power.

"K. Sato!" She might as well have been sent upon a mission to the Mikado. "Does anyone ever see K. Sato?"

"It could be done, I think," said Mrs. Awaga. "If you go to Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company in San Francisco. He is president. They have great offices there."

"But would anything I could say have any effect on Sato?"

"I could not say. But he much broader in his mind than others of my countrymen."

Anna's house seemed too quiet that night when she returned to it. She had a feeling that not only Zudie but her children had deserted her. Haunted by this obsession, she crept up to their room and opened the door a crack, to be heartened at sight of the two yellow heads, pillowed as peacefully as Mrs. Awaga's dolls had been. She felt now that her responsibilities were simplified, even at so high a cost. Her future, such as it was, lay clear before her.

Somewhere in the culinary regions downstairs she could hear the clatter of kitchenware, and by the sound she realized that Susan Skelley had gone about the work of packing without a thought of union hours or overtime charges. Bless Susan's dour old heart! Above the clangor of pots and pans Anna recognized her monotonous scolding tone, and then the heavier notes of an earnest platform speaker. And from the commingled sounds she knew that Susan had put Henry Johnson to work.

Anna tiptoed downstairs, resolved to forget herself in the preparations for retreat. But as she wandered from room to room she found that Susan had performed miracles during the few hours. Pictures had been taken from the walls, wrapped in newspapers and stacked in piles; books had been laid away in their packing cases; curtains had been taken down, rugs rolled up; pieces of family bric-a-brac again reposed in the barrels which had brought them there.

Anna sat in the ordered chaos, thinking, thinking. She was glad that she had parted with Zudie in a flame of impulse, accomplished it all in haste while the courage was with her. Had she lingered another day she might have weakened, might have begged her little sister to stay and help her fight it out. And Zudie, she knew, would have stayed.

In this first hour of loneliness Anna realized how much she had leaned upon that sprightly girl for every practical advice. Anna wasn't practical. Now the fact stared her in the face. She had no plans for investing the small fortune which had come to her so easily; she had no plans beyond Saturday, when she would say good-by to Zudie, possibly for always. Manila was such a world away!

Life is an oddly managed thing, so dependent upon the whim of governments and boards of directors and bodies of men acting as proxies for fate! Anna thought of the little Awagas, devoted and humble, doing their duty as they saw it. Fate in the form of a yellow man named Sato had decided that these poor pawns were worth taking off the board. There was neither right nor wrong in this. It was merely Sato's move—that was all. But were these proxies of fate incapable of compassion? Were they also automata, like their victims, to be moved only by some stronger head from above?

Anna had reached the resolution that she would see K. Sato and do her poor best for the Awagas, when she heard shuffling feet in the hall and beheld Henry Johnson, his long face streaked with soot from his labors with a stove pipe, bowing elegantly at the door.

"Madam," he began, stepping nimbly into his chosen rôle of Greek chorus, "every alpha has its omega, isn't it so? The twilight of the gods has arrived; Wotan's palace tumbles and Valhalla erupts to the Valkyr song of this Miss Skelley, who is the only living person able to talk me off my feet. When do we turn over the property, Mrs. Bly?"

"Not until the fifteenth," she said; then added, "I'm going to-morrow afternoon."

"Ah"—the gesture of his loosely knit arm seemed to include the entire house—"but you are not intending to surrender all this to the heathen!"

"The furniture? I wanted to talk to you about that, Henry. I don't want to come back if I can help it." She looked earnestly into the living paradox which was his face before she asked, "I wonder if I can trust you, Henry?"

"Do you think you can?" he responded quite cheerfully.

"You're the only man about the place, and you could help me a great deal if you'd stay and see that everything is put in storage properly."

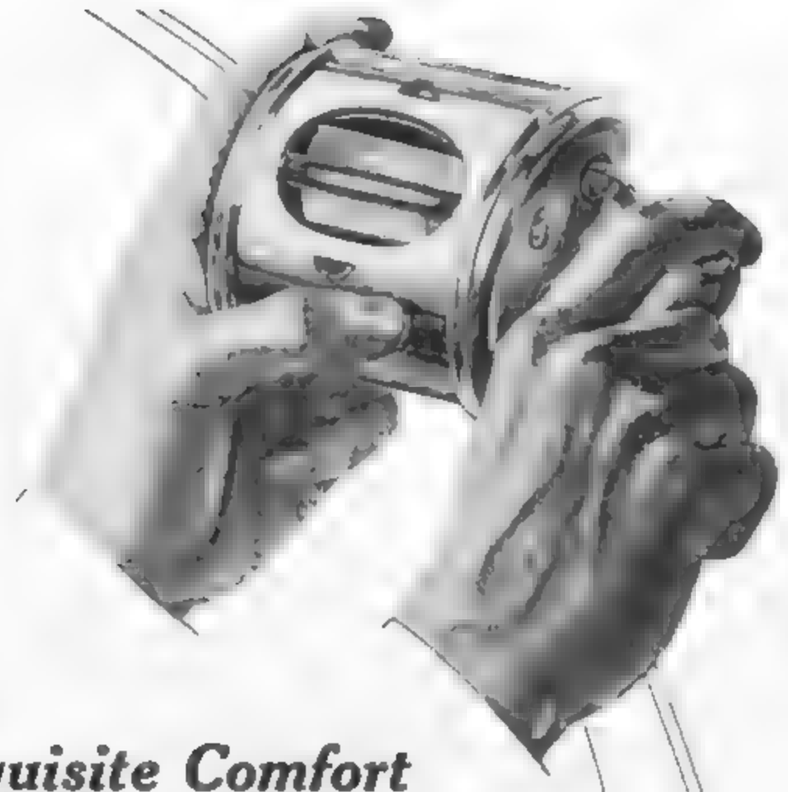
"That would be a rare chance," he said, "for me to steal a number of things."

"You wouldn't do that!"

The hybrid regarded her speculatively; a look of pathetic humor had come over his queer face.

"No, I wouldn't. Mrs. Bly, it's a curious coincidence, but I've come to-night to restore something which I have already stolen from you!"

"Why, Henry!"



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Anna knew not whether to be amused or alarmed when the Eurasian began fumbling among the folds of his faded blue sweater, to bring out an object which had been swelling the garment like a hidden tumor.

It was a little desk clock, a frivolous gilt object, all ringed round with flowers and Cupids. Anna could not restrain her mirth at sight of a wedding present of the sort well lost to any tastefully arranged house.

"If you were going to steal," she laughed, "why did you pick on that?"

"Now there's a problem," declared Henry, holding the ornate object up by its ring. "It's really rather ugly, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is," agreed Anna, who had never considered it one way or the other. To her a clock was a clock.

"Motives for crimes are a study for the psychologist," he continued, tilting his head critically toward the object under discussion. "Possibly I desired something to keep time by. One of the failures of my life has been a lack of punctuality. I have never carried a watch, largely because the price has been prohibitive. Possibly too"—here he squinted his queer eyes into the face of the clock—"possibly my motives were merely sordid. In a tight corner I might sell it for that mathematically perfect thing—a square meal. But I don't think that was it entirely."

He paused and swung the clock on his long forefinger as his eyes wandered toward Anna.

"Possibly I took it instinctively, because it reminded me a little of you."

"I like that!" she cried, remembering his comment on its ugliness.

"Not æsthetically perhaps," he resumed. "But it is such a symbol. It has not been built for use, but for decoration. Originally designed for some boudoir of ormolu, French brocade and painted flower panels, here it has been ticking its life away in the midst of a prune orchard. Temperamentally, too, it is significant. It keeps very poor time. Either its wheels are running away with its hands or it stops dead and refuses all human comfort."

"It is a very imperfect thing," she admitted, quite without humor.

"Isn't it? And that is why I regard it with so much affection."

He was about to set it down on the table beside her when she stayed him with a gesture and a smile.

"I think you'd better keep it, Henry," she said.

"Thank you."

With irreproachable dignity he restored the clock to its hiding place under his sweater. Then he began bowing himself out of the room.

"You can trust me to carry out your orders," was his final declaration ere he ambled down the hall toward his Spartan quarters in the rear.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PICKLES

By Robert Quillen

A CERTAIN man who was hungry purchased a loaf of bread in the market and went home to dine. His servant, who owned a small truck farm and raised cucumbers during his idle moments, placed the loaf of bread on a shelf and served his master two plates of pickles, the one sweet and the other sour. Now the master's appetite demanded bread, and he was aware that pickles doubtless would offend his stomach, but being a patient man and little given to thought of his own welfare he chose between the dishes set before him and ate his fill.

This is an affair truly remarkable and worthy of study. If a master desires bread or cake or meat or any other thing, by what right does his servant keep these things from him and offer a choice between pickles that are sweet and pickles that are sour? Has the master no voice in his own household? Is the servant greater than his lord?

One who ponders over this peculiar happening must inevitably reach one of two conclusions: Either the master is a little mad and therefore has need of a keeper by whose superior judgment he may be guided in all matters great and small, without regard for his own opinions and preferences, or else the servant, taking advantage of his master's indifference, has usurped authority and made himself the head of the household. One must and will reach one of these conclusions, and yet not solve the mystery; for neither madness nor indifference explains a diet of pickles. One is forced at last to the conclusion that the servant's interest in the culture of cucumbers has some bearing on the matter.

Let us now step from pickles to politics.

The United States is a government, and the government is a partnership of all the people. There is no master or power or authority save the people themselves, and officials who are elected or appointed have dignity only because they have been chosen to do the will of the people. They are the King's messengers. One who does the will of the people is an honest servant; one who thwarts or ignores the will of the people is disloyal to his master. The people are everything; laws and makers of laws are but convenient tools to work the will of the people.

If the people are the supreme power, they are masters. If there is a greater power, the people are pawns.

Now if the American people are a little mad, or, being wholly sane, yet lack the measure of intelligence necessary to make wise selection of public servants, it is reasonable and necessary that a few persons of unusual intelligence should select the candidates for office and leave the people no more than the empty privilege of choosing between two men in whom they have no interest. Thus a little child, sitting on its father's knees, may hold the steering wheel and imagine itself a directing power while the father's strong hand holds the car to its course.

But if the American people are sane and wholesome and worthy of trust—if they have the right to order their own affairs to please their own fancy—then any group of men that endeavors to limit the choice of the people in any matter is composed of usurpers who would make themselves greater than the people and harness the Government to serve their own selfish purposes.

When a citizen of the United States may choose between two candidates for the Presidency, but cannot cast an effective ballot for a candidate of his own selection, is he in fact an enfranchised citizen or is he a play actor content with a seeming of authority, while professional politicians direct the affairs of the nation?

When a hired servant or a stranger who has no place in the household usurps authority and finds himself unopposed, he will cling to the privileges he has seized and add to them year by year, with little regard for moderation or common prudence, until the rightful master, incensed beyond endurance, selects a club and turns his hand to the task of regaining his property.

The Congress cannot grant a right, for rights are inherent and Congress is a creature of the people. But the Congress, driven by the people, and the people, acting for themselves, may make effective a right and privilege that now exists. When the people become weary of play acting and desire an effective voice in their own affairs, they may change the rules and thereafter exercise the privilege of voting direct for whom they will.

The evils of party politics are the product of a people's indifference. One who has not the courage or the will to assert his preference for bread must perforce be content with pickles sweet or sour.

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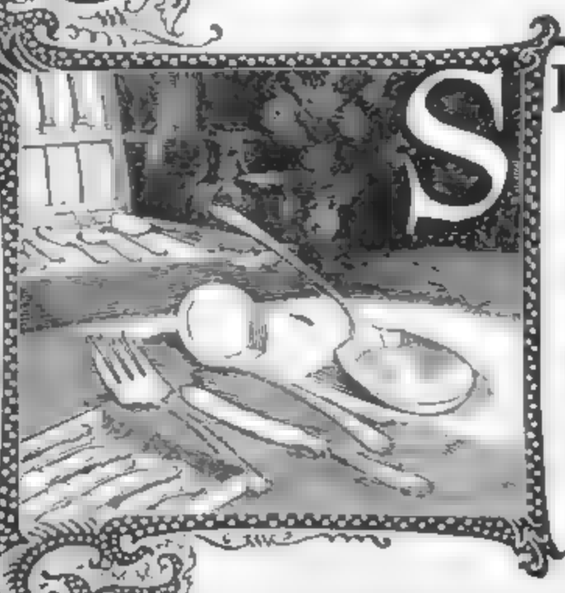

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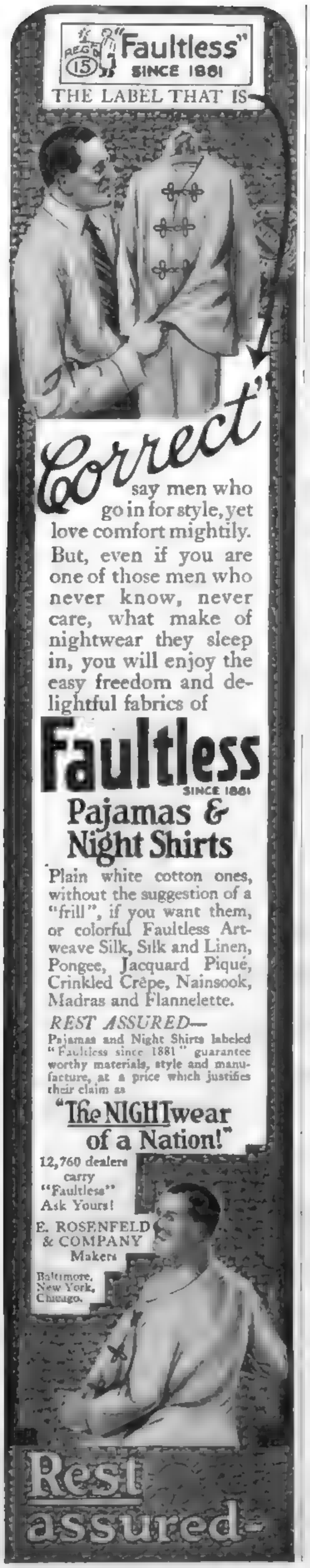
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REST ASSURED—
Pajamas and Night Shirts labeled "Faultless since 1881" guarantee worthy materials, style and manufacture, at a price which justifies their claim as
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"
12,760 dealers carry "Faultless" Ask Yours!
E. ROSENFELD & COMPANY Makers
Baltimore, New York, Chicago.
Rest assured—

WHAT A MAN LOSES IN GOING TO COLLEGE

(Concluded from Page 30)

Nevertheless, he would be spared some of the embarrassment and much of delay could he realize his limitations and could he have a clear understanding of his peculiar limitations before he enters the real world where he is to live.

It is not difficult to make out a bill of particulars to cover fairly well these qualities which have clung to the college student who has not earned his own way, which have come up with him from childhood and adolescence, and which often bring him into ridicule and always constitute a handicap until they have been knocked out of him by intimate contact with the real world.

Some of us are beginning to believe that it is worth while to do this thing plainly and firmly, to the end that this excellent gentleman, the college graduate, may become, to some extent at least, his own disciplinarian and correct some of his peculiarities while in college, softening thereby the shock that is coming his way as he takes a header into the real world of men.

Primitive Impulses

The list is not long and it can be made exceedingly specific.

INDIFFERENCE: The college student is characterized by a fine and lofty indifference to everything outside his own personal affairs and the activities of his own college campus.

This is why he says it is not the thing to attend public lectures—unless required or a credit is attached—no matter how noted the lecturer, and the upper classmen promptly discipline each generation of freshmen who show a disposition to ignore this tradition and make actual acquaintance with men who are really helping to run the world as it exists out of college. This attitude also accounts for the fact that the student pays no attention to current events. He ignores the daily paper as he does also standard literature except as prescribed in the course. So far as he is concerned, the world outside his immediate interests might as well not exist: he has not time for it.

Now this is primitive and it is the same quality that enables the blanket Indian to walk the streets of Washington without so much as batting an eye. Being primitive this attitude does not belong to the educated man, for it is evidence that the individual is still in the period of adolescence so far as personal development is concerned, no matter what his age, how much abstract information he may possess or what he may develop into afterward.

VANITY: The college student in general, with many exceptions, of course, affects peculiarities of dress and manner. This too is primitive, for the instinct belongs to the period of adolescence, not of manhood. It would be humiliating for him to be told that in this particular respect he closely resembles the Mexican laborer whom we opprobriously term "the greaser," except that the latter is rather more successful in the effects. Like the Mexican and the feathered Indian, this youngster wants to be seen and heard, whereas the successful man of the world moves about inconspicuously and you would never recognize him by any outward and distinguishing mark. The real world is too busy to pose and too well bred to attract attention.

EGOISM: The average college student who has not earned at least a part of his own way is still, as in childhood, the center of his world. If not egotistical he is at least an egoist, having never traveled, even mentally. This is what makes him, as one man put it, "an opinionated little cuss." He has a good stock of information withal, and the two combined constitute a sufficient reason for his proclivity to advise his employer within a week as to how to run his business. He does know a lot of things but he knows them in a heterogeneous and half-digested fashion, having had no experience; and that is why his advice is not valuable until he has come to know things in their relations and perspective.

ARGUMENT: This conglomerate store of unelaborated information in an active but inexperienced mind is bound to break out somewhere, and the average college student is as full of argument as an egg is of meat. Figuratively he will argue with a signboard the distance and direction to the next town. Ordinarily he does not know the difference between an argument and a discussion, nor does he know how to exhaust the facts of a situation. He sees things intensely; his information has not been cast into the true perspective by the lens of experience, and instead of weighing facts as evidence he seizes upon a few and proceeds to argue. This is his long suit in running bluffs when grades are in peril. He has done this so much and so successfully under stress of necessity that he has had large experience as a pettifogger but little as a judge. Now the world wants not argument but judgment, and the college student must learn the difference between the two. He must learn that when older people cease arguing with him it does not necessarily mean that they have been beaten in the discussion; they have simply taken his measure and passed him up. The world is too busy to argue.

SLANG: The average student lives on slang. His remarks are not merely punctuated by it; they largely consist of it. If one attempts to hold discourse with him on serious matters he is halting, inaccurate, childlike. If the conversation becomes free and easy he limbers up, and we will get such illuminating responses as "Bet your life!" "Oh, boy!" "Try anything once!" or similar emanations from an illuminated but unresponsive intellect.

Now the proposition to bet one's life or his neck or his boots or some other valuable portion of his anatomy or personal property may be startling at the first utterance, but repeated two or three times a minute it soon becomes stale. Not only that, but it kills conversation and, what is worse, it throttles thinking.

Nobody appreciates slang more than does the writer, but when slang is employed as a substitute for thinking, using the same remarks to express all sorts of ideas—or none at all—then slang is degrading to those fine discernments and responses which constitute the soul of delightful conversation, and destructive of that keen mental discernment which comes only with the habitual exercise of the mental faculties at their best.

A Mixture of Child and Man

It is not only the amount of slang that injures the college man but it is the kind he uses. His stock is small, having been evolved largely from his own set, enlarged by such as could be picked up in the alleys or through catch phrases from light opera, the comic supplement or the movies. It is all extremely local, not to say provincial or, at best, cheap.

If the student did not require so much slang he might get on fairly well. But as it is, his stock, badly shopworn in the beginning, is used wrong side up and inside out until it is worn to a frazzle. He should use slang, of course, but he should use less of it as a substitute for thinking, and it should be of vastly better quality. He should take a day off occasionally and work up some really original stuff, remembering that the discriminating use of slang is to be ranked with the fine arts.

UNRELIABILITY: In general the student is as unreliable as a child. Responsibility runs off him like water off the back of a duck. He cannot be depended upon to appear on time, and in the vast majority of cases he will jump a job with the utmost sang-froid and say nothing about it to anybody. If he is admonished he simply says, "I got a better one," and if crowded for a reason in explanation of some unusual shortcoming he will give the child's answer, "I don't know"; and in this he probably tells the truth, for students perform an amazing proportion of their activities without thinking—that is, they act largely upon impulse. This too is childish.

Now these college students are splendid fellows. They are the pick of our young people, but their distinguishing traits are characteristic of childhood and of adolescence, not of manhood. They should have been dropped by the wayside or vastly refined long ago, and they would have been so dropped or refined if the boys had not been practically shut away from the world. The fault was not theirs.

Why should we expect the college student to be a man unless he has been so fortunate as to be compelled to earn at least a part of his own way? What opportunity has he had? He has been cared for since his earliest recollections twenty years before. He has been kept a child. He has taken no responsibility except as to his own affairs, and he has learned that except in athletics and activities a seventy-per-cent performance is good enough.

Take it all in all, he is a queer combination of child and adult, with the stature and the years of a man, with information beyond that of most men—more or less jumbled, to be sure, but pretty good stuff after all—but with the outlook of a child from the center of the only world he knows and cares about, and with no feeling of responsibility. What more can be expected?

Suggested Remedies

And we are not honest with the college student. We surround him with every facility for work, assuming what we know to be untrue—namely, that he is gifted with some real vision and perspective of life. Then we cajole him and humor his idiosyncrasies instead of frankly talking them out. We even take charge of his personal interests where he himself should be the mentor. I make no doubt that ten per cent or more of every graduating class would fail at the last moment if the faculty did not follow up each case long in advance and see to it that deficiencies were made up. The student would wait until the day before Commencement. On the chance of running a bluff? No, not necessarily; he just wouldn't think.

There are two remedies that would largely correct the inevitable hardship that attaches to the man who devotes the years of young manhood to school rather than to business.

One is a frank and outspoken attitude, such as this paper has attempted, addressed to the student in advance of graduation, to the end that he discover antidotes for his limitations, or at least ameliorate their influence by such healthy understanding of the situation as will lead him, while yet in college, to pay some decent attention to the world he is preparing to enter—to its literature, to its thinkers and to its problems.

The other remedy, and the most effective, is the one that fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts and cousins, and neighbors and friends and teachers nearly all oppose—namely, a full year of employment between high school and college or between the freshman and the sophomore years—certainly not later than the end of the junior year.

"But if he gets interested in business he will never go to college."

Perhaps, but that is doubtful in most cases, provided he knows exactly why he enters employment and the motive is not for the purpose of making spending money. With proper admonitions, such as can be given and such as should be given, the advantage is worth the risk. In no other way can the student realize in advance what a man loses by going to college without that experience.

Beech-Nut Mints

The Handy Candy
What's your flavor?
—Cooling mint? Spicy clove? Soothing wintergreen? Smooth licorice? "Nippy-sweet" cinnamon?
All right, then—it's here!—in these little Beech-Nut ovals of flavor. Start one of them a-melting on your tongue. Get that concentration of flavor? It refreshes at once, because it's just natural flavor—kept in.
In handy packages at all good candy counters—at a carfare price, or thereabouts. Look for the red Beech-Nut label. That means flavor first—always.
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, New York
"Foods of Finest Flavor"

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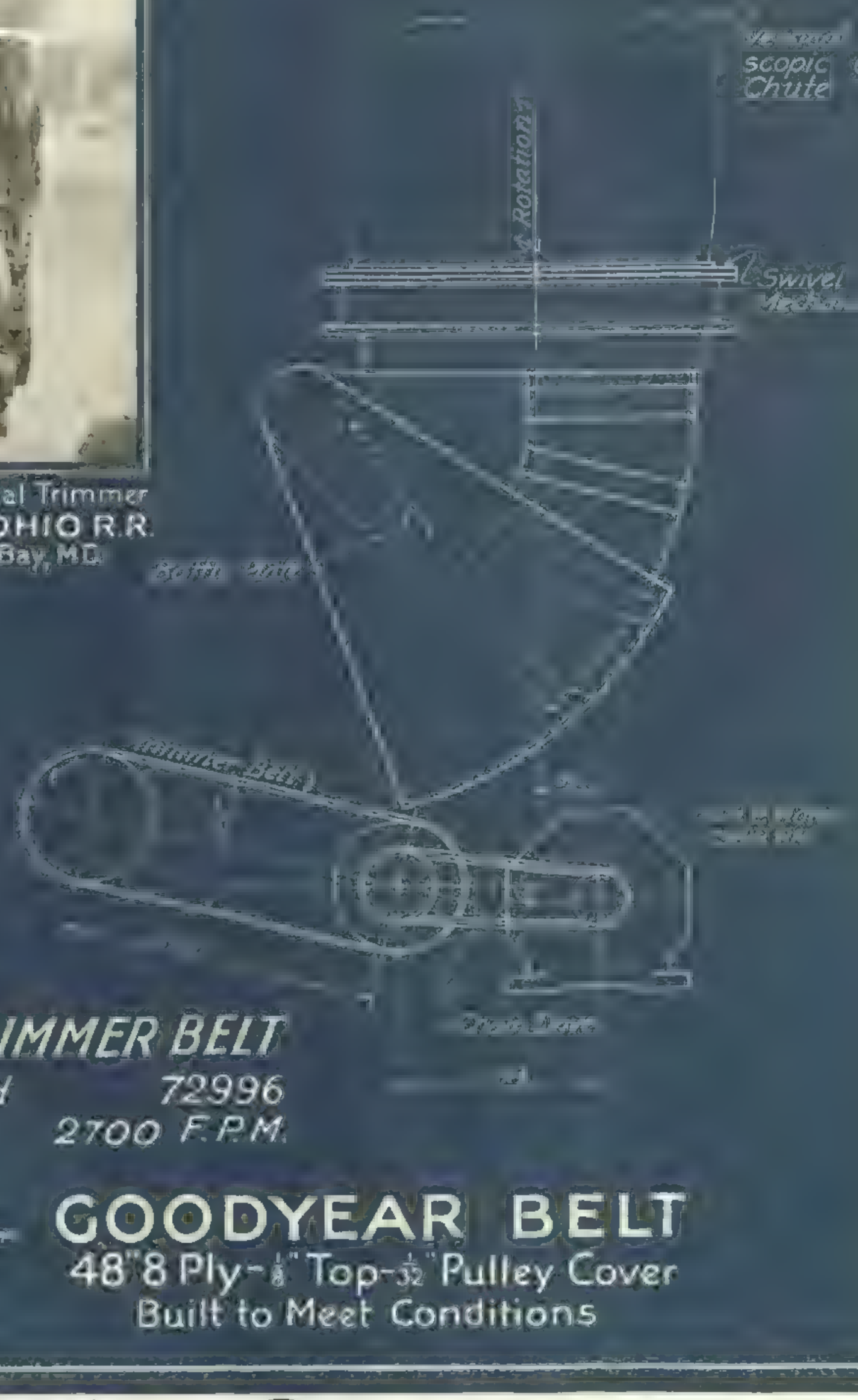
Front View of Mechanical Trimmer
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
Export Pier Curtis Bay, MD



OUTLINE OF TRIMMER BELT

Tonnage Handled 72996
Belt Speed 2700 F.P.M.

G.T.M. Specified — GOODYEAR BELT
48" 8 Ply - 1/8" Top - 1/32" Pulley Cover
Built to Meet Conditions

Blueprint sketch and un-retouched photograph of Goodyear belted mechanical trimmer at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's Export Pier, Curtis Bay, Md.

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Double the Tonnage– and the G. T. M.

Men who rank as experts on belting say that nowhere have they seen or heard of service conditions more severe than those under which the trimmer belt works on the Lane-Galloway Mechanical Trimmer at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's Export Pier, Curtis Bay, Maryland.

There, in four loading towers, coal in varying sizes, from dust to 100- and 200-lb. lumps, falls down a telescopic chute from 23 to 44 feet high, onto a baffle plate and thence onto the trimmer belt. This belt, when the trimmer is lowered into the hold of a ship, runs at a high speed, around 2,700 feet per minute, and literally hurls the coal 30 to 40 feet to all parts of the hold.

The trimming device revolves about a vertical axis and directs the stream of coal from side to side of the ship. The entire apparatus is original. It was developed within the past year by H. A. Lane, Chief Engineer of the B. & O., and Philip G. Lang, Jr., Assistant Engineer of Bridges. It is designed to save time and labor, and how effectively it operates is suggested in the loading of 9,569 tons of coal in 9 hours 33 minutes by two of these trimmers, a job that would have required 25 hours of hand trimming by 200 men.

To specify the belt which would most economically and efficiently perform this unique conveying service, stand up under the abrading and pounding action of the falling coal, and run at the speed required to throw the coal, was the problem put up to the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man. In co-operation with the B. & O. officials, he made a careful analysis of the working conditions, and recommended a 48" 8-ply Goodyear Trimmer Belt of special construction, with 1/8" top and 1/32" pulley side cover.

The tonnage record of this Goodyear Belt in this killing service testifies to the value of the G. T. M.'s analysis and the quality of Goodyear design, materials and workmanship. In the month from May 6 to June 6, 1920, it handled 72,996 tons of coal. The greatest tonnage carried by the best of several other kinds of belting used in this duty was 31,994 tons.

"We have tried a number of belts," writes C. W. Galloway, Vice President of the B. & O., "but found the belt manufactured by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company the best. If the performance of this belt is an indication of what can be expected, it is far in excess of anything we have tried, and I congratulate you on the performance of your product." Twenty-eight more of these Goodyear Belts have been ordered by the B. & O. for its trimmers.

However difficult or involved your conveying or transmission problem, its solution may be discovered through an analysis by the G. T. M. and the performance of the belt he recommends. Goodyear Belts are built to the duty required, and they are so built as to protect our good name. For further information about Goodyear products, and the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

CONVEYOR BELTS

No, they're not KRYPTOKS—
KRYPTOKS have no line

You cannot tell a KRYPTOK bifocal lens by looking at it or by feeling of it, because it has no line, seam or hump across its surface.

It is the line, seam or hump across the surface of all other bifocals that makes the wearer look older than he really is. KRYPTOK Glasses are the only bifocals that have perfectly clear, smooth and even lenses. Only the wearer can distinguish them from single vision glasses. They keep you looking young.

KRYPTOK Glasses are recommended by optical specialists everywhere for people whose eyes need help for both near and far vision. You can have whatever prescription your eyes require, filled with KRYPTOKS.

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK (pronounced Crip-tock) Glasses. Write for descriptive booklet; please give the name of your specialist. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK
GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 34)

the government's failure to control the method of allotting the houses. Most of the houses are to be rented, but the scheme includes the sale of houses, to be paid off in a maximum term of twenty-five years. The citizen may borrow money from local authorities for the purchase of a home.

"British labor has adopted a policy of restricted output. Bricklayers, for instance, do only sixty per cent as much as they did before the war. The idea is to delay the production of houses and make the work last for many years. Labor's excuse for its policy is the fear of unemployment. The government is urging a policy of dilution of labor and the relaxing of rules with reference to apprentices, but the only result of this proposed plan has been to add to the present friction. The policy of building by direct labor and eliminating the contractor is one much desired by the workers themselves, and, where employed, is in some cases producing satisfactory results. The government has adopted the policy of trying to drive labor from 'luxury building' into housing, instead of trying to attract it into housing. This policy has not been a success.

"The government announced in 1919 that during the next twelve months it would produce 100,000 houses. The twelve months have passed and only 3000 houses have been built. However, the plan is now getting well under way and the scheme may bring greater accomplishment. Estimates have been approved for 137,552 houses, contracts have been let for the erection of 83,014 houses, and 23,300 houses were actually in course of construction on August eleventh, this year. The guild system of building is being tried in several places, but its value cannot yet be estimated. The private builder has been driven almost completely from the field, due largely to the laws controlling rents and holding them down to prewar levels, to land taxes and finance acts passed in 1909, and to the fact that the cost of a house to-day is about three times its prewar cost. In an attempt to attract the private builders back into the field the government is now offering subsidies equivalent to twenty-four per cent and more of the cost of the houses to the private builders.

"In 1915 England inaugurated rent-restriction laws in order to protect the families of soldiers from rent profiteers. More than ninety per cent of all the houses in the country were included under these acts. In July, 1920, a new law was passed repealing previous legislation and permitting an immediate increase of rent of thirty per cent, and a further increase one year later of ten per cent, making a total of forty per cent on the prewar rent. Approximately ninety-eight per cent of all the dwellings in England are covered by this new law. The interest rates on mortgages are also made liable to increase, but the maximum rate must not exceed 6½ per cent interest. The new rent act also secures tenants in the possession of their houses, so that people will not suffer hardships from being without homes.

"Government control of building has made it possible for the authorities in charge of the work to guarantee purchases of large quantities of materials. Through the mass production thus made possible the cost of many things has been materially reduced. Production has also been facilitated by the standardization of parts entering into buildings of the kind constructed. Such things as windows, doors, kitchen sinks, plumbers' fittings, and so on, are now standardized. Because of the shortage of bricks and bricklayers, various new methods of construction have been employed. The most satisfactory schemes entail the use of poured concrete, large concrete-slab construction, concrete with lightweight steel structural parts, and 'breeze' blocks made of one kind or another of pulverized material. Twenty per cent of all the houses now being built are of some form of concrete construction. Practical demonstration centers have been established to test out new materials.

"The government organization to carry out the housing work functions through a central body and through twelve regional commissioners. A survey made by each of the 1800 local authorities has provided the government with exact knowledge of the housing needs of the country. Practically no tenement houses or block buildings are being constructed. The universal demand is for individual cottages. Under the Housing Act all towns in England and Wales are required to be town-planned by 1926. This means that each community has six years to develop a well-ordered plan for the future improvement of all the undeveloped land lying in or about the English or Welsh towns.

"All the houses now being built have been designed with due regard to a favorable sun exposure. The dwellings are never more than two rooms deep and have no air shafts, courts or rear extensions. Practically all the houses have broad fronts and as a general rule the distance between opposite fronts is not less than seventy feet. The common plan is to build only four houses to a block. This is done to avoid overcrowding. The government has designed thirty-four types of standard houses and all these plans have been furnished to the local authorities throughout the country. Practically all the houses constructed will be built of one or another of these types."

Mr. Lawrence Veiller, who is authority for the statements quoted, draws the conclusion that the future England will be planned along modern scientific lines with a proper consideration of the application of zoning laws, a due observance of the relation between through-traffic thoroughfares and minor residential streets, a recognition of the advantages of grouping buildings in civic centers, and a strict adherence to the idea that in order to prevent congestion of population there must not be more than twelve houses to the acre in urban communities and eight in rural districts. There are many disadvantages attending the construction of houses by the government, especially in a case of this kind, where the dwellings are rented to tenants on a rate basis that is not economically sound. However, the British remedy is the boldest experiment yet made by any government in handling the housing problem. The English situation is critical, and any cure to be effective must be new and drastic.

So much for the British method of handling the serious problem of providing adequate homes for the people of England. There is certainly no reason why we should copy this overseas scheme. On the other hand, we would prove ourselves careless and dull if we failed to profit by the experience that brought about the English crisis. Among other things we should recognize the fact that the more we subsidize either tenants or landlords the more we injure private enterprise. The situation cannot be relieved materially until the majority of the people actually substitute a policy of investing for the present policy of spending. The banks must arrange to place adequate long-term banking facilities at the disposal of would-be home owners. Above all else the housing industry must have the cooperation of the transportation and fuel interests. There can be no wide activity in the construction of residences unless there is a greater supply of capital, transportation, fuel and labor. Construction costs and rent rates can be lowered only by the full functioning of these four factors.

I have recently spent several hours with Franklin T. Miller, who is now serving as the civilian assistant to the Special Committee on Reconstruction and Production of the United States Senate. In my conversations with Mr. Miller numerous facts were uncovered and opinions disclosed which are worth repeating. In 1918, under the urgency of war, an embargo was placed on building materials which made the advance of freight rates on building materials double what it was on other materials. For example, the freight rate on the supplies needed in the construction of houses advanced from one dollar to $1.50 in 1918, and then to $2.40 in August of this year. Compared with this the freight rate on other materials advanced to $1.25 in 1918, and to $1.85 in 1920. It is plain, therefore, that the embargo placed on building materials during the war, when the Government's aim was to prevent the construction of houses, is still in force, though the greatest need of the nation just now is for more homes.

It is human to scratch an itch, but scratching invites infection and doesn't remove the cause of the itching. People are irritated by the high cost of permanent

(Concluded on Page 105)

"Everything Known in Music"

A WEALTH of meaning has become associated with this phrase through its use for more than a half-century as the slogan of Lyon & Healy. It established the ideal of the firm in its early days, dominated the policies of its development, and forms today the basis of its position as the world's foremost music house.

With this as their dream, there set out from Boston and journeyed to Chicago, in the early summer of 1864, two young men. They brought with them the New England love of expert craftsmanship, the ingrained sense of thoroughness, together with a wide knowledge of musical merchandise.

They came to a straggling Western town, muddy, unordered, small, but filled with the unconquerable spirit of progress. And here they established the firm of Lyon & Healy—at first retail only, then wholesale, and soon undertaking on its own account the manufacture of musical instruments that should give concrete expression to its ideals of quality.

To its founders' sincere love of craftsmanship was added the pioneering, progressive spirit of the West—and to this rare combination may be traced the qualities of superiority that characterize Lyon & Healy-made instruments. On the one hand, the capacity and the desire to take infinite pains—on the other, the daring to follow uncharted trails, to pioneer on new paths to betterment.

Thus it is that the Lyon & Healy Harp, generally acknowledged throughout the musical world as the most perfect made, is the choice of the court orchestras of European capitals, as well as of the leading orchestras of America; that the Lyon & Healy Piano, which "sings under the fingers," is known and loved in many lands; that throughout America, wherever bands play, the name Lyon & Healy will be found modestly stamped on most of the instruments.

Today the business of Lyon & Healy—importing, exporting, manufacturing, wholesaling, and retailing in Chicago—embraces literally "Everything known in music" and reaches out to almost every country of the globe. Its manufacturing activities cover a wide range of instruments—and wherever the name Lyon & Healy appears, it stands as a pledge of highest quality.

Through more than 40,000 dealers, Lyon & Healy products are obtainable everywhere

LYON & HEALY Musical Instruments

FOUNDED 1864 CHICAGO

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

(chassis) $1595 (factory)

Profits from hauling are measured by economy of operation—first cost and last cost.

You will haul with a Traffic Truck if you are determined to make a new profit out of your hauling, just as thousands have already done with Traffics.

The Traffic saves hundreds of dollars in first cost, hundreds of dollars in maintenance cost, and cuts in half the cost of hauling with teams. It hauls a 4,000-lb. load 14 miles in one hour for 30c worth of gasoline.

The Traffic Truck has never carried a war price. Our present low price is hundreds of dollars under that of any other truck in the Traffic class. This low price has only been made possible by standardized production on a quantity basis—establishing the Traffic as ***the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world.***

Write for Catalog Today

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation, St. Louis, U.S.A.

"Horse Sense"

Nearly one-third of all motor-driven vehicles are used in agriculture.

* * *

Extensive plans are being made throughout the country to keep highways clear of snow and ice this winter.

* * *

Motor vehicles have done more for the development of good roads than all other agencies combined in the history of traffic on highways.

Largest Exclusive Builders of 4000 lb. Capacity Trucks In The World

(Concluded from Page 102)

structural investments, and it is only human that they should strike at the apparent cause, which, they believe, is profiteering on the part of manufacturers, dealers and labor. In this connection it is only fair to consider that food, clothes, transportation, cigars, and so on, now cost more in proportion than the majority of structural materials. It is also worth noting that in England the price of cement has advanced 278 per cent as against 100 per cent in this country, and steel rails have advanced 192 per cent as compared with 109 per cent in the United States. Birmingham is one of the British iron-and-steel centers, yet only a few months ago parties there placed orders for steel rails in the United States.

No way has ever yet been discovered to eliminate that class of hoarders and cheaters who practice their arts with pernicious effect but still remain within the law. Just now the country is cursed with a host of landlord profiteers who have cornered all the available shelter in various urban communities and are exacting their pound of flesh from the unfortunate people who must either deal with them or stay out in the cold. It has always been true that extortionate demands accompany shortages. A few robbers may be chastised and others removed, but new ones will spring up. The only cure is to remedy the shortage. History records a long list of unsuccessful attempts by governmental authorities to regulate prices, from those of the Emperor Diocletian down to the recent attempts of Great Britain and America. All such paternalistic legislation was prompted by the highest motives, but none of the laws enacted ever succeeded in furnishing permanent protection to the public.

At the commencement of the Civil War the Government's commodity index figure was 103; by 1865 it had risen to 190; in 1867 it had dropped to 151, and by 1896 had reached the low point of 66. In 1914, when the World War started, the commodity figure in this country was 100. At the close of the war it was 207; by January, 1919, it had dropped to 197, but by June of this year it had advanced to 272, with only a slight recession since then. An analysis of the action of the commodity index figure during the two periods of war and subsequently shows that following the Civil War there was a time of great activity in railroad construction. Labor was efficient and machines were substituted for manual means wherever possible. In comparison with this we have our record of doing absolutely nothing in the way of railroad construction in the two years since the World War ended. Labor and capital have failed to coöperate, and speculation has been far more prevalent than investment. In addition, the demand for nonessentials has been greater than ever before. Such factors have been chiefly responsible for the continued advance of prices after the war and have prevented any material lowering of costs up to the present time.

The greatest danger that now confronts the nation is the wide belief in the idea that legislation is a cure for most of our economic and industrial ills. The enactment of laws may change the lines of distribution of commodities among the people, but it will not increase the quantity of commodities, and the need of the moment is for more goods rather than an increased bartering in the few we have. Legislation to regulate rents will afford no more relief to the people in this country than it has afforded to the people of England. It is impossible to increase the supply of houses by decreasing the returns which they yield. It will require nothing more than a crisis in our housing situation here in the United States to transform many of the common necessities of life into luxuries. A decade of paternalism will do less to relieve our housing shortage than could be accomplished in six months by furnishing every branch of the building industry with adequate fuel and transportation facilities. If we are not careful, philanthropic legislation will be the undoing of America.

PHOTO. BY E. P. ARNOLD, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Monk at Well—Taormina, Sicily

The Magic of Good Taste

You have noticed it yourself! The homes in which you feel that magic spirit of easy hospitality are not the showy, pretentious ones, but rather the homes where simple *good taste* prevails.

In the dining room, for instance, good taste in both silverware and service.

In the matter of selecting her silver, the accomplished hostess avoids patterns that are so commonly seen as to have lost their distinction. She selects a pattern which is both correct from the formal point of view, and permanently graceful and pleasing in itself.

The *Hudson* in Wallace Plate is such a pattern, and it well illustrates the high character of Wallace designing and craftsmanship. Note its simple dignity and its wonderfully graceful lines. And every piece is guaranteed *without time limit.*

mark "R. WALLACE" mark
Sectional Silver Plate
Teaspoons Set of Six,
$3 [illegible] in
[illegible] up.

A New Book on Good Taste in Entertaining

The *Wallace Hostess Book* is a wonderful new book on good taste in entertaining. It tells just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions and to win admiration as a hostess. For years to come this remarkable book, written by Winnifred Fales, will be consulted by social leaders in every community as the final authority on matters of table service and social etiquette. Bound in boards and profusely illustrated with *correct table settings.* Sent postpaid for 50c. Address: Hostess Book Section.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut
SILVERSMITHS ESTABLISHED 1835

How good does Ammunition need to be

THERE is scarcely a man who has ever done any shooting at all who doesn't begin to recall with pleasure, with the advent of each hunting season, the particularly good sport he had on some one day in the past.

Looking forward hopefully, as he gets his shooting equipment in order, to repeating that memorable occasion.

It is this kind of sportsman—who likely as not measures his sport as much by the difficult hits he scores as by the size of his game bag—that the Remington people are keeping in mind as they plan each of their new developments.

* * *

In the case of shotgun shells, not content with giving him a shell that is correct in every essential, they have gone even further in his interest. Inventing an original and exclusive **Wetproof** process that *impenetrably seals* each Remington shell—keeps outside influences out and the inside components as intact as on the day the shell is made. Making **Wetproof** shells for fair weather as well as wet.

And then matching this advantage by establishing a standard of performance for Remington Metallic Cartridges that has been receiving the interested attention of knowing rifle users more than ever this year.

* * *

Once it became generally known that the U. S. Government by official test had selected Remington

In trapshooting superior ammunition is always a real advantage.

ammunition for the Olympic games over the products of government arsenals and private manufacturers, sportsmen naturally watched with interest how Remington would measure up with what the rest of the world had to offer.

The sweeping victory of the U. S. teams in the Olympic shooting events was only the beginning of a string of others made by Remington users: the

National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, where four world records were broken—the Sea Girt, N. J., Rifle Matches, where one world record was broken—being among the more prominent for the year.

Whatever influence these performances may have on the average rifle user, one thing is certain: there has never been a season when hunters were so particular about having Remington Cartridges as they are this year.

Realizing, no doubt, that there is no sound reason for a man paying the same price as he pays for Remington ammunition—and taking a chance on getting less than the service that Remington assures.

* * *

The same Remington ammunition—shotshells and metallic cartridges—that won out at all the tournaments listed below can be obtained through any of the more than 90,000 stores where you see the Remington Red Ball Sign.

OLYMPIC GAMES

The following world championship contests were won with Remington ammunition: Military Rifle Team Match and Free Rifle Team Match won by the American Team, Individual 300 Meter Offhand Rifle Event won by an American, all using Remington Palma 180 grain .30 caliber ammunition.

Pistol Team Match and Individual Pistol Championship Match won by Americans with Remington .22 caliber Long Rifle Lesmok cartridges.

Revolver Team Match won by Americans and Individual Revolver Championship Match won by Brazilian with Remington .38 caliber S & W Special cartridges.

Both Brazilian and French Pistol and Revolver Teams, which made unusually high scores, used Remington ammunition.

NATIONAL RIFLE MATCHES

Four world records were broken with Remington Palma 180 grain .30 caliber ammunition in the following events: Wimbledon Cup Match, The President's Match, Herrick Trophy Match and Adjutant General's Cup Match. Other matches won with Remington cartridges were: Governor's Cup, Catrow Cup and Adjutant General's Matches.

The Remington **Wetproof** *Process protects all Remington Shotshells.*

SEA GIRT RIFLE TOURNAMENT

A world record was broken in The Swiss Match with Remington Palma 180 grain .30 caliber ammunition. Other events won with Remington were: Spencer Match, McAlpin Trophy, Dryden Trophy, Sadler Match, Nevada Trophy, Libbey Trophy, General E. P. Meaney Match, 71st Regiment Trophy, Roe All Comers' Long Range Match, All Comers' Expert Match, Boyle Trophy, Reading Match, Miniature Palma Individual (Small Bore) Match, Cavalry Team Match, New Jersey Company Team Match, New York Company Team Match, Company Team (Tyro) Match, N. J. State Rifle Association Two-Men Team, Cruikshank Trophy, and Interstate Regimental Team Matches.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

In this event, known as the American blue ribbon trapshoot of the year, both the winner and runner-up used Remington Nitro Club "Speed Shells."

STATE TOURNAMENTS

In twenty-three out of forty-five State Trapshooting Tournaments, shooters using Remington ammunition or shotguns, or both, were returned the winners during the past year.

Remington

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Successor to
THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.
Woolworth Building, New York City
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Remington U. M. C. of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

THE FATTENING CALF

(Continued from Page 13)

roadhouse, and having eaten thereat we would climb back into the car and take an hour's healthy exercise riding over the bumps of the state highway. And so forth and so on.

On is right. But at the very first I didn't realize it; no, not even when I got out a wash dress that I hadn't worn in some time and it mysteriously refused to meet round the waist, and pinched me in the armholes, and choked me round the neck.

"George," I said. George was lacing his shoes at the time and grunting at each tug. Gosh, if they only wouldn't! I mean husbands. Well anyway, "George," I said, "this dress has shrunk frightfully!"

"Urgh!" said George. You know the way men are.

And it wasn't until the bill came in that I realized the dress had, in common with most modern wash dresses, been dry-cleaned, and that it hadn't shrunk, but that I had stretched. I had lied to George about never getting fat; I was getting all right, all right. In point of fact a woman friend might possibly say I had got fat.

Like all persons to whom Nature has been more lavish in this respect than anybody asked her to be, I ignored the tendency as long as was possible. I kidded myself with corsets and deceived myself with dresses cut in that skimpy way which is supposed to be misleading. Nevertheless, I was fast approaching the point where I turned hastily from the page where the snappy stouts were advertised. I could not endure to look at them. But for all that I was getting by with myself pretty well, and as a consequence I thought I had George fooled too.

But I might have known better. And it was about then that I got wise to the fact that George had told a lie—white or not, it's all one to me—he had told a lie when he said he would love me no matter how much I changed.

The scene of the dramatic moment of my realization was laid out at the New Jersey estate of my father's friend, old Mr. Butternut, who has grown immensely rich quite recently, he being in the boot and shoe manufacturing business and making splendid legs to his riding boots. He has developed quite a trade in them, though I believe they are now used more on trains than on horses. Well, at any rate, George and I were down there on a visit and I couldn't help but notice that George often referred to a chicken who was also visiting there—a silly young thing, without any meat on her bones—in a tone which was intended to imply that I should share his elderly attitude of admiring the young folks.

But he didn't get away with that elderly stuff. I read the alarm code, all right, and when he added that my new gown made me look quite young I got a fearful chill and beat it out into the back yard—I mean sunken garden—and mooned round, feeling about as sunken as they come, myself, and face to face at last with the horrid truth that I was—well, growing plump.

There was a statue in the middle of the garden, a famous Venus—"Venus Among the Mosquitoes" I think it is called. You know the one I mean. And it's a good thing they had her in that New Jersey garden, and not that other Venus—I mean the one without arms—because they don't wear much, you know; and personally I nearly scratched myself to death, and I had on a heavyweight georgette waist!

However, I knew this statue was a copy of a great classic and an ideal model of beauty and all that, and I'll say she must have weighed almost as much as I did. But, of course, I realized, too, that George didn't really care for or admire statues, much less classic ones. The only kind of sculpture that ever interests George is running up to Canada to do a little bar-reef.

Well anyway, I sank down in the sunken garden until the realization of my increasing avoirdupois had sunk in thoroughly, and I had resolved to get thin—really get thin.

The situation had become acute. If I didn't slim down and do it now George and I would both be proven liars and I would become a mere wife, instead of a sort of standardized best girl as heretofore. Action was the word, and I decided to act.

Will anybody tell me how men get away with it? I mean fat. Of course I know that nobody loves a fat man, but still and all a good many women seem happily married to them. Of course it's just barely possible that if they were thinner it would be even happier, if you get the idea. But it's a fact just the same that men get by with more pounds and less hair than any woman would dare attempt even if the money was mostly hers. Perhaps it is true that comparatively few girls genuinely adore a fat man, but they at least put up a pretty fair imitation of it, whereas if a woman slips from a ninety-eight-cent girdle to a twenty-dollar Number Thirty corset she may as well get interested in bridge, because the new dance steps are going to remain a mystery to her.

But there is one thing to be said for stout men—they generally admit their condition. True, the admission is usually made to some female with ulterior motives who is in prudence bound to deny the suggestion promptly.

On the other hand the fat girl is the only person who denies her increasing weight. Her husband, if she has one, her brothers, her father—become mercilessly truthful. Her only solace will be derived from some woman friend, who may minimize the terrible truth; or from the observing of an even stouter woman. Nobody loves a fat man; but the subject doesn't even come up about a fat girl.

Once this had registered thoroughly with me my resolve was made. I would get thin, absotively! And having resolved I felt several pounds lighter already. It is quite possible that you have experienced the same sensation. But I didn't stop at that. Not this time, what with George taking a fatherly or artistic or something kind of notice of a fool girl who ought to have been in short dresses—and was. Only they were not of the sort I mean.

No, sir-ree! I wasn't going to let a few pounds stand between me and my happiness, not at the rate of exchange, and we had plenty of money to reduce on. I was going to get slim and lose no time in doing so, but I wanted to do it with as little trouble as possible. I didn't intend exerting myself any more than was absolutely essential, and with the money I was prepared to spend I didn't really see why any exertion was necessary at all.

It was reasonable to suppose that there must be on the market some magic method of reducing without effort, provided especially for the convenience of us wealthy classes. With all the inflated millionaires round it seemed as though there must be a good many who were inflated in the personal sense and who would pay well to be deflated, as it were. And I was right. The very first fashionable magazine I picked up confirmed my suspicion of the existence of such.

I have, of course, always known that the true optimists of the world wrote for the advertising pages, but I had never before felt inclined to credit all they wrote. But this time it was a case of just as the wish is bent, belief's inclined. And, believe me, in the rear and front pages of the intellectual publication to which I referred above, I found no less than six diverse methods by which I could, for a consideration, fade to a mere shadow, or as mere a shadow as I desired, wholly without dieting, exercise, medicine or apparently any effort on my part beyond reaching for my check book. My only quandary was which advertisement to answer first. Even then I said "first" advisedly. I am not a woman to overlook any contingency, and I had a sneaking suspicion that the first method might not be the last.

There was a fascinating sort of mystery attached to some of these ads. Indeed so subtle was their wording that they might almost have been taken for clairvoyant notices, being full of "sealed correspondence in a plain envelope," "strictly confidential" and things of that sort. Perhaps they were run mostly by ex-secret-service people; there must have been a lot of them thrown out of irregular employment since the war broke up. At any rate that's what I thought when I was offered "strictly private interviews for special treatments" or the opportunity to "reduce secretly by mail." What they intended to reduce was not always stated, as the author of that last pointed out to me when I called her attention to the fact that she had succeeded in reducing nothing about me except my bank account.

But after looking over "Slimlin, the Physician's Pellette, Three a Day Took My Flesh Away," which touching line was garnished with two pictures of the same lady—both of her in one of them and only one of her in the other, if you understand me; and a period of flirting with "Gallup's Glands. They Are the Harmless Result of Prof. Bonehead's 30 Years' Time"—locality unstated—I finally concluded to "Eat Beastly Buns and Be Thin."

Trembling with excitement I wrote a letter to the Beastly Company at its lair, and with surprising and gratifying promptness I received a reply in the very plainest envelope imaginable. Also in the plainest language, it stated that if I would send them ten dollars in cash or money order—checks not accepted—they would return me Ten Beastly Sawdust Buns and their invaluable booklet entitled Banting and How to Buck It. All I had to do, outside of sending the ten, was to eat the buns and follow the booklet. This didn't seem hard, because I didn't expect to follow the booklet far; in point of fact I intended parking it in my top bureau drawer or bureau top drawer under my et ceteras where George wouldn't know about it; and this seemed so simple that I let the ayes have it, and pretty soon the package came.

I hustled it out into the coat closet and shutting myself in with my secret I undid the string. Revealed lay ten objects which I at first mistook for specimens of copper ore and thought I must have made the mistake of opening something from downtown intended for George. But there was also the Bally Banting Booklet, and in it I read the great secret for which I had loosened ten one-dollar rugs. I was to eat one specimen of corrugated solid-cast bun a week for ten weeks, and refrain from taking any other food at meal times, and to take absolutely nothing between meals.

That was all. It certainly was simple, but the booklet neglected to add anything about omitting flowers.

Of course having spent the double-five spot I felt obliged to try it, and so I did. The box came at eleven-thirty A. M. and I tried it until lunchtime that day. But it wasn't exactly a big success.

Glands and other portions of the anatomy of the lower animals which the butcher was in the habit of discarding made no appeal to me at all. Somehow it seemed as though if the butcher couldn't use 'em, neither could I, and so I let them alone, though if a doctor had been willing to prescribe them for me I would have taken them. But our doctor had got so mean lately he wouldn't prescribe us a thing—not even a half pint—and so I didn't suggest it to him. You know the way doctors are—always trying to keep you healthy, and not a bit interested in any reducing methods except dull, troublesome stuff like walking.

Well, I let the glands stay right in the pigs or cows or wherever they were, and tried to stick to the line which was featured as "Nature's method." Of course as far as I could see it was Nature's method to put on flesh instead of taking it off, at least in most cases. For most of us are born fat, lots acquire fatness, and some say they try to thrust fatness upon themselves. But I doubt that last. Every time some skinny person starts to wail to me about vainly drinking milk and eating puddings and longing—simply longing, my dear!—to put on a little flesh, I look them in the eye and know that they are either fools or liars or both. And if they ever succeeded in getting fat they would know it too.

Howsomever, the geological buns having proved to be the bunk, I, being literary, both by profession and intention, was next attracted by a volume that was being widely exploited under the title of Feed and Fade Away.

At first I could not understand why this book was advertised among the fiction, but that was before I had bought it. Not but that perhaps if I had lived with it as my culinary Bible I might have grown slimmer. As a matter of truth I should probably have become a skeleton at the end of a month, because we wouldn't have had a nickel left after the end of the first week, and it would have been a case of starvation unless the state did its duty.

You see this book explained that bread and potatoes and rice and milk and corn and spaghetti and cereal and bananas and all the other fillers which go to make the biggest and cheapest part of any meal were entirely at odds with a youthful and sylph-like form after the growing age. And yet, the clever author went on, one must eat to live, and eat enough. But enough of what? Why, caviar, of course; and broiled duck and pomegranates, with a few honey-dew melons or a pickled lark's tongue now and then by way of a relish. This might be varied by broiled chicken, lobster or jellied quail.

Quail is right. That's what I did before it. I'll say that the meals I got a glimpse of for a dollar-twenty-five—the initial cost being all that I allowed that book to set me back—were an eyeful. But it didn't go below the eye. It couldn't. We hadn't the price, nor the cook, nor the taste. That volume was fitted only for use in a skilled mechanic's home. We simply couldn't afford it. So I gave it to our laundress, who was getting six dollars a day and had a son in a boiler factory, and I believe they have found it quite useful but limited. They have added hothouse grapes and mushrooms to the diet, and would do well on it, only she can't resist the three meals she gets free at our house, and so isn't losing as fast as she otherwise would.

Well anyway, being a fiction writer myself I ought to have known better and let books alone in the first place. And when a lady belonging to an exclusive club which I was anxious to get into asked me to join a class in classic dancing with her I saw at once that art and Terpsichore and reducing were to be one with her and me and my nomination. Not that I really and truly in my heart cared much about belonging to the West Side Ladies' Whist Association, but I cared more about not belonging to it. You probably know how it is with the exclusive clubs in your own town. And so I agreed to try putting some class into classic dancing.

Well, it didn't last long. To begin with, when I saw the costumes I felt shy about having anybody, even if they were only other girls, know that much about me, not to mention the teacher, who was called a *maîtresse*—which translated meant five dollars extra. Just plain mattress would have satisfied me perfectly, especially at the end of the first lesson; and I expect that the rest of the tonnage in the class felt the same. Anything to lie down on and cover our nakedness would have been welcome, and if you have ever tried to feel at your ease and cosmopolitan, clad only in a piece of Turkish towel and doing a Greek dance under the instruction of a Russian dancer, while but a plain American of the simpler sort by habit, you will sympathize. If you haven't tried it, don't. Personally I took my clothes and went home, stopping only to put them on, because if I wanted to make a show of myself in public and a brief costume—why, I could do it cheaper at Coney Island.

And all this while I was not losing anything but time; in fact the scales actually sneaked up on me a little. And then one day I struck something really good.

A friend of mine whose husband is in the tire business but makes other things out of rubber as well put me wise to it.

"Why, of course they do!" she whispered. "Think of what a rubber band does to your finger if you keep it on long enough!"

"And all you do is just wear it—them?" I responded eagerly.

"Why, you can sleep in 'em!" my friend declared.

But she was wrong there. You couldn't. Neither could you walk in 'em or go to a matinée in 'em or dance in 'em; but you did. And all the while you felt like a raw oyster on the loose. You sank into your seat with a gurgle which sounded as if you were going down for the third time, and you arose sticking to yourself, if you know what I mean. You sloshed about on your daily shopping, and squelched through dances. You were a sort of human sieve when you were not a vast sticking plaster. That was me all over. Or at least all over except my hands and face. But the thing I lost most of was temper; in other words I lost more poise than avoirdupois.

Eventually I lost that rubber outfit though, including the manufacturer and his wife—the one who had pretended to be my friend. I sent all but the last mentioned to the Serbian Relief Committee, and it certainly was a relief to me, all right,

(Concluded on Page 111)

Mince Meat with the tang of Apple Cider

By a rich and rare old recipe is Libby's Mince Meat made.

First come the apples—luscious fruit picked when juicy ripe.

Then flaky white suet and choice cuts of meat chopped fine.

Then currants from Greece; and raisins sweetened full in California's sunshine.

Cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, fragrant spices of the Orient.

And brown sugar to candy the other fruits—citron, orange and lemon.

"Enough," you say. No, not enough for this rare old recipe of Libby's.

There's that finishing touch—pure apple cider well boiled down!

To the far corners of the world we've gone for these ingredients. And Libby's chefs have mixed them with the skill for which they're famed.

Libby's Mince Meat—ready for your Thanksgiving pies! You'll want to add not a single thing, so rich and moist it is with its own sweet juices.

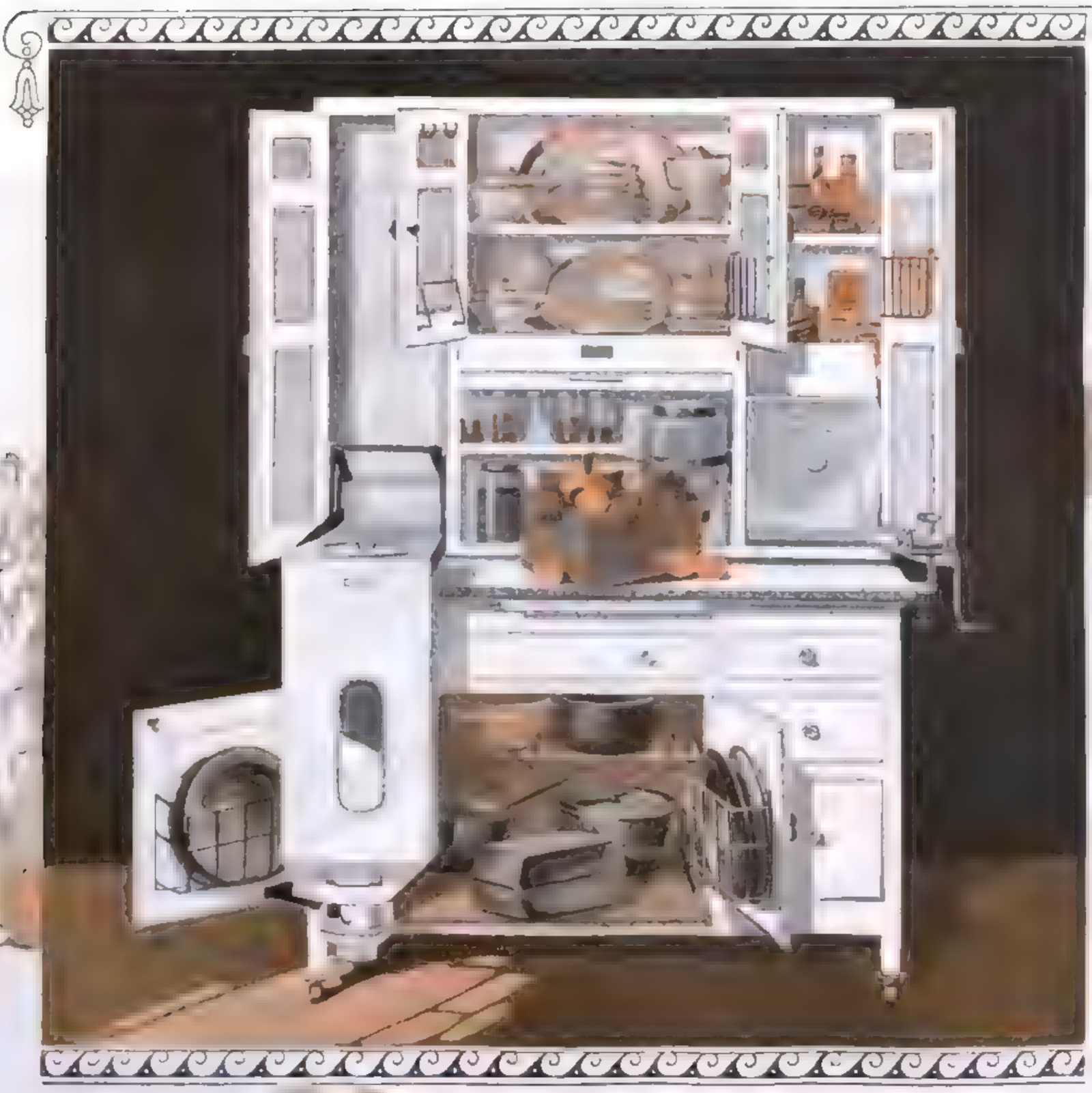
Get it from your grocer now—in glass jars, in tins or in bulk from the sanitary container. You'll find it inexpensive; you'll find it wonderfully good.

Libby's Mince Meat with the tang of Apple Cider!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 511 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Chatham, Ont., Canada

Libby's



Thousands of delicious Thanksgiving dinners will be prepared — at a great saving of labor and time—on these modern Sellers Kitchen Cabinets.

The Pinnacle *of* Convenience

SELLERS has made the kitchen cabinet *more* than a mere portable pantry. It is a beautiful piece of furniture—an embellishment to any kitchen. But, in addition, it has conveniences found in no other cabinet—things women have *always wanted*.

The famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin is one. Then there is the Automatic Base Shelf Extender, the Dust-Proof Cupboard Top, underneath, the Sanitary Porceliron Work Table, the Ant-Proof Casters, etc., etc.

Altogether, there are 15 of these refinements in the Sellers. No cabinet in the world has ever had them all. And not a single one would you willingly have omitted from your cabinet. Strange though it may seem, the *Sellers costs no more than any good* cabinet. 'Most any dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. Go see a demonstration. In the meantime, write for a copy of the beautiful Sellers Book. It is free.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., ELWOOD, INDIANA

Canadian Factory: Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Co of Canada— Southampton, Ontario, Canada.

SELLERS
KITCHEN CABINETS

"The Best Servant in Your House"

(Concluded from Page 108)

along with some satin stays which were now too small, and a couple of ostrich-feather hats that had gone out of style. I hope they relieved the Serbians, poor creatures. I like to do these thoughtful little things whenever I can remember to think of them.

It was immediately after this that I succumbed to one of those lapses which occur in the best regulated banting. I had the what-is-the-use-of-it blues. True, I had lost an ounce or two now and again, but it was mostly again. Was it not perhaps easier after all, I mused, to attempt the concealment of my personal architecture? And as a result of this philosophizing I went to a famous specialty shop to buy a reducing corset.

It was an old established house, very old; in fact I have every reason for believing that it dated back to the days of the Inquisition. The founder probably stood in strong with the medieval church and was chummy with the early kings of Spain. And nobody except the original proprietor could have invented the thing they sold me. I haven't the faintest doubt but that it was concocted from the original old home recipe that made the firm famous in the first place.

It had a pleasant, utterly misleading covering of pale pink satin brocade, and cute little flat bows of ribbon adorned the dangling instruments which jingled so musically from its sides, front and back, when the head torturer held it up for my inspection. You would have thought it a handsome boudoir ornament, intended possibly for a lamp shade. Lamp shades are so original nowadays, being designed to do everything but let the room light up. Well, anyway, it might easily have been one; or then again it might have been something to stand round a telephone. You perhaps have noticed that of late telephones have come to be regarded as something immodest, and that in the best families they are usually draped or screened or something. I suppose this sense of immodesty is in part due to the language which even the most refined people are sometimes driven to use over them.

But the object to which I have been referring was designed for no such innocent purpose as a telephone container or bonbon screen. In fact it wasn't in the Christmas-present class at all. It was intended to be fastened about the female form in such a fashion that it placed the stomach where the chest ought to be, and kept it there. It probably had a splendid effect on early Christian martyrs and recalcitrant members of the other political party during the elections of 0291, but after a brief trial I concluded that a female voter of 1920 had no need for submitting to any such torture, the political situation being in itself torture enough.

Of course I realize that there are still many Christian martyrs going about in those corsets, but the next time I'm willing to suffer that much in order to take off my hips I'm gonner use a knife; it's quicker. After three days of it I decided that if it was a choice between losing that corset or my husband's love I'd have to take a chance on George.

Somehow it seemed as if the more money I spent on reducing the fatter I got. I used to doze on the day bed for hours at a time, considering the matter. But no solution offered itself except the salt solution, which I abhorred.

And then at last the electric roller was introduced to me. This was a form of massage and was guaranteed to take 'em off without any exertion except on the part of the operator, and all she had to do was press a button and turn on the current.

Now of course I was familiar with farcical massage, having gone occasionally, when I couldn't think of any other method of spending money, to a face manicurist who pinched and punched my face in a way which would have caused me to draw a hatpin on any other woman.

When she got through punching she would push a piece of ice all over my map and make cold-cream pies on it, and apparently enjoy herself generally just as if she were a child once more, talking all the while with the fluency of a dentist, and me in a similar chair and situation, without a comeback, only of course comparatively without pain.

I don't know that this ever reduced my face any, but it was an expensive method of whiling away the time and I enjoyed it, and if I had had wrinkles in my face it would have removed them. But I haven't any lines in my face as yet. That's where we plump ones have it on the skinny ones, eh, girls?

But this Swift Kick Electric Roller stuff was different from ordinary massage. Instead of putting on cold cream you put on a union suit. Modesty compels me to turn off the switch at this point, but I will say this much—that the class in classic dances had very little on the Holy Rollers.

As for the mechanical part of it—if you have ever seen a modern bookbinder and reaper in full action you will have some idea of what happened. I was the book, needless to say.

Well, it certainly took me down and off and everything. I'll say it did. But just to prove that we don't allow any free ads in this publication let me hasten to tell you that it all came back. I mean that I came back; in both senses—quality and quantity. And it wasn't very long before the dressmaker was again saying, "Let us have it so, madam! It makes madam quite slim draped in that way!" You know how they talk. They are so hateful when they are trying not to be nasty. The it-makes-you-slim cut to a dress is the unkindest cut of all.

There was, of course, left to me that ancient and honorable method of reducing which was so popular with our grandmothers; I refer to horseback riding. But along with ducking stools, spinning wheels, Indian raids, and a lot of other period stuff which our grandmothers indulged in, I do not care for horseback riding. Somehow I never could learn to change gears properly on a horse. He is always running in low when I'm in a hurry, or I step on the accelerator unintentionally but with disastrous effect, or else get to running along in high and can't work the brakes. Besides, one-horse power isn't enough to a modern speed houndess who is accustomed to twenty-two and would like forty-four. Believe me, I don't think those old Roman circus riders who handled three were so very much.

So that let the horse out. And then, just as I was in despair, I discovered a way to get thin.

Indirectly it came about through that automobile-insurance agent whom I had so misjudged, but it was really due in the first place to George's accident. I say George's because strictly speaking it is George's car, and I merely happened to be driving it at the time. George was with me, however, and a mighty good thing, too, as he at once pointed out, because we could both of us stick to the same story, and two white lies are better than one, especially on the witness stand.

You see George and I were awfully interested in a view of an old distillery at the time this thing happened. It was such an interesting antique ruin, and so picturesque, being literally covered with pictures of chewing gum, musical comedies and spark plugs. To be exact, it was the spark-plug paper on the south wall which had caught our eye. And as we were discussing it the car somehow got on the wrong side of the road, and another car came round the corner unexpectedly and our car acted just like a horse, because the foot brake didn't work but the accelerator did. I can't think why, because that wasn't in the least what I intended. But need we dwell unnecessarily upon so painful a subject?

After it was all over including the exchange of numbers and we were in the train on the way home, George took charge of the situation in that wonderful masterly way of his which annoys me so.

"We must get in touch with the insurance people at once!" said George.

And he did, with the result that one of them came right round and George told him all the actual facts and just how everything had occurred.

"We were coming slowly round the curve," said George, "keeping well on the right side and blowing the horn. We weren't going over fifteen miles an hour, and this other fellow was going like a bat out of Hades and never put his hand out when he turned—see? Then our clutch slipped and we couldn't get by him, understand? And it will have to be paid for, that's all! Isn't that so, Nina?"

Well naturally I said it was, and of course they would—or will—have to pay for it. I suppose that is what George meant.

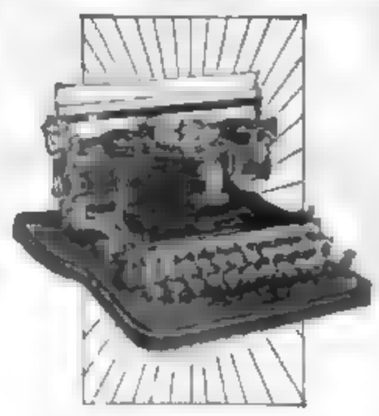
But be that as it may, this smash-up which that careless driver had wished on us, and which put our car into the hospital for over two months, was only the first of a long series of misfortunes that came right on top of it.

The very next day after the crash both our servants left, and I haven't seen either them or any others since. And then we had to move. We had been living in one of those fool's paradise apartments that haven't any lease, and the landlord sold the blamed thing from under us. I'll bet I walked one thousand miles looking for another, and then had to end by taking what is known in the real-estate trade as a Coldwater-Walkup. It was fierce, but the best we could do, and I didn't mind its being small, as, of course, I was doing my own work, the servant problem continuing the same with rain and cloudy predicted for to-morrow. And meanwhile the big insurance dispute which arose out of the other fellow's actually pulling exactly the same story that we had kept our car where the tires wouldn't wear out.

But before long a strange metamorphosis began taking place in me. At least I think that's what it was. At any rate it's a good word, so let it stand. What I mean to say is that I grew thin again. Well then, if not exactly thin, let us say about a thirty-six, which is thin enough for any married woman. And after about two months the reason for this began to dawn upon me. But I'm not going to tell you what it was. Not free, that is. No, sir-ree! Not after all the money I've paid out for fat cures! I've discovered a way to pick up an addition to my income during my spare time. I'm going to start a company to put a new reducing method on the market by mail and call it the "Shanksmare, Inc. We Guarantee to Make You Slender. Do it in Your Own Home." I calculate it ought to bring in at least five berries a victim.

And after all, why not? It's only a white lie!

Hammond
MULTIPLEX



Many Typewriters In One!

This is not an ordinary typewriter. Read carefully and you will see *why* it is famous throughout the world as the premier *writing machine*.

There is a vast difference between the Hammond Multiplex and the ordinary typewriter.

Types Instantly Inter-changeable!

"Just turn the knob" and—*instantly*—you have a different style or size of type or a different language! Two types or languages always in the machine—any other types or languages substituted in a few seconds.

Note this well: There are over 365 different arrangements of types and languages!

The instantly inter-changeable type feature—exclusively Hammond Multiplex—marks an epoch in typewriter building.

No Other Typewriter Can Do This

The *exclusive* features of the Multiplex make it possible to do many things that CANNOT be done on ANY other typewriter

All of the following, including the border, written on ONE Hammond

Script for social correspondence.

Condensed type for statistical reports, loose-leaf manuals, index cards, etc.

Chemical signs and symbols for Chemists, Doctors, Students.

Italics for emphasis.

Mathematical, for Engineers & Professors.

Descriptive Literature Free

Every business and professional man should read "The Miracle of the Multiplex." It shows how you can put the force of emphasis into your typed matter—how you can drive home with strength or accent the fairness of your arguments—how you can write with the same convincing force that you use in speaking.

I am booklet that explains the exclusive features of "The Typewriter of Personality." It will be sent free upon request.

Clip the coupon now—before you turn the page and possibly forget.

Portable Model

A special model for traveling for home. Weighs about 11 lbs. Full capacity. Ask for folder

Dealers: Choice territories available. This advertisement indicates the help we give our dealers. Write for interesting proposition.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.
500 East 69th Street New York City

Gentlemen:
Please send without obligation your booklet "The Miracle of the Multiplex."

Name

Address

Česko-Slovensky Italiano Português Svenska Español Français Deutsch Ελληνικά 日本ローマ字 日本カタカナ Русский

GF Allsteel

The photograph on the right shows *Allsteel* transfer cases and files in use by the S. S. Kresge Co., Detroit. Below are shown three *Allsteel* transfer cases. Each case is a separate unit that interlocks with the others. They may be stacked as high as you wish, and though loaded to capacity the stack remains rigid and the bottom drawer will open as easily as the top one.

Transfer Problems Solved

TRANSFERRED records are not junk. If they are, throw them away January first, instead of transferring them. If you want them they are worth keeping in security and get-at-able shape.

What to do with semi-important records and correspondence is completely answered by *Allsteel* transfer cases. They cost little more than wood, and are safer, more sanitary, more convenient, and last longer. And—of vital importance—they give maximum filing capacity and take minimum floor space.

Four *Allsteel* transfer cases take the place of five wooden ones. They give protection against fire and weather, and are a permanent investment. In short, in this age of steel, there is no excuse for flimsy transfer cases. The modern business transfers into *Allsteel*.

Allsteel Filing Cabinets

For the filing of current correspondence, cards, and other papers, *Allsteel* vertical files meet the exact and exacting needs of modern business. Rigid and durable as only steel can be, they reflect the permanence of a successful office,

Files and Transfer Cases

Photograph on the left shows *Allsteel* vertical files installed in Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., New York. The picture below shows the *Allsteel* four-drawer letter file, the strongest and most rigid file made, with the greatest capacity for the floor space occupied. *Allsteel* files with drawers loaded have been tested to 100,000 operations before any wear showed in the patented roller suspension. Patented progressive roller suspension makes the drawers run easily and smoothly, no matter how heavily loaded.

for Modern Business

protecting valuable records against fire, and they are weather-proof, warp-proof, wear-proof. Their first cost is their last.

With greater capacity than any other file, *Allsteel* verticals will take from 15 to 25 per cent less of your valuable floor space. The easy-running, patented drawers and the convenient follower-blocks make for speed, good temper, and office efficiency.

Allsteel Office Equipment

There is a complete line of *Allsteel* office furniture—desks, safes, tables, shelving, and filing cabinets. *Allsteel* is in use by such firms as Equitable Life Assurance Co., Pennsylvania Railroad, J. P. Morgan & Co., Cadillac Motor Car Co. In olive green enamel or perfect reproductions of mahogany and oak, *Allsteel* looks its part—the furniture that belongs with success. See the *Allsteel* line at the *Allsteel* store and be convinced. Send for our 88-page illustrated catalogue.

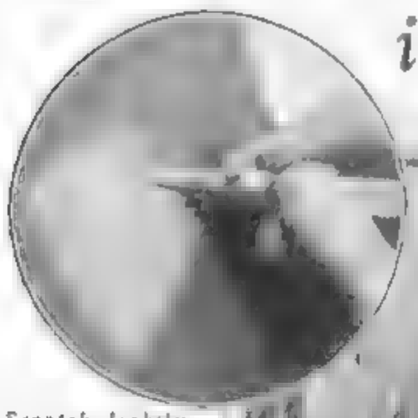
The General Fireproofing Company

New York Chicago Boston Youngstown, Ohio *Washington Atlanta Seattle*

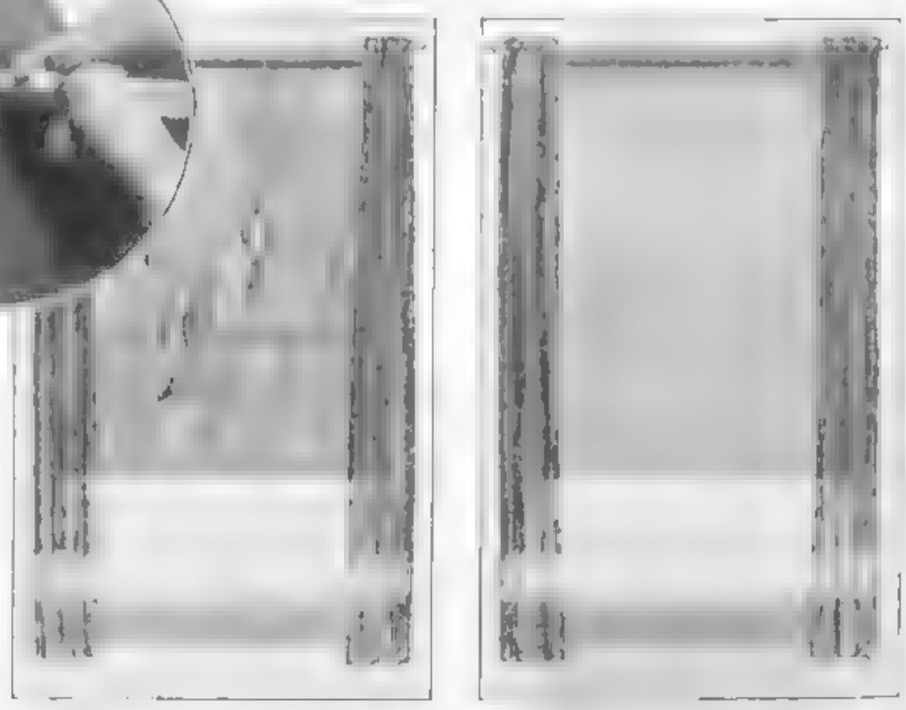
Dealers in All Principal Cities

See that "filling"?

It cracks; makes pinholes in your window shades



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay



Ordinary shade—made with "filling"

A Brenlin—made without "filling"

Brenlin has no "filling"

It wears and wears and wears!

The ordinary window shade is made of a loosely woven cloth that must be filled to give it weight and smoothness. This "filling," usually a chalk or clay substance, soon becomes hard and brittle. Like school chalk, it crumbles easily.

A shade so made *can't* stand the strain of everyday usage. When the wind sucks and snaps it, the brittle filling loosens and falls out. Cracks and pinhole streaks appear. The shade wrinkles and sags—is soon ruined!

The Brenlin Window Shade is entirely different. *Its* base is a material so fine, so heavy, so tightly woven and perfect that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

Instead of being brittle, Brenlin is soft and supple, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Upon request we'll send you, free, a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully—and, with it, some actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

East Side High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, shaded with Brenlin by The George F. Otis Company

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

VIENNA AND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 21)

seemed to enjoy his own party and to wish others to do likewise.

All the appointments were beautifully carried out, especially the flowers for the cotillon. As it was spring, these were largely lilacs, and the big bouquets made a charming effect in the dancers' arms. They had been brought in clothes baskets and the latter were standing about on the outskirts of the circling pairs. My partner seized one to lay my flowers in, and having piled that full, a second one was brought and also filled, thus leaving my arms and chair free. As we drove away in the early dawn my father was delighted with his little girl's success, and said, pinching my cheek, he would soon have to hire a truck for my bouquets. Even Franz was rather excited to be hoisting two clothes baskets and tying them on the top of the legation landau, overflowing with flowers, but it was my last ball in Vienna, and all my partners of the winter were trying to show their regret at my departure.

One quaint and very attractive custom in Vienna was that of the picnic balls. Either a group of young men or a group of young couples, anxious to repay kindness or merely to do their share of entertaining, clubbed together, planned and carried out a ball in some one of the restaurants or hotels, rented for the occasion. Such fêtes were always admirably arranged in every detail, with excellent supper, floor and generally a perfect Hungarian gypsy band. Those giving it considered their guests paid them a compliment by staying later than was done at private balls, and to make these parties a real success one had to take one's morning coffee there before going home to bed. About the only one of the royalties who went was the Duchess of Cumberland, and save the girls' chaperons no nondancers were asked. A few mothers were invited to play hostess, and there were card tables to amuse such of the elders as cared for gaming.

The prettiest feature, and one I have seen nowhere else, was that each young man at those balls supplied his own cotillon flowers. Naturally each tried to outdo his rivals, and it made for very fine and ingenious bouquets. The men displayed their taste, and among the girls one counted who should get the most. I remember O'Neill, who, in spite of an Irish name, was the Chargé from Portugal, had his bouquets all of violets, and to my joy a large one always came my way; while young Count Larish had always roses; and there were those who had roses of one color only. Others used nothing but white or purple lilacs, or all daffodils, narcissuses or valley lilies; and some stupid or unfortunate ones who did not know of this detail's importance left their flowers to the vender's taste—and we girls rather disdained their lack of care. The smart Austrian men's club, the young diplomats and various other groups each gave functions that season which were among the gayest of all. All together I had twenty-three balls in a few short weeks, besides many agreeable soirées.

Diplomatic Corps Gossip

One of the Emperor's little granddaughters—the daughters of Princess Gisela of Bavaria, who were twins, aged sixteen—became engaged to the young Archduke Joseph. He was wealthy and belonged to that branch of the imperial family living in Hungary. They seemed vastly in love with one another, though not at all a good-looking pair of fiancés. We little realized that this boy was to be commander in chief of the Austrian armies in the great World War twenty-one years later!

At the end of the season there was also a wedding at court, which was the occasion of much pomp. The Archduchess Margaret, a most charming girl, was married to the heir to the Würtemberg throne. It was an impressive and pretty ceremony, with a few of the diplomats invited into a loge of the imperial chapel to see the pageant. The bride was well worth looking at, for in her long white robes her tall slenderness seemed particularly fine, and her delicate face was quite lovely. Her beautiful stepmother, Maria Theresa, looked as young and radiant as usual. We heard the imperial family thought the match appropriate and satisfactory, and I wondered as I watched the contracting parties, who knew nothing of one another, if they would find even a moderate share of happiness in such a union. She would be a queen in time, it was thought, but Margaret's fate was different, for within a few short years she had died, a victim to the lung weakness which even before her marriage had marked her with a fragile look. Of course the Emperor, archdukes, the court and the guardsmen assisted at these ceremonies, but they were no longer new to me, so, though I liked the color and the light, I was not quite so thrilled as I had been at first.

I fancy a good deal of gossip about Vienna's ways was handed about in the diplomatic corps. Its members never got the true versions of personal stories, but only the somewhat twisted accounts given them by outside hangers-on—German teachers and such, who went from house to house circulating a good deal of nonsense, with some truth, alas! Various tales were told of the Archduke Otto's dissipations and his disrespect for all things serious in life; how he abandoned his charming wife, whom my mother liked extremely and found always very sad; how he had one morning after a drinking bout taken a ride on horseback through the city, and seeing a funeral had stopped it while, on a bet, he made a hurdle of the hearse; how even the tolerant Emperor had talked to him, trying to quell this unruly nephew. We heard it whispered also that Francis Ferdinand, the heir apparent, was much disliked; that the Emperor despaired of teaching him the way to win his subjects. Then we were told the Empress was given to fits of depression which made her quite abnormal and difficult to deal with. There was endless gossip also as to the vices in the circles of high finance.

Prince Philip of Coburg

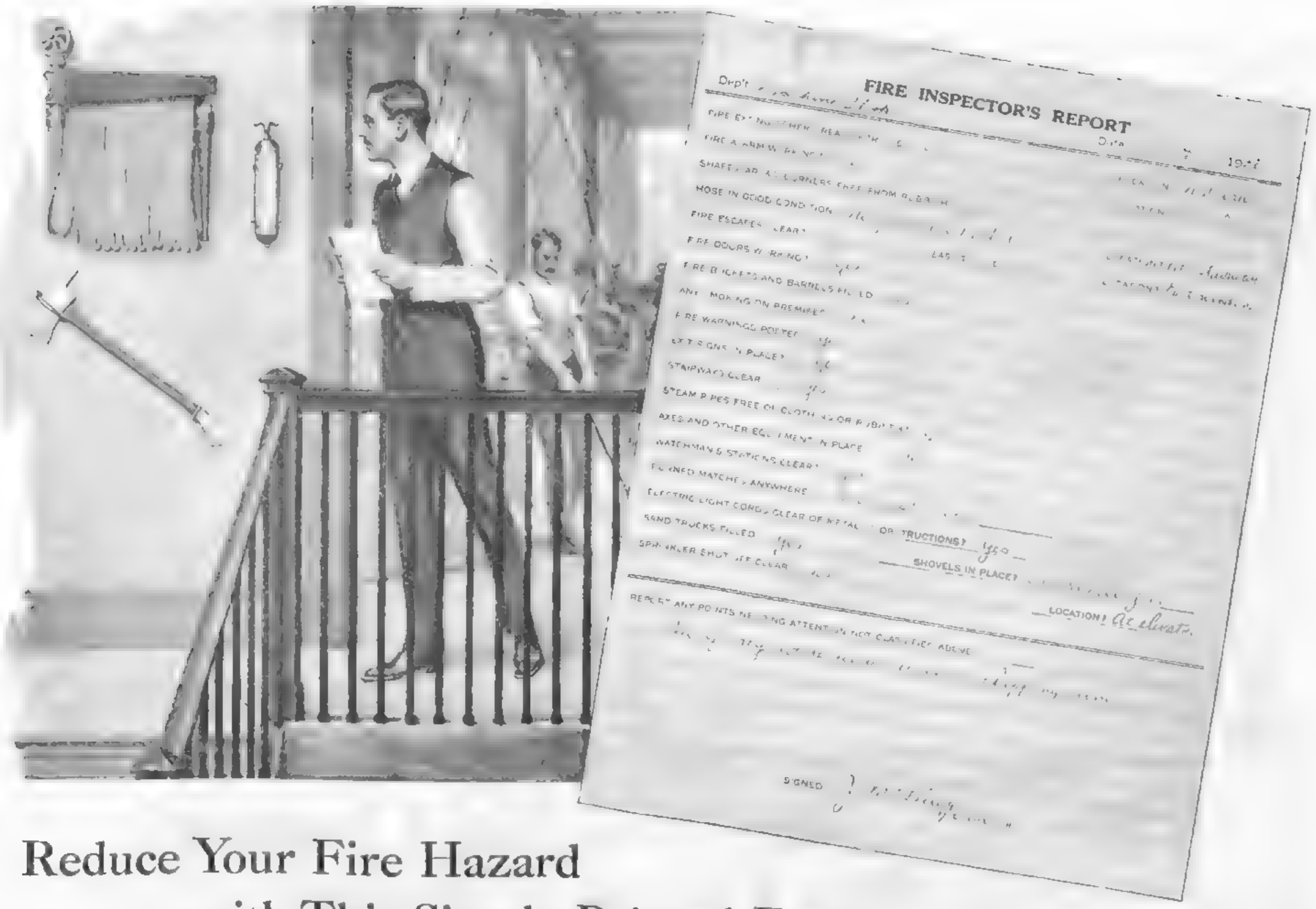
After whispering over all this the talkers would straighten up and someone would say with great decision: "I don't believe a word of it! That person doesn't look as if he did such things; and people exaggerate so. Still, they do say"—and the whispering would begin anew.

When we came home my mother would ask my father if he thought that story they had been told was true, and he tolerantly would say: "Well, I don't know; but if it is there isn't anything we can do about it." And so the question would drop.

One family whose members kept tongues wagging was that of Prince Philip of Coburg, who took high place at court when he chose to appear there as visiting royalty. He was an exceedingly important-looking man, about forty-five, handsome still, though somewhat heavy. He wore his uniform with great elegance and received with amiability at the splendid parties which he gave. He was rather above medium height, with thin close-cropped hair, a clipped beard, an aquiline nose and very keen, clever and amused eyes. He was very intelligent and cultivated, an admirable talker, well up on all questions of the day. I do not remember why he chose Vienna to live in, but I fancy there must have been an excellent reason. He was connected with both England and Germany through the Coburg family, and he had French royal blood through his mother, who was a daughter of King Louis Philippe. He was connected with Belgium and Austria, too, by his wife, who was the elder sister of the widowed Austrian Crown Princess Stephanie. He seemed to know all sorts of interesting secrets, diplomatic as well as personal, and he had great capacities, yet apparently he did nothing much but shoot, collect books and talk. He had the reputation of intriguing overmuch, and he was not popular, but apparently did not care. He had been an intimate friend of the dead Crown Prince, and was with him at the party where Rudolf and the Vetsera had died. Perhaps for this reason one saw little of him at court. My father and he had many a long talk, however, and the former maintained that Prince Philip was, in spite of his defects, one of the most interesting personalities he had met abroad. For some time, even after we returned to America, letters were exchanged between them.

Now and again an official function was given at the Coburg palace. It was a huge,

(Continued on Page 117)



Reduce Your Fire Hazard with This Simple Printed Form

THE fire loss in this country would not be $300,000,000 a year if more thought were given to fire prevention.

The simple printed form shown here offers one good way of fighting a fire before it starts.

Put this form into use in your factory or store. Each Monday have every department head or foreman detail a man to act as Fire Inspector.

When this man has found answers to the questions on the form, he has a good idea of what fire prevention means.

By the time all the men in the department have taken their turn, you will have just that many alert fire inspectors continuously on watch.

Write us, and we will send you a Hammermill Portfolio containing this form and others, printed on Hammermill Bond.

You'll find these forms interesting and valuable. Also, they will show you the quality of Hammermill Bond—its strength, cleanness, uniformity—and the 12 colors besides white in which it is made.

This variety of color is important—it enables you to give distinctive colors to your forms, so that they receive prompt attention, and are correctly routed and filed.

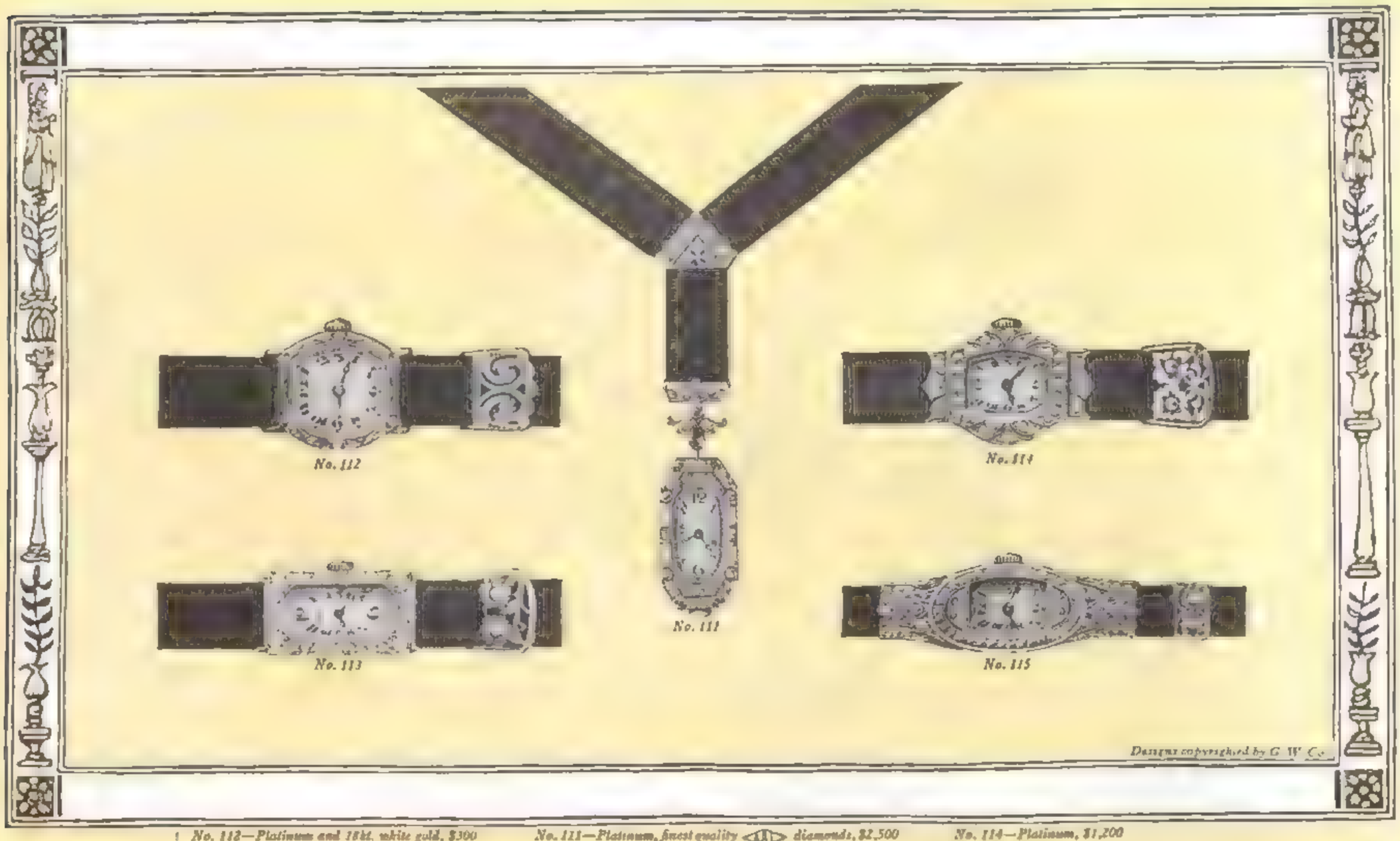
Hammermill Bond is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market, and the most widely-used paper in the world. Hundreds of big business houses use it for all their printing needs.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper



No. 112—Platinum and 18kt. white gold, $300
No. 113—Platinum, $1,200
No. 111—Platinum, finest quality ◁◉▷ diamonds, $2,500
No. 114—Platinum, $1,200
No. 115—Platinum, $1,400

Treasures *that would have* Charmed *the* Fair Ladies *of* Venice

TO the great ladies of old Venice, promenading in the shadow of St. Mark's or in the Palace of the Doges, famous craftsmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth century guilds were wont to bring their finest works.

Watchmakers, goldsmiths and silversmiths vied with one another to adorn the fair ladies of that day.

To the women of today Gruen craftsmen bring wrist watches of wondrous designs in gold and platinum—wristlets sparkling with full-cut diamonds, wristlets chased with beautiful handwork or inlaid with enamel, wristlets of rich simplicity.

Gruen Wristlets are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained in the ancient guildhalls.

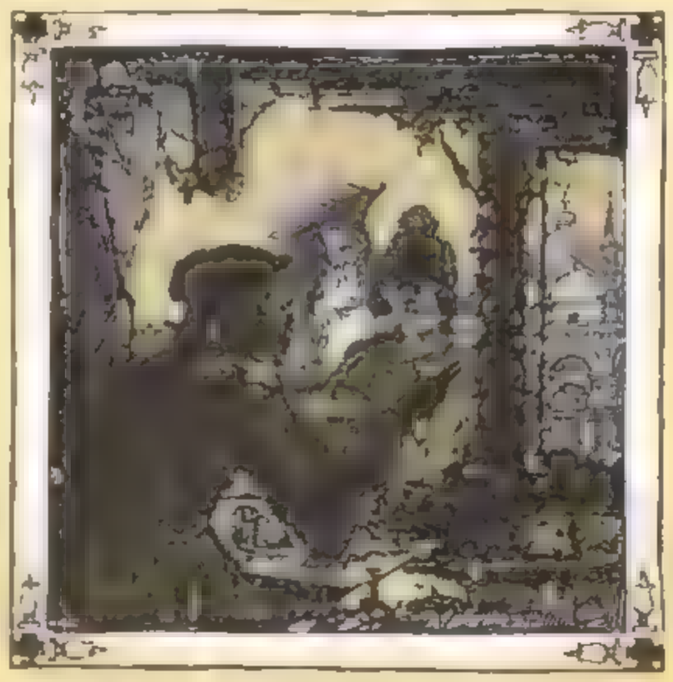
Old world skill and new world methods

At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, these skilled craftsmen, with the aid of American machinery, fashion the movements. And on Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop where the movements are finally adjusted and fitted into beautiful handwrought cases—a real service workshop, as well, where standardized duplicate repair parts may be obtained promptly by any jeweler in America.

You may see the Gruen Watches at one of the 1,200 jewelers', the best stores in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Service Emblem displayed by all Chartered Agencies.

The one thing to look for first

In women's watches, especially, it is well to



remember that not every Swiss watch is a Gruen. Look for the Gruen name on the dial. Then you will get a product of the genuine guild spirit, with a movement for real timekeeping service in such beauty of dress as most delights your fancy.

Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Uniform established prices: Dietrich Gruen Precision Models, $300 to $850; Ultrathin Models, $275 to $725; Very-Verithin Models, $65 to $350; Verithin Models, $65 to $350; Thin Models, $25 to $80; Men's Strap Models, $25 to $225; Ladies' Wrist Watches, $27.50 to $275.

Individual all platinum or platinum and white gold pieces in various shapes—set with finest cut diamonds obtainable— ◁◉▷ quality, from $125 to $6,000.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian Branch: Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

Service Workshops, Gruen Watchmakers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati, where the jeweler's watchmaker can obtain standardized duplicate parts promptly

GRUEN Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 114)

dark, forbidding pile—rich but ugly in effect, and of a bad period. As one entered one was surprised by the height of the impressive stairs, and on every step stood two retainers, one at each side, in the family hussar uniform, we were told. It was of Empire mode, and these two long lines of men were most effective. At the top of the staircase Prince Philip received alone, and made us feel most welcome. He told us if we would turn to the right we might find the princess. We did so, and found Princess Louise sitting in one end of the great salon with her sister, while various vague guests, who had spoken their good evenings, were looking uncomfortable and edging toward the doors.

The two sisters looked much alike. Both had hair much frizzed, the color of spun gold. Both had beautiful skin, fair and with rosy cheeks, and both had very handsome figures and dressed in the height of the fashion, becomingly. Stephanie was known to have had a miserable existence until her widowhood, and—rather unjustly, because of Rudolf's popularity—she was made to bear some blame for his end. One felt she had suffered from this, while, perhaps from a fear of criticism, she was timid to excess. It made her always try to get into a corner, away from everyone. I felt a keen sympathy for her, her smile was so strained; yet really she was glad to talk a little, and always said something gentle and amiable. I was told the Emperor was very friendly to his poor daughter-in-law and tried to help her in various ways; but on the whole her life was both sad and very dull and empty—until she in later life made it over by marrying again. Her sister was said to be content with her finery and the gay life she led. Her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg, did not seem either for or against her, but quite indifferent; and when he spoke of her it was with perfect amiability. I fancy he had once looked her over perhaps and decided that though they had no single subject of interest in common she was entirely presentable and undisturbing as an element in his life.

When the rooms filled at their party the prince left his place at the stairhead and moved among his guests, stopping to speak with a group here and there—a charming host, smiling and gracious. The main part of the gathering listened to a fine program of music in the big ballroom. I sat in a room at the rear and he asked me in passing where were my parents, and said he was looking for them to take them—and me if I would like to go—to see his mother. I showed him where my parents stood, and joined them with him after a word of excuse to my companions. He took us all then through a suite of rooms to where, at the end, in a smaller and more intimate apartment, sat his mother.

The Daughter of Louis Philippe

She was a most picturesque figure. A lace cap much beruffled covered her head of white hair, elaborately and most carefully dressed; her strong face had massive features and sharp quick eyes, still very piercing and intelligent. Her figure standing must have been majestic, for even sitting she was straight and strong looking. She wore a gown of dark rich silk or brocade, with some beautiful lace about the neck and wrists, and a few fine jewels in old mountings, and near her, against her little sofa, leaned a thick cane with a crook handle meant really to lean on; I believe she was a victim of gout. Evidently her son bowed down to this old lady's will, and her face and manner well became her reputation as one of the most capable managers in Europe. She was just saying she was too old to see many people or to appear at a party, and so she sat back comfortably in her quiet salon with such people as her son cared to present being brought in to her. Her talk was to the point, and her questions were sudden and concise.

Some two or three people who had been with her took their leave when we came in. Then she turned to us, and spoke to my parents of how she had heard so much of America from her father, King Louis Philippe, who had found a welcome in the United States while he was a wandering exile, and she made one or two inquiries as to how this or that place had developed; and if we had ever been here or there. She spoke of my grandfather, asked some questions about him.

Finally she turned to me and said: "You have brought your little girl out to Vienna. Do you like it here? Do you have a pleasant time?" I made some banal, acquiescent answer and she continued: "Well, you would; you look made to enjoy life." Some other people appeared in the doorway, and the old lady, turning back to my parents, ended our visit to her with a few pleasant words, short and energetic, like her gestures, and always to the point.

As we wandered off, leaving our places to the newcomers, my mother told me I must remember this presentation to the daughter of the last French King, and my father added: "You won't see many old ladies like that, pet. Even now she keeps all Europe busy watching her, and she has a great brain and wields much power."

On the way home in the carriage my parents spoke of her again; and of her second son, Ferdinand, who was about then, or shortly afterward, placed in Bulgaria by his mother's will and influence. Many people criticized Ferdinand more than they did his elder brother, telling of his many faults, but he won his way and played a great rôle in European politics until the World War. If Princess Clementine had lived long enough she would have enjoyed thoroughly watching his star rise, finally seeing him the Bulgarian czar and a great factor in European affairs.

A Princess and Her Lipstick

There was another character in Vienna whom I saw and to whose house I often went—Princess Pauline Metternich, unique in her generation. She was at that time about fifty years old, and still possessed a very fine figure. Otherwise her appearance was more remarkable than beautiful, and she did her best to live up to her reputation for intelligence and eccentricity. Her evening dresses were always of bright hues, preferably green or yellow; she wore large aigrets, at different angles from anyone else's, and had splendid jewels, which she wore in quantities. Her face was worth studying—large restless eyes which saw everything, and could be very sympathetic or humorous, reflecting her passing impulse; a short nose with an amusing tilt, and a very large thick-lipped mouth, with a quick generous laugh always ready, as well as a funny story or witty repartee. The mouth was exaggerated by brilliant red paint, not only on the lips but all round them, augmenting the size of this feature beyond all bounds, otherwise one had no impression of artificial make-up. Tremendously smart in her clothes and houses and turnouts, this quaint princess was a figure as well known to the Vienna populace as was the Emperor himself. She organized, planned and carried through all their public charities, and whether it was Old Vienna of the Middle Ages reconstructed and set up in the Prater for strangers from all four corners of the globe to come and see, or whether it was merely a great public ball for a minor charity, Princess Pauline Metternich's genius invented and carried through the enterprise to a successful termination, with all the world of her city ready to work and play under her influence.

She had her relations, as her rank and blood indicated, at court and among the aristocrats; and besides the high finance, the Jewish circles, the bourgeois and the small shopkeeper knew her well. She helped each in turn, spoke the patois in its broadest form, and had a cheery word for everyone. On the Ring or in the Prater, where she drove out in an extra-large and high victoria swung on big springs, with magnificent horses, and lackeys in knee breeches, the crowds stopped to see her pass, and doffed their hats. All the interesting foreigners who came to town found their way to her with letters of recommendation, and they, as well as every kind of person in Vienna's varied strata, were seen at her agreeable parties. She knew how to entertain the Emperor, the court and all society and keep the function from stiffness; and another evening six or eight would gather about her tea table informally, sure of brilliant conversation.

The princess was admittedly a genius, and her light shone very brightly on the background of Vienna's rather narrow-minded society. In her work she was ably seconded by her quiet, well-bred and charming daughter, Princess Clementine Metternich, who apparently was in no way like her mother, but shunned a prominent rôle, though she had many friends and much intelligence. The old prince depended a good deal on his daughter, was most amiable in showing interest in his wife, but one fancied he was rather fatigued-looking at times, and a little vague as to what she might do next. He was her own uncle. He had therefore seen Princess Pauline grow up, and I fancy he had no cause to regret his match, for she had been a great success wherever he had placed her, especially in Paris, where the Austrian Emperor had sent Prince Metternich as ambassador to the court of Napoleon III. At that post he had done good work, it was said, and the princess had taken a unique position, had become the intimate friend of Eugénie, and had driven boredom once and for all from the life of the French court.

I never heard of but a single failure on the part of Princess Metternich, and the tale of this was repeated about Vienna as typical not only of her daring but of the Austrian aristocrats' unbending attitude about certain things. Baron Rothschild and his very pretty wife wished to make their way in the society of the gay capital; and Princess Metternich, whom they knew, took upon herself to try the ground before they made a venture. She went to Prince Schwarzenberg, who was to give a large soirée.

"Will you let me bring my friends Baron and Baroness Rothschild?" she asked.

"But I don't know them; and, besides, if I asked them they would invite me in return; and I do not want to go to their house or meet their friends," answered the old prince.

"I will see that you meet them beforehand. They are Jews, but if you ever went to their house you would meet no Jews there."

"Then, my dear Pauline, if I could go to the Rothschilds' house and meet no Jews, tell me why people should come to my house and meet Jews," was the final and decisive reply.

The story was much repeated. In the end, though, the Rothschilds, I believe, went to court, and though they made many friends and were received by a number of the broader-minded Austrians and most of the diplomats, they were blockaded by the group of Liechtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, and so on, who formed the ultra-powerful group at the top of society. The little baroness, who was both pretty and charming, seemed rather crushed; and before we left Vienna she died, after a long and distressing illness. We had seen a good deal of the Rothschilds, and liked her as much as she and her sister, the lovely Madame Ephrussi, had both been liked in Paris society.

Farewells to Vienna

I had enjoyed my Vienna season thoroughly, and had danced to my heart's content. Aside from this, I had seen much that was beautiful and interesting, and had made a number of warm friends. At sixteen one becomes easily attached, and I felt I belonged to these Viennese whose language I spoke and among whom I had grown up. It caused me sincere and deep distress when we began to pack and when we moved to the hotel and the household furniture was returned to cases from which four years before it had been taken. At the hotel daily there were numbers of kindly people who came to say good-by, and then came again, seeing we were to remain still for a week or so. I was very tearful over abandoning my share of these nice friends and I had quite made up my mind that never again should I feel at home anywhere or establish relations such as these.

At last the day of departure came, and we went to the station in the same carriage, accompanied by the same Franz who had met us there early one morning more than four years ago. Franz was in tears, and I was nearly so. My parents also were sad to leave what had been to them a very pleasant post. Flowers and sweets were brought to us in quantities; many Austrian friends were there to see us off, and nearly all the colleagues came in a large crowd. There was great excitement, and as we pulled out of the station waving hats and sounds of good wishes were our last impressions of the gay capital.

We traveled slowly to London and then took the steamer for home. The sea was gentler with us in July than it had been in early March, 1889, and this fine weather promised us real enjoyment in the voyage, and gave us a lingering pleasure in our experience which was delightful. We were carrying back many pleasant memories. Besides to Vienna, my parents had been to Hungary for the twenty-fifth anniversary

(Concluded on Page 119)

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Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

(Concluded from Page 117)

of the King's coronation, and seemed to think those fêtes more splendid than anything Vienna had produced. They had been to Rome and there were received by both the Pope and the King; and finally they had spent a few days in Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who had given them the opportunity of meeting a number of interesting French people, among whom they themselves had made such a fine place.

Besides these social trips made by themselves alone they had taken us children over much of Western Europe, and my father had personally planned these journeys so we should get all that was educational from our wanderings. His own earlier travels, his knowledge of history, architecture and art, and his intensely alive mind made these studies vivid and interesting. He drew our attention to all that was worth while, whether in light vein or of a serious nature. My mother was generally anxious to rest during these trips as much as possible, and my brother was still very young to go sightseeing continuously, so often I found myself my father's only companion on expeditions which we undertook. I was as strong as he, and my absorption in his favorite interests was equal to his own. I was just of an age to understand enough and follow him blissfully. One trip took us to Naples in winter, where, as my brother had been ill, we spent a month sunning ourselves, though the wind even there seemed cold. We visited all the delightful points about the city, however, and I had a horrid fright in climbing Vesuvius, at that time in eruption. Our little invalid regained his strength, and we returned slowly to Vienna by way of Rome and Florence, making a lovely trip through the spring.

A Chance Meeting With the King

Another time we journeyed through Styria and Bohemia, stopping off at Ischl and at Prague, and from there going into Bavaria, visiting also as we wandered on toward the north a number of the picturesque small German cities so rich in history, old buildings and museums; Augsburg, with its streets still of the Middle Ages; Nuremberg, still more perfect in the art of that period; and all the small German rococo courts: Weimar, with the Goethe traditions; the Wartburg, with memories of Saint Elizabeth and the famous singing contest; Coburg and Hanover, with English and German history interwoven; Potsdam, with its stories of Frederick and Voltaire, and later palaces of Bismarck's and the imperial times; Berlin, Kiel and Hamburg; Lübeck and Bremen, the free cities. Then we went on by boat to Copenhagen, and there looked on the scenes where Hamlet lived, and felt the vikings near; then back into Holland and Belgium, with their spick-and-span cities, their quaint beauty of architecture and their art treasures. Finally up the Rhine by boat we traveled, stopping off at numerous cities, visiting castle, museum, church, palace and battlefield with equal enthusiasm.

I loved it all, and the stories my father had to tell were thrilling. He knew the primitive legends, as well as the statistics which he absorbed from the guide book, and he passed on all this lore to us. He knew the tales of Hans Sachs and of the Lorelei, and equally those of the battlegrounds near Metz. He loved all the ground we covered, and enjoyed any small discomfort we had to face when off the beaten track. We found we liked the varied hotels and fare as much as he, and we occupied some very amusing quarters in vague small German towns, where people were unused to foreigners; and where, even if sometimes food was very queer, the beds were of fine old mahogany and our rooms were scrupulously clean, with gay cretonnes and neat pillowcases, often trimmed with hand-crocheted or bobbin lace. It was hard to say just what we most enjoyed: the beautiful Schwarzwald and the Thüringerwald, the beauty of Gothic cathedral architecture, the laces made round these piles, the treasures in the Green Rooms of Dresden's huge museum, the primitive paintings of Memling, Dürer, Holbein and Ten Eyck, the later glories of Rubens, Rembrandt and Vandyke, or the market places with their small carts and gay colors. Old Dutch and German façades made one fancy that among the picturesquely dressed good-natured people Faust or Marguerite or Hans Sachs and his guild's members might step out. It seemed easy to meet Lohengrin and Elsa, or Tannhäuser or Elizabeth on any of those green hills with castles.

This was before the day of motors, before also the time when ancient walls and fortifications had been thrown down to make room for modern boulevards. Tourists went on foot then or in whatever was the national horse conveyance, and they were easily content with the food of each country and one candle to light them to bed. So we learned to drink beer and eat *Schinkenbrod* with perfect satisfaction; and even to take *Compot* with meat. I never learned, though, to like the Germans' table manners. It sounded, at some of the long *table d'hôte* tables, as if a lot of animals were feeding from a trough, and where there was the possibility of it we tried to eat before or after the natives.

On one of our trips we stopped over at Ostend for a few hours between trains, and went strolling along the broad beach walk among the gay throng there. Coming from the opposite direction toward us we saw the tall figure of King Leopold, surrounded by several gentlemen. He advanced with long slow strides, towering above the people on the walk, and they all turned out and stood making way and bowing as he passed. We did as the others. His roving eye stopped on our small group of four, to which his attention was probably attracted by the fact that while everyone else was in light summer clothes we were just off the train, and wore dark costumes. He glanced keenly at my father, stopped instantly, holding out his hand, and then, calling my father by name: "What a pleasant meeting," he said with a very amiable smile. "How long are you to be here? Will you introduce me to Mrs. Grant? And are these your children?"

He spoke with each of us a little; said his daughters had written him of my parents, and how much they were liked in Vienna, and asked a few questions about our trip. He was so extremely tall that he leaned a little over us as he talked, and his manner was very democratic. He had magnetism and was very clever looking, but not handsome as to face. His size made him quite majestic, however, and he was not at all ungraceful or clumsy. After a few minutes of easy talk His Majesty straightened up.

"Well, I am very sorry you do not think our Ostend attractive enough to linger here for a little longer. I should have enjoyed seeing more of you, but this meeting has been a pleasure to me, Mrs. Grant, and I trust that you will come again. Good-by and bon voyage!"

He raised his hat and passed on up the street in his casual, easy way. We turned, to find ourselves the center of a large number of idlers, who had gathered to hear the King talk and see the odd-looking darkly dressed foreigners who knew His Majesty. We were soon lost in the moving ranks of people again and went on to find our train.

Back to America

I think perhaps, though four years in Europe broke up the regular schooling which composes an American education, it gave me other things quite as well worth while, and to my brother it gave most of these without spoiling his home studies, for at the time of our return to America he was still just under twelve years old, and able to take up his work at the right point and in the proper atmosphere at the right moment.

When we first landed in New York we went at once up to old Cranston's Hotel on the Hudson, where my grandmother was stopping. She was well, seemed delighted to see us and to have our long sojourn abroad ended. My parents had made a delightful plan, which we were to carry out immediately. We were to go to Chicago and pay a lengthy visit to my mother's family. The World's Fair was in full swing, and my beautiful aunt, Mrs. Palmer, was president of the woman's division. At a time when American women were new at the game of civic work they had obtained recognition in connection with the World's Fair, and were on their mettle to do their best. My aunt had accepted the presidency after some hesitation. It meant heavy physical labor in the organization and the carrying out of the great movement, much entertaining, office hours, crowds, meetings, possible strained relations, and many other things my aunt did not like; but on the other hand to carry the effort through to a successful finish meant much glory to the women of the country, and no one had more qualifications, mental, physical and material, to offer. Mrs. Palmer was elected and accepted; and the Woman's Building was made one of the most artistic in the White City on the Lake. While the celebrations held there and at the lady president's splendid home were things to be proud of.

At the World's Fair

When we reached Chicago, in late July, the exposition was in full swing, and my aunt, though tremendously occupied, was accustomed to her rôle and played her part easily, gracefully and without for an instant being flurried or ever showing fatigue. She was forty-two then, and radiant, with fresh skin and brilliant eyes, in the prime of her beauty. Calm, amiable, quick and capable, she managed her heavy duties with a gentle manner and sweet smile that bewitched her aids and made them doubly willing and enthusiastic. She was seconded by a number of distinguished women, too numerous to name, but who ably represented both Chicago and many other cities in America. There were women who had come from abroad as well, bringing exhibitions from their far-away countries. It was a totally new departure, this women's movement, and everyone was watching it with deep interest.

My mother's family were all assembled in Chicago that summer. With their homes open, all Chicagoans were giving the world at large an example of what heartfelt and dignified hospitality could be, and the season was very gay. Daily parties for young people were given, there were lunches and dinners at the exhibition restaurants, with boating parties in the lagoons to see the illuminations. Sousa's Band played, and he had composed his first two-steps. I found old chums, little comrades of my childhood visits, and we danced and picnicked. The city looked most attractive, the great fair was of dreamlike beauty, and I am afraid it was not many weeks before my regrets for leaving Vienna were completely effaced. These young Americans were delightfully cordial boys and girls. While I had been abroad they were developing, too, and now they were all in Chicago on their vacations from colleges and schools, and they took me back into their midst as if I had never been absent during four long years. They were not even very curious, and asked no questions of what I had been through, though in a general way I had been educated abroad and that was rather impressive. Also the girls thought my foreign clothes nice. Some of the boys made a little fun of what they called my foreign accent.

The elders in the family were as rushed as I was. My parents were much invited, though my aunt went about little, except to the official functions at the fair or those she gave herself. She entertained a vast number of foreigners, some royalty, and many a foreign guest, distinguished in the European world of art, politics and philanthropy. Where they could, the various members of my aunt's family gave her support and help in her new duties. My uncle, Mr. Palmer, was her enthusiastic right-hand man, giving her the benefit of his great business experience and doing all he could to lessen the strain of her days. Each afternoon he drove his four-in-hand to the fair grounds, and brought her home on the box seat, with a party of her choosing, so she would get the rest and the fresh air. Round my aunt also circled her four brothers, always ready to do her bidding.

One of the most intensely interested people about was my aunt's old father. My grandfather, Mr. Honoré, blooming and in his prime at seventy, was delighted with everything. One of the men who had built Chicago before the fire and rebuilt the city again after the disaster, he had dreamed for many years of the home town leading the world through trouble into success. He was reaping the harvest which his faith had sown, and the delightful enthusiasm of the sunny, energetic old gentleman drew everyone's sympathy. All the compliments paid to the city, the fair or his own daughter were remembered and repeated to him, and his handsome presence and old-fashioned courtesy were quite one of the features of that time.

My grandmother, as stately and beautiful as ever, was grown too fragile to circulate much, but she appeared once or twice, and on each occasion dwarfed all those round her. Her last appearance socially—though she lived for another twenty years—was at an evening reception given for my father and mother by my Aunt and Uncle Palmer. Dressed in trailing black embroidered with steel, and excited by the effort of appearing in the crowd, she looked ten years younger than her age, with her brilliant eyes and high color. The crowd parted to watch her swaying graceful progress, while young men as well as old turned eyes in admiration on her small classic head, and sought a word or smile of recognition—a fitting last triumph in the social world where she had reigned for years. After that party she remarked quietly that she would never go out again to any other, and through twenty years of life she held to her argument that she was too old and delicate to show herself to any but her family circle.

That summer of 1893 left none but pleasant memories, both of the affections of the family circle, still complete, and of the beauty and interest of the great World's Fair, and when it was over we left Chicago with regret, and I had discovered that life at home was much better than it had been in Vienna.

Happy Days at West Point

At the old hotel at Cranston's we spent a very pleasant autumn season. My grandmother was there, also a number of New York acquaintances of my parents, and we formed a small and cheery circle who danced of an evening in the old-fashioned linen-carpeted parlor. We took long walks into the woods about, and made many excursions to West Point for the drills or the little parties arranged by old comrades of my father. He loved West Point and the memories it awakened of his early days there, and he took me to the cadets' performances and explained them all, as well as he did the souvenirs and trophies in the library and the chapel. He showed me where he, and my grandfather before him, had roamed; and he told me how in the old days life had differed from the present ways. He and my mother took me to some of the cadet hops, and were pleased that I found them as delightful as I had balls at court; and that I soon had various cadet friends and many buttons which were given me by my partners as cotillon favors. The hops were held at the new mess just built, and my father felt much touched that this large, handsome building had been named Grant Hall, for my grandfather.

Early in October we went to New York. We were very poor, my mother told me, and it would be a painful experience after all the comforts of our Vienna life to settle down as modestly as we now must. Grandmamma had sold her New York home and moved to Washington to settle there for her old age, so we were to live alone, and my parents chose New York because of a business opportunity my father might have there, and because my mother liked that city. She decided it was where she wanted me to make my début and to have my brother get his schooling.

We found a tiny three-story house in West Seventy-third Street, and my parents took it for the winter. It was new and, though so small, somehow the furniture, which had come from Vienna, was crowded into it. We spent a pleasant winter there. My brother was settled at school and though I was to have neither a coming-out tea nor a ball, I was to be allowed to go to any parties to which I was invited. I greatly looked forward to an experience so different from what I had seen of the world in Europe during the previous winter.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

ROOF VALUE

Roof Value means more than good looks—more than complete weather protection—more than fire resistance—more even than long life. It means the combination of all these virtues in a single product, obtainable at a reasonable price.

Measured by these high standards, Vulcanite delivers *real roof value.* It is a true "Beaver Quality" product; artistic and attractive in appearance. It is not only fire resisting but supremely indifferent to time, wear and the most severe weather conditions as well. Roofs built with Vulcanite are therefore unusually long-lived.

The natural advantages of Vulcanite are supplemented by a variety of styles, colors and finishes, all of which have a wide range of usefulness.

The complete line of Vulcanite Roofings includes Asphalt Shingles, Slabs and Roll Roofing. There is a special style and surface for every roofing need and every individual preference.

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Vulcanite Asphalt Shingles and Roll Roofings are sold by lumber and building material dealers everywhere. If you cannot locate a Vulcanite dealer in your locality, write to the nearest of the District Sales Offices listed below.

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Self-Spacing Individual Shingles
An exclusive Vulcanite improvement over ordinary straight-edge shingles—automatic spacing saves time. Produces perfectly sealed result, protected by double thickness at every point. Natural colored crushed slate surface, red or green. Two weights: Standard and Jumbo.

Hexagon Slab Shingles
A distinctive Vulcanite design having unusual decorative possibilities. Gives attractive heavy tile effect with double protection at every point. Made in large slabs easy to lay — automatic spacing saves time. Surface in natural colored crushed slate, red or green.

Standard Individual Shingles
This is the standard straight edge shingle. More attractive and longer lived than ordinary shingles. Built up with tough fibrous felt base, saturated and coated with Vulcanite specification asphalt and surfaced with natural colored crushed slate, red or green.

Four-in-One Slab Shingles
A fire-resisting slab type shingle which produces an attractive individual shingle effect. Quick and easy to lay with four shingles spaced automatically in each slab. Lasting beauty produced by natural colored crushed slate—surface in non-fading red or green.

Slate-Surfaced Roll Roofing
The highest type of "Beaver Quality" Roll Roofing. Manufactured from the best grade of fabric felt, saturated and coated with Vulcanite specification asphalt and surfaced with natural colored crushed slate, red or green. Two weights: Standard and Jumbo.

Smooth-Surfaced Roll Roofings
A complete line of extremely durable and weather resisting roll roofings. Made from the best rag felt saturated and coated with standard Vulcanite specification asphalts and surfaced with talc, mica or sand. Supplied in various weights to meet every roll roofing need.

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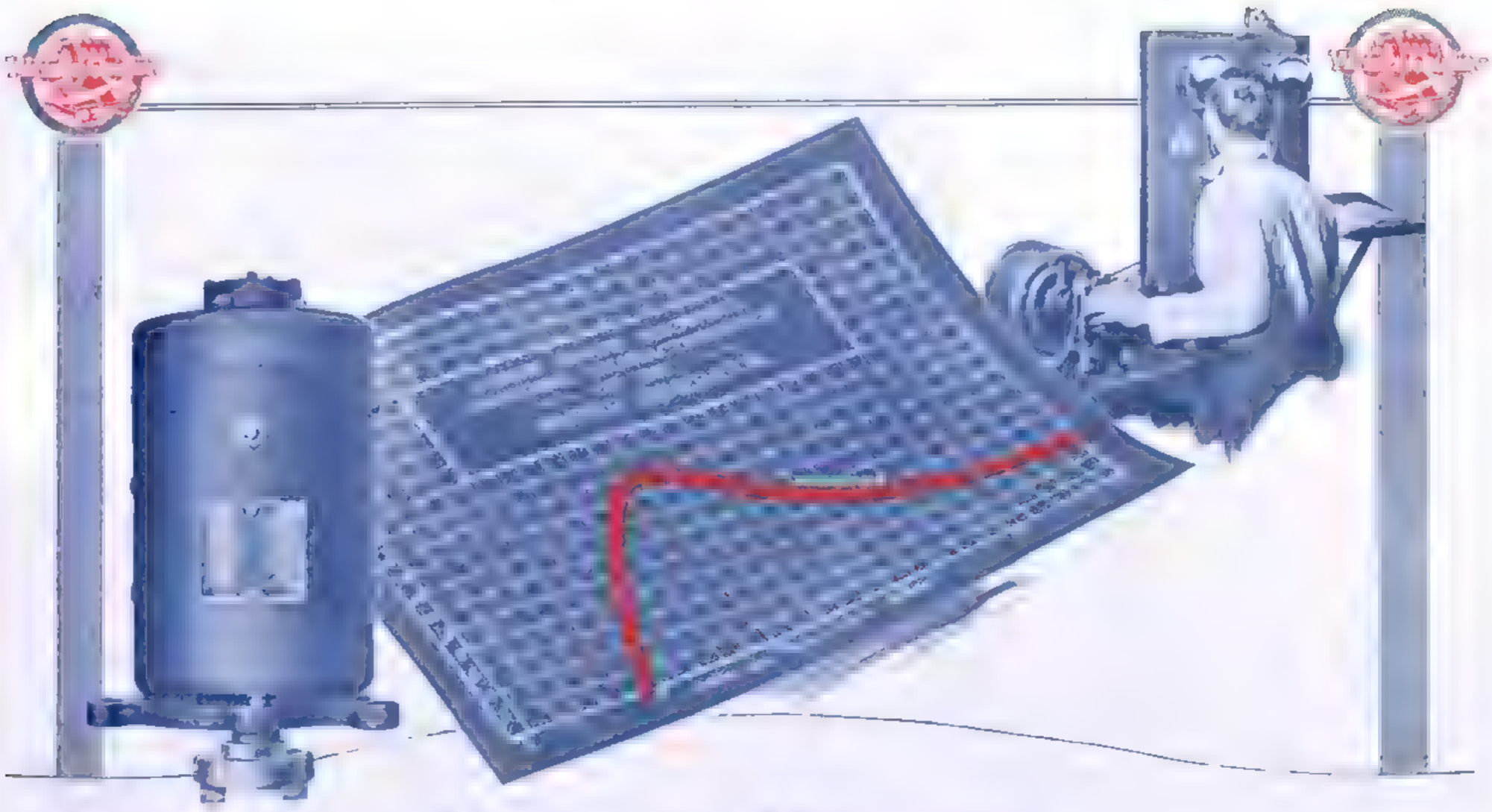

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Because analysis has shown that the average speed of city traffic is between 18 and 22 miles an hour, the Wagner Generator has been designed to deliver its maximum current between these two speeds.

As you drive to your office, or about town on business, the battery is receiving the greatest possible charge to counteract the drain of frequent stops and starts. But you do not always travel on crowded thoroughfares. Sometimes you drive at high speed over open country roads.

To insure against overcharging, the Wagner Generator has been designed to deliver a steadily decreasing current as the speed increases above 22 miles an hour. You may travel as fast and as far as you like without fear of overcharging.

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Wagner Quality

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

PHOENIX STUFF ON THE SALES END

(Continued from Page 17)

summoned for an interview. Presently our visitor's turn came.

"Oh, what didya say your name wuz again?" asked the young lady, almost cordial in her interest. "And what didya wanta see Mr. Smithers about?"

Admitted to an inner sanctum, Smithers, the salesman, met him on the floor, after being sent for, and asked suspiciously: "What is it?"

If that happened to be a lucky morning for the buyer, he might be permitted to look at samples—even place a provisional order—even get part of his order in real goods sometime. Prices were not discussed. Those would be on the price-prevailing basis, which meant that the seller would fix them some months later. The only thing certain was that they would surely be higher than the buyer expected. Quantities were rationed, so his order would be cut down. Whatever preference he might have for style, quality and such vague factors that counted in the past were of no importance in the seller's market. He took what he could get, when he could get it, and paid anything for it, and was glad.

The marks of war are found in other departments of business organization.

Once upon a time corporations maintained complaint bureaus, where shortcomings in goods and service were attended to. The public was invited to bring in its grievances and got a hearing and an adjustment. The ideal complaint-department manager was a cheerful fat man, incapable of grouches or resentment. Into his infinite good nature people poured their troubles and inhibitions. He soothed them, sympathized with them, took their part against the company, pointed out some humorous side of the grievance at which they laughed with him. Also he got the facts of the case, which were turned over to lean, serious, technical men, who made proper adjustments and changed the routine or organization if necessary. If the corporation had no complaint bureau, there was probably a public-service commission somewhere, paid to listen to grievances and bring the thick-skinned corporation to time. But both the complaint department and the public-service corporation seem to have disappeared, for it is difficult to get action through either of them to-day. The long-suffering average American, never much of a kicker anyway, has learned to accept substandard service as one of the inevitable fortunes of war. If he complains, and anybody takes the trouble to answer him at all, it is in the spirit of "Aw—what can we do about it?"

The Wine Agent Spirit

Once upon a time business paid much attention to correspondence. Handy manuals told how to write every kind of business letter and infused the spirit and service of the house into daily correspondence. To-day business correspondence is handled on the simple Napoleonic scheme of letting letters answer themselves. Startled by lack of attention to business inquiries, a New York merchant recently went back through his carbon records for six months to ascertain how many business inquiries had been ignored by concerns he had written to. Something like one letter in every four was the proportion. These were inquiries about goods or prices, requests for information, answers to advertisements. One letter in four was ignored, apparently on the principle that, production being behind demand, and likely to stay behind for years, it was waste of effort to furnish information, establish pleasant relations with possible new customers or even be courteous.

Once upon a time American business houses really believed that it paid to cooperate with prospective customers of small purchasing power, on the principle that they would grow into valuable connections. To-day the small fellow rouses no interest and gets no teamwork. If he has a million dollars to spend now somebody may give him a little attention. But if he has only a hundred dollars to spend, with the possibility of becoming a million-dollar customer five or ten years hence, he must grow up unaided, like Topsy. In the sales spirit of 1920 the dominant note is that of the wine agent.

Only two elements of business generally seem to have grown during the war—publicity and organization. Hampered by misunderstanding on the part of the public during the shortages and difficulties of war, business concerns have developed marvelous explaining machinery. The press agent has replaced the producer, issuing lengthy statements, publishing full-page advertisements and pleading for public understanding and teamwork. Being misunderstood has become a habit. Take many of these voluble concerns at their word, write them a friendly letter asking them about something that you would like to understand yourself and you will get a reply about once in ten times. Wholly centered on publicity and special pleading, there is where the machine collapses.

Organization has become almost passionate. In every line of business hard-hitting competitors were brought together for teamwork during the war, dropped rivalries and animosities, got acquainted and formed groups to put things through by teamwork. Organization became a habit too. Instead of individual service and energy business men now instinctively rely on tighter organization, and more of it, to control a given field by domination and numbers. Instead of looking for new business, they band together to shut out the competitive energy which means growth. Instead of hustling for increased outlets and production, they call an emergency conference or take the train to another convention.

The Turn of the Tide

"Short horses everywhere nowadays," is the curt comment of one executive on this subject. "Little men all over the shop. Can't put anything over themselves. Call a conference and organize a dozen other little men to put it over."

But last spring the whole business situation changed with a thunderclap. The stopping of bank credits apparently precipitated the avalanche which is now ancient history. That it checked speculation was natural. But there were other things piled up, ready to topple over. For eighteen months thrift had been persistently preached to the nation, without visible effects. But suddenly everybody began to practice thrift so whole-heartedly that merchants everywhere felt the pinch. Old trousers were patched, old shoes half-soled, last summer's straw hat cleaned and worn another season, round steak purchased instead of porterhouse and the lid left on the sugar bowl. Economy became national and international, for it was as widespread and as rigid in London as in Chicago. Stocks of merchandise piled up first in retail stores. Beginning with clothing, wholesalers and manufacturers found themselves cut off from credit at the banks and also from the money spent so lavishly by the public a few months before. Factories began to discharge employees, work part time, close altogether. Prices for materials dropped, and primary markets for such staples as wool, hides, silk and copper practically disappeared. Now and then the cloud showed a delusive silver lining, but only for a moment. Weather grew a bit more genial, but that did not stimulate retail sales. The crop outlook improved, promising prosperity, but presently farmers were apprehensive about price reductions. Experts insisted that the closing down of industrial plants was a favorable factor, not unfavorable, because production was thereby curtailed and shortage of goods would restore prices when the public resumed its buying.

We know now, however, that widespread economy in buying has brought an entirely new factor into the situation. The public's thrift is no mere summer shower. Reduced expenditure for clothing, food staples and luxuries, travel and entertainment is really based on reduced purchasing power. Prices have become not merely unreasonable but impossible to many people, while earnings have begun to decrease through unemployment or part-time wages.

Many a diligent search has been conducted by the expert, the government commission and the flying squad in the belief that somewhere in the situation there must be a personal devil.

And there is. The experts have not been unanimous, nor rounded him up, but this Molech can be located in practically every American home. It is the personal devil rent or housing cost.

Where children seemingly wore out shoes faster than they could be bought, to-day the monster rent devours their shoes before they are bought at all. It devours mother's new gown, gives father a shabby look, encroaches upon food, entertainment, savings, education, insurance and all the extras that make life livable. When the budget item of rent which was three hundred dollars a year rises to five hundred dollars or the thousand-dollar home to two thousand or perhaps three thousand dollars, families are obviously thrown out of financial balance. Thousands of decent average American folks have been compelled to move into smaller quarters. The home as a plant has become harder to operate, with crowding, noise, less desirable neighbors, rationed space, air, light, health. The family that was comfortable upon an inelastic but intelligently balanced income five years ago is to-day sacrificing other items in its budget to this monster.

A staple necessity like sugar may be kept track of to the last acre of Cuban cane and the last bag of spot raw. The figures and curves may show an approaching world shortage. But consumer abstinence upsets the statistics and jazzes the scientifically plotted curve.

The seller's market is gone, the buyer's revenge has come.

Turning to his sales department, the business executive finds a mummy in a tomb. There used to be fellows on that end who could sell goods under any handicap. He had his stars and his specialists. Growing up with them, there were youngsters who improved methods as they learned. Beyond that, again, there was his dragnet, gathering raw recruits from the general organization and the colleges, with a school to train them and coördinate and link selling activity to the policy of the house.

"That's the sort of outfit we had when the war first started," said one manufacturer. "We held it together during the first slump, and the sales force did much to keep our plant running and restore confidence among discouraged customers. But we switched some of our facilities to munitions with the first orders that came in 1915. Munitions wages brought increasing demand for our goods, then deferred deliveries, then scarcity. Salesmen were turned into order takers and trouble shooters. Instead of selling they went round explaining delays, making excuses, adjusting complaints. It was still together when we got into the war ourselves, but no longer a sales force—the idea of selling had been lost sight of with the necessity. Uncle Sam took the youngsters in the draft. Some of the oldsters went to Washington as dollar-a-year men or were mobilized in Liberty Bond drives and to create morale among war workers—a salesman's job. Buyers came to see our goods, pleading with us for allotments and deliveries. Sometime we would really have to sell goods again, everybody felt—but when? There were still some fellows round here that we call salesmen for the lack of a better term—but they were pacifiers, trying to smooth out difficulties for the customers we wanted to keep."

Real Salesmanship Needed

"One of our most successful stunts before the war was that of building up the county-seat retailer into a local jobber and buyer of car lots. Very often this took a year of sales work, because our own boys actually sold stuff to near-by retailers as the quickest way of getting the new jobber started. We let the latter lean heavily upon our credit while he was growing. Profit was something we anticipated two or three years later. When we had a salesman capable of handling such work during the war—what do you think we did with him? Why, turned him into a buyer and sent him out scouring for materials or machinery and even merchandise! Now the market has turned.

"Real salesmanship is needed. The real salesmen have disappeared, the sales viewpoint is gone with them, and we must build from the bottom up. I figure that we are at least a year behind the situation. Salesmen cannot be recruited or trained overnight. The policy and the viewpoint of a business cannot be changed overnight."

"Salesmen Don Overalls" has been a familiar trade-journal headline the past year. To work in the factory, acquiring technical experience about the goods he sells, is a common thing for the salesman in normal times. But during last year's buying craze there were numerous cases in which the sales force worked in the factory bodily, actually getting out merchandise for customers, relieving labor shortage.

Salesmen have become scarce or disappeared in different lines of business for different reasons. In staples like food and clothing the buyer has come to market, making it unnecessary for the traveling salesman to call upon him. Even had salesmen gone about, there was no surplus to sell. The ranks of the machinery salesmen have been thinned out for pretty much the same reason, not only in factory equipment but apparatus sold direct to the public. The passenger automobile is an example—demand has been so great and deliveries so far behind that salesmanship was seldom needed. Some of the automobile salesmen have been switched over into the truck and tractor fields, where a distinct educational selling effort has been needed in creating demand for comparatively new products.

Our factory products tend nowadays toward specialization and complexity. Hundreds of labor-saving and comfort devices have been devised for the home, the farm, the factory, store and office. In selling these devices the salesman is a demonstrator and teacher. Where goods have been obtainable, sales organizations were held together. One concern in the Middle West which makes filing and accounting systems has maintained production because its requirements in the way of material are moderate and its labor is drawn from surrounding country districts during the winter; the factory is located in a small town. That sales force came through the war and the boom in good shape, both as to numbers and efficiency. In other lines, where goods are complex and require educational salesmanship, selling organizations have been neglected because demand could not be supplied.

The Deadlocked Lines

During normal times there are a good many sales organizations of the semi-amateur kind. Factory goods are sold in country neighborhoods by women, girls and boys who work to earn spending money. Magazine subscriptions are secured in the same way. Recruiting these organizations, training them through correspondence and printed instructions and maintaining a keen sales spirit call for constant work by experienced supervisors at headquarters. Scarcity of goods has affected them on one hand and demand for labor on the other. The advertising solicitor, whether employed by periodicals or advertising agencies, has in many cases let down in activity. For one thing, much advertising space has been practically selling itself the past two years. Newspaper, magazine and trade-journal advertising sections have expanded to such an extent that the problem was not how to get a fat advertising contract but how to find space to print the advertising offered.

Behind the counter the retail clerk has been drawing a higher salary and exerting smaller sales effort. Despite higher prices for merchandise, his sales quota, measured by salary, has been lower. Scarcity of experienced clerks and the public's eagerness to buy have led to the manning of store organizations with almost anybody who could learn stock arrangement and hand out the article asked for. The real salesman, capable of selling additional articles and making steady customers, has become scarce, along with the salesman capable of moving slow goods; there have been no slow goods or unsalable remnants. In the buying excitement and the constant shifting of sales people systematic training of retail clerks has been neglected or abandoned.

If the prewar sales organization could be conjured up phœnixlike out of its ashes, it would not do for 1920, always. For business conditions have changed, and merchandise and sales objectives and methods.

The first job of the salesman to-day in some industries would be to go out and sell not goods so much as new business viewpoints and methods. This may be illustrated by the deadlocked lines of the moment—woolen and cotton goods, underwear and hosiery, garments, silks and clothing generally. A four-cornered waiting game is being played by manufacturer,

(Continued on Page 126)

FIRST *in* Owners' Records *of*

ONE hundred thousand miles is ordinary performance for a White Truck. Some have seen half a million miles of active service. Many have rounded out 200,000 and 300,000 miles, still doing a full day's work.

Spread over such mileages, the purchase price of a White Truck is a small item indeed in the cost of transportation. Earning power continues long after the investment is written off the books.

Following is a list of owners' records which have come to our attention. There are probably many others. The list includes the names of owners and the number of their White Trucks that have gone 100,000 miles and more.

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES

Abraham & Straus	4	R. E. Cobb Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	2	A. J. McCarty	1
Acme Cash Stores	1	Cody Transportation Co.	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1	McCreery & Co.	1
Adams & Piggott	2	Cohen Bros.	1	Harris & Mowry Co.	1	Dorman McFaddin	1
Addison Auto Bus Co.	2	John Collins	1	Jesse B. Hart & Bro.	1	McMahon Brothers	1
Akers & Harpham Co.	2	John D. Coneau	1	Louis Hartman & Sons	1	McMahon Transportation Co.	6
R. T. Allen & Bros.	1	Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	2	Haverty Furniture Co.	3	R. A. McWhirr Co.	1
American Stores Co.	1	Criss Bros.	1	J. Clark Helms	1	Madary's Planing Mill, Inc.	1
S. M. Anderton	1	Crystal Spring Water Co.	1	Herrmann & Grace Co.	1	Mandel Bros.	14
Andre & Andre	1	Culmerville Auto Transit Co.	1	Hession, Florist	1	Marathon Auto Drayage Co.	1
Andrews & Horigan	1	W. J. Daly Co.	2	Higbee Co.	1	Marsh-Murdoch Coal Co.	1
Anthony Bros.	3	Davis Furniture Co.	1	Highland Motor Transfer Co.	1	The May Co.	1
John Arata & Son	1	Denver & Pueblo Construction Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	1	May & Co.	1
Joseph R. Arbiter Co.	1	Frank J. Derry	1	R. A. Hilborn	1	Henry P. Mayer Music House	1
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	15	Diamond Spring Brewery	1	Holder Coal Co.	1	John Meckes Sons Co.	2
Atlantic Refining Co.	5	August Doemling	1	Holm & Olson	1	Merchants Biscuit Co.	1
Christian Atz	1	Dorchester & Rose	1	Horstmeyer's Grocery	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.	6
Bakersfield Truck Co.	1	Downes Lumber Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Michaud Bros., Inc.	3
A. L. Bartlett Co.	1	Duncan & Goodell	1	Hursen Undertaker, Inc.	1	Michigan Seating Co.	1
F. X. Baumert	1	F. B. DuPree	1	Independent School District No. 51	1	Julius Miske	1
Bekins Van & Storage Co.	1	Duquesne Transfer Co.	2	Interstate Auto & Supply Co.	1	J. E. Monahan	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	2	East Ohio Gas Co.	1	Interurban Auto Car Co.	1	Moore Transfer Co.	1
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	1	T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	3	I. M. Iralson & Son	1	Moore-Handley Hardware Co.	1
Bergner Plumbing, Heat. & Sup. Co.	2	Chas. F. Eggers Lumber Co.	3	Jackson's Express & Van Co.	1	Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	1
Billow Undertaking Co.	3	C. R. Elder	1	W. K. Jeffries	1	Morrison-Skinner Co.	1
Block & Kuhl Co.	1	L. E. Elliott	1	Johnson Educator Food Co.	1	Motor Transit Co.	1
J. B. Blood Co.	1	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	6	Johnson's Express Co.	1	Motor Transportation Co., Inc.	1
Louis H. Bolce Co.	2	Emerson Piano House	1	Jones Store Co.	1	Mountain Auto Line	1
Booneville Bottling Works	1	Factory Oil Co.	2	J. G. Justis Co.	1	Timothy Murphy	1
Boston Fresh Tripe Co.	1	Marshall Field & Co.	7	Kee & Chapell Dairy Co.	2	Murta Appleton & Co.	1
Boston Furniture Co.	1	Field & Poorman	2	Edward Kelly	2	National Plumbing & Heat. Sup. Co.	2
Bradford Baking Co.	17	Fleming Bros.	1	Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.	1	National Shawmut Bank of Boston	1
Albert A. Brager	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	18	Kimberly-Clark Co.	1	Nelson Farm	1
Bra-Nola Co.	1	Flynn-Froelk Co.	1	George C. Kirkhope	1	New Bedford Dry Goods Co.	1
Geo. M. Brice	1	W. U. Fogwill	1	W. H. Kistler Stationery Co.	1	A. J. Norris	1
Eugene W. Bronecki	1	Fort Valley Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1	Knickerbocker Storage Co.	1	North St. Paul Casket Co.	1
Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co.	1	Alexander Fowler	1	Knoble Bros.	1	Norwich Motor & Machine Co.	1
Bullock's	5	R. J. Francis Moving Co.	2	P. C. Knowlton & Co.	1	Town of Norwood	1
City of Butte	1	Frank Franklin	1	G. W. Koehler Co.	1	V. G. Nottoli	1
W. L. Byrnes, Inc.	1	W. F. Frederick Piano Co.	2	Kohlberg Bros.	1	O'Neill & Co.	2
Caine-Grimshaw Co.	1	Fries & Schuele Co.	1	S. Kohn & Sons Co.	1	Orchard & Wilhelm	1
California Ice Co.	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	Kraus Heating & Plumbing Co.	1	Ott Hardware Company	1
Canton Provision Co.	1	Chas. Gaffney	4	J. S. Kroschewsky	1	Oxford Dye Works	1
H. C. Capwell Co., Inc.	2	Gazette Printing Co., Ltd.	1	Theodor Kundtz Co.	4	Pacific Baking Co.	1
Carbon Coal Co.	1	General Baking Co.	1	F. Landon Cartage Co.	1	Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.	2
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	1	Gifford's Express	1	S. Laskau	1	E. F. Pahl Co.	1
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co.	1	Gimbel Bros.	25	Lee Bros. Furniture Co.	1	Palais Royal	1
M. Catalano & Sons	1	Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	2	E. Lehnhardt Estate	2	G. E. Patteson & Co.	1
Central Paper Co.	1	Grady Hospital	2	Lexington Dry Goods Co.	3	Pearson Paper Box Co.	1
Chandler & Rudd Co.	5	A. Graham & Son	2	City of Lincoln, Police Dept.	1	Pelletier Co.	1
City Coal Co.	1	Grand Rapids Lumber Co.	1	City of Los Angeles, Police Dept.	1	People's Store Co.	2
City Ice Co.	1	Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	1	Los Angeles Gas & Elect. Corp.	1	Perkinswood Transportation Co.	1
City of Cleveland, Police Dept.	3	Greenfield Transfer Co.	1	Walter M. Lowney Co.	1	Perrett & Glenny	2
Cleveland Burial Case Co.	2	B. E. Grover	1	J. B. Lukens	1	Pierson Engineering & Constr. Co.	1
Cleveland Provision Co.	7	Gulf Refining Co.	1	E. B. McAlister & Co.	1	Postum Cereal Co.	1
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.	2	Fred Gunther Co.	1	Peter McCabe	2	Portland Damascus Milk Co.	1

WHITE

MILEAGE

100,000 Miles *and* More

W. E. Prouty	1	C. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co.	1	Stevens Hardware Co.	1	M. Weiland	1
Puro Ice Cream Co.	1	Schulze Baking Co.	19	Stewart Taxi-Service Co.	18	Weinacker Ice & Fuel Co.	1
Ramos Bros.	1	Schuneman & Evans	1	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.	1	William Weller	1
Caradoc Rees	1	Schuster & Gormely	1	Sturgis Jones Last Co.	1	M. F. Westergren, Inc.	1
Reichman-Crosby Co.	2	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney	1	Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	2	West. Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.	1
A. W. Reiser & Co.	1	Shaw Transfer Co.	1	A. C. Titus & Co., Inc.	1	Western Grocers, Ltd.	1
Reliable Furniture Co.	1	Shenberg & Rubinoff	1	Tuolumne Lumber Co.	1	Western Motor Transfer Co.	1
Rhodes Bros., Inc.	1	Frank Silvers	1	J. M. Traxler	3	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.	2	Franklin Simon & Co.	3	Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R.	2	White Hardware Co.	1
W. S. Roe	2	Smith Bros. & Burdick	1	Turner & Westcott	1	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
Ryan Fruit Co.	1	Smith Green Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	4	White Transit Co.	3
Saks & Co.	1	Augustus Snyder	1	Union Lumber Co.	1	W. M. Whitney & Co.	3
Arthur H. Sagendorph	1	South Bend Wholesale Grocery Co.	1	United Cape Cod Cranberry Co.	3	Chas. F. Wing Co.	2
St. Paul Daily News	1	W. P. Southworth Co.	1	United States Army Q. M. C.	2	Winzeler Undertaking Co.	1
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	3	J. W. Spooner	1	United States Bakery	4	Woodward & Lothrop	1
Samuelson, Florist	1	Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	1	United States Laundry	2	Worcester Baking Co.	1
County of San Bernardino	3	Star Store	1	United Transportation Co.	1	Zanesville Fruit Co.	1
Sandusky Furniture Store	1	Sterling Products Co.	3	Waltham Laundry	2	Zettelmeyer Coal Co.	1
San Joaquin Baking Co.	1	Sterling & Welch Co.	7	Watkins Bros., Inc.	1	Zimmerman Bros.	1
Santiago Orange Grove Association	1	Stern Bros.	2	Watson Paint & Glass Co.	1	Peter H. Zink	1
Savage-Schofield Co.	2	Steubenville Coal & Mining Co.	2	Webster Transportation Co.	1	John Zitterbart	1

150,000 TO 200,000 MILES

Acme Furniture Co.	1	Dixon Transfer & Storage Co.	1	Hudson's Bay Co.	1	Reemsnyder Co.	1
Addison Auto Bus Co.	1	East Ohio Gas Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Mark Regan & Son	1
Akron Storage and Contracting Co.	1	T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	3	Hunt Mercantile Co.	1	Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.	1
Atherton-Fowler Furniture Co.	1	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	Independent School District No. 51	1	Roshek Bros. Co.	1
C. W. Baker	1	Eberhardt-Hayes Music Co.	1	Indianapolis Abattoir Co.	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	1	Chas. F. Eggers Lumber Co.	1	Edward Kelly	1	Schulze Baking Co.	3
Berz Co.	1	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	3	S. Laskau	2	Shepherd & Story	1
Bledsoe Co.	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	3	Lyons Express Co.	2	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	3
Bonwit, Teller & Co.	2	Hugo H. Foerster	2	M. J. Malloy	2	Star Baking Co.	1
Botzum Bros. Co.	1	Foley Auto Delivery Co.	1	Massachusetts Baking Co.	1	Chas. M. Steiff, Inc.	1
Boulevard Transportation Co.	7	Foster & Kleiser Co.	1	Memphis News-Scimitar	1	Tacoma Taxicab & Bag. Transf. Co.	1
Bradford Baking Co.	9	William L. Freeman	1	C. J. Milligan Co.	1	James A. C. Tait & Co.	1
Chicago Cooperage Co.	1	Friends Hospital	1	Moran Trucking Co.	1	Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	1
Frank A. Cholewinski	1	Fries & Schuele	1	Mountain Auto Line	1	Thompson & Thompson	1
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.	1	Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.	1	J. Mullany & Co.	1	Tooke Bros., Ltd.	1
Coca Cola Bottling Works Co.	1	A. Graham & Son	1	Muscatine, Burlington & So. R. R.	1	20th Century Heating & Vent. Co.	1
Columbus Transfer Co.	5	Hale Auto Corp.	1	M. O'Neil Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
Conrad-Balsch-Kroehle Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	1	Orchard & Wilhelm	1	United Home Dressed Meat Co.	1
Constance Lumber Co.	1	Charles E. Harris	1	Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.	2	United Transportation Co.	2
Cowlitz & Chehalis R. R. Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	2	J. A. Poole	1	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
Denecke Co.	1	Holt Stage Line Co.	1	G. F. Reed & Sons	1	White Transit Co.	1
Denholm & McKay	1					Woodlawn Imp. Assn. Transp. Corp.	2

200,000 TO 300,000 MILES

Armour & Company	2	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	2	McLaughlin Transfer Co.	2	T. S. Reed Grocery Co.	1
Atlantic Refining Co.	1	Fowler, Dick & Walker	1	McMahon Transportation Co.	2	G. F. Reed & Son	1
Austin Motor Transportation Co.	1	Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.	2	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	2	W. S. Roe	1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc.	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	Malandre Bros.	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
A. E. Berry	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1	Maryland Transportation Co.	4	Arlington Setzer	1
Bonwit, Teller & Co.	3	Harper Garage Co.	1	Mendham Garage Co.	2	Shepherd & Story	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1	W. J. Hay Co.	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.	2	Smith Brothers Motor Truck Co.	1
Broadway Taxi Operating Co.	8	Higbee Co.	2	Mountain Auto Line	1	W. P. Southworth Co.	1
Burns & Campbell Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	2	Ocean County Coal Co.	1	Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co.	1
California Ink Company	2	Holt Stage Line Co.	2	Pacific Brewing & Malting Co.	1	Tuscola Produce Co.	1
George M. Cooley Co.	1	Huddleston Park	1	Frank M. Pauli	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
A. Dumani, Ltd.	1	Hudson's Bay Co.	1	E. C. Petrie	1	Warner & Company	1
Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Phelps-Dodge Corporation	1	Westfield Laundry Co.	1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	6	Kirchners	2			White Transit Co.	9

300,000 MILES AND MORE

Alexander & Walling	1	Columbus Bread Company	2	Humptulips Logging Co.	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Artesian Well & Supply Co.	1	Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.	2	N. S. Koos & Sons	1	Tacoma Transit Co.	4
Frank Bird Transfer Co.	7	Hancock Bros. Fruit Co.	2	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	3	Thompson & Thompson	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1					Wouters Laundry	1

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS

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For over 44 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston,** [illegible] diamond importing [illegible] to jewelers. However, [illegible] **direct by mail** with customers at **importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.

1 carat, $145.00
This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly [illegible] out a quibble. Our price direct to you, **$145.00**

Ladies' All Platinum Diamond Ring, **$200.00**
[illegible] pierced [illegible] work effect

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:
¼ carat, $31.00 ½ carat, $73.00 2 carats, $290.00
⅝ carat, 50.00 1½ carats, 217.00 3 carats, $30.00
We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

If desired, rings will be sent to your bank or any Express Co. [illegible] Our [illegible] with every purchase

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS 64 VALUABLE CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

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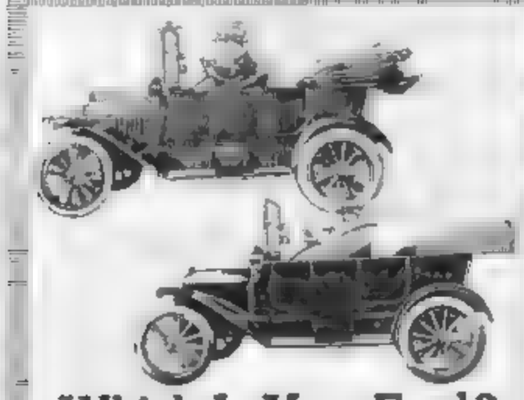

Which Is *Your* Ford?

IF your Ford rattles—it's not the car's fault. The Ford is better made than most cars. It's the brake lining. Original brake lining gets hard, flinty, slick—hasn't any grip. It grabs and slips every time you press the pedal. This shaking loosens nuts and bolts—makes the car rattle.

CORK INSERT
BRAKE LINING
FOR FORDS

Stops the shivering and shaking when you work the brake. It grips naturally, smoothly. No shaking or chattering, because Cork Insert is not affected by oil or heat—does not get hard.

Why shake your Ford to pieces with hard, slick brake lining? If your car is now fitted with Cork Insert and kept that way, it's a new car. Cork Insert will make it work [illegible] smooth—free from rattle and vibration.

Remember Cork Insert will save you running expense—one set will outlast three sets of ordinary lining. Besides you get genuine Advance Cork Insert [illegible] wholesale house [illegible]

FREE BOOK—Giving [illegible] the best [illegible]

ADVANCE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES CORP.
Dept. 200 1603 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago

(Continued from Page 123)

merchant, banker and the public. The public refuses to buy and the banker to lend. The manufacturer lacks money for production and closes his mill or reduces working time. The merchant in both the wholesale and retail fields refuses to order from the manufacturer, partly because he lacks money too and his sales have been dwindled and partly because he anticipates lower factory prices.

Instead of passing higher prices all along the line, which was easy, it is now necessary to pass along falling prices, which is hard.

"Go long on goods and short on money," was the rule of the seller's market, while the buyer's market now demands just the opposite. The manufacturer, checking and rechecking his labor, material and overhead costs, does not see his way to meet the merchant's conception of lower prices. The merchant, feeling the weight of the consumers' strike, withholds orders for factory goods, unloads his speculative stock to the best advantage and shops round for odd lots of merchandise in secondhands—which means speculators who have survived and are trying to crawl off the battlefield.

Amid all the conflicting views one thing stands out everywhere—that business must be set going again. Production may be short, and prices are not to fall immediately to any great extent, as manufacturers try to demonstrate. But business must be set going! A real price decline has started all over the world, and things which have happened the past six months prove it—this is the contention of the merchant and the public. But business must be set going! Wages cannot come down in the face of living costs, nor can living costs come down with war wages. Nevertheless, business must be set going!

Change of psychology is even more important than price changes in the present situation. Changing psychology is the salesman's job. He hasn't measured up to it yet in these deadlocked lines. After a spell of exuberant optimism, during which efforts were made to persuade merchants that the slump in demand was merely transitory, due chiefly to bad weather, the salesman succumbed himself psychologically and fell into a dreadful despondency.

All summer merchants coming from agricultural sections, full of confidence based on good crops seen with their own eyes, have been complaining of the gloom in primary markets. Instead of taking hope from these visitors, the salesman has killed it, sapped their confidence and sent them back home with half the merchandise they meant to buy.

Extending Sales of Knit Goods

This gloom has traveled far. Importers and merchants in foreign countries have heard about it and upon the assumption that the United States faces an industrial catastrophe are cutting down their orders and waiting for bankrupt prices.

Constructive salesmanship applied on an unwavering policy the next six months would straighten out most of the tangles and get business going again. Regardless of how far prices may fall, it is admitted that the unprecedented rise has been checked. So the big job for everybody is adjustment. Regardless of the consumers' strike, there is a healthy volume of popular demand, with more in sight as soon as the public decides that merchants are honestly working to pass along the benefits of price reductions. It is a time when merchants can gain great advantages by shaving their profits and laying the adjustment process bare to the public through sales explanation and advertising. Bargain sales of speculative and surplus stock through the summer led the public to think of the merchant chiefly as a fellow who had been caught short and would make still further price reductions if it waited. Meanwhile little was said about goods this winter or next spring. Bargain prices will not apply to those goods. Yet reductions can be made in both price and profits, and those reductions, demonstrated to the public, would stimulate buying.

Honest staple commodities instead of luxury goods and expensive novelties; quick turnover and skillful stock replacements to keep capital working to the best advantage; lower profit margins and skillful salesmanship—these are the fundamentals in retailing to-day, and the salesman is the fellow to help merchants apply them.

A New York underwear house has got down to brass tacks. Probably no textile line is more rigidly deadlocked at this writing than the knitted-underwear industry. Spring prices are the bone of contention at the moment. Manufacturers insist that prices must be higher, while jobbers and retailers, not to say the public, expect them to be lower, and each side abundantly supports its beliefs with statistics. This particular New York concern, however, has thrown its sales force into the field as a reserve. Underwear is unspectacular merchandise compared with other staples sold in haberdashers' shops. Shirts, neckties, socks and pajamas have color and pattern. Haberdashers' clerks like to sell them, along with the things that show changes of fashion from season to season, like hats and fancy vests. Underwear is white or gray, makes an indifferent display, exerts little fascination as merchandise. The salesman therefore sells it last of all, chiefly when called for by customers. Yet underwear carries tidy profit margins, and hardly anything in the haberdasher's shop gives more satisfaction to customers when skillfully fitted. So by way of getting business going again this knit-goods house is sending its salesmen out to teach haberdashers' salesmen how to fit customers accurately, make them comfortable in all kinds of weather with a variety of different underwear and meet individual needs by suggesting particular fibers, as cotton, linen and ramie, or woolen garments lined with these fibers, for the customer who is irritated by wool.

Fortunes in Candy

War hit harder than anybody else in the selling field that traveling man in staple lines whom the public will always know as the drummer, though he detests the term. Evolution was at work upon him before the war. A lot of staple things—food, clothing, hardware, chemicals, and the like—have crept into cans and cartons, taking trademarks that either switch the sales effort to advertising or hand it over to the specialty salesman, a different sort of chap. Staple commodities are being distributed direct from manufacturer to retailer in some cases or through an increased number of local wholesalers. This does away with the salesman's periodical call. Instead of long railroad trips he now works a county by automobile. Through the West distance from primary markets, with longer credit based on farming and the seasons, still gives him a field of operation, but in the East he is eliminated as population grows denser and distributing channels are linked up more closely.

One large mercantile house in the East proposes withdrawing its traveling salesmen altogether. Increased railroad rates and traveling costs are the immediate reasons for this step. But the basis of business has also changed. This is a very large house, of long standing, and can be depended upon to meet specifications absolutely in filling orders for goods. It has been found that merchants can be served and sales made by correspondence, printed matter and mail samples.

In the specialty field there is evolution, too, with an increasing demand for skillful salesmanship. Candy drops packed in a sanitary nickel package with an advertised trade name are a specialty. Thousands upon thousands of these specialties are found everywhere to-day, and each indicates new demand by the public and new effort to serve by the manufacturer. The nickel package of candy drops, for example, has made at least one large fortune the past five years, because its promoters discovered that people liked to pick up five or ten cents' worth of candy but would be ashamed to ask for that quantity loose in a candy store. And the nickel package can be sold far from candy stores in thousands of places.

The specialty salesman concentrates on one article or a line of similar articles for one house, like the food specialties of a big packing concern. He is a creator of new outlets, putting meat specialties into grocery stores, cheese and canned goods into butcher shops, nickel packages of candy into barber shops, shoe-shining parlors and ferry houses.

Specialty goods are constantly increasing in number, being linked together by manufacturers for more efficient distribution and being carried to new distributing outlets. At the outset sales effort and advertising were concentrated upon demonstrating to the public that quality, cleanliness and other points of merit made them superior to bulk commodities of the same kind. To-day this has been pretty well proved—the public concedes the point. The job right ahead of the specialty salesman and manufacturer now, according to one keen observer in this field, is to demonstrate that distributing costs are being kept down to the minimum. The public knows that quantity production lowers manufacturing costs. During the war it has had its attention centered upon distributing costs. There is where the hue and cry always ends when high prices are investigated. The producer and retail merchant demonstrate that they are not profiteering. Each unreasonable spread between them seems to be mysteriously concealed in the distributing machinery. The public demands that this spread be brought into the open and reduced, and that is the job that specialty sales organizations must measure up to when they are rehabilitated.

A remarkable demand for salesmen is found in the field of technical apparatus sold to the public. Ironing machines were once found only in the steam laundries; they are now making their way into the home. Electric light and power installations were sold chiefly to public-utility corporations yesterday; to-day every farmer wants his own electric plant. Fire-fighting apparatus five or ten years ago concerned only the fire chief and city government; to-day fire-fighting devices of several kinds are as much a part of every factory as its power plant. Our progress along such lines has been so great the past five years that only a trip abroad will give the Yankee a basis for measuring the increase of comfort, health and safety that has been brought into his everyday life.

These inventions come along so fast that the public has to go to school to learn about them. Schooling is partly through the printed word, in the shape of popular advertising, and partly through salesmanship. The public first hears of some such device by reading about it and seeks a local merchant to investigate further. Each prospective purchaser has his or her own questions. Will the ironing machine do up shirt waists, the farm electric-light plant heat an incubator, the chemical fire extinguisher quench an oil blaze? Each sale is really a separate installation. The merchant and his clerks must be posted upon technical points. Manufacturers send them printed manuals covering technicalities. But there are so many new things, and so many technical points can be raised in selling them, that the strongest link in this distributing chain is the manufacturer's salesman. He can teach in a few minutes, by practical demonstration, what the average retailer or clerk might not grasp in an evening's reading, even assuming that he had the time or inclination to wade through dry technicalities.

In this field salesmanship is scarcest, because five years' normal growth has been lost both in the number of salesmen and in their technical training.

Small Beginnings

About eight years ago a manufacturer of farm machinery in the Middle West sold a business to people bringing about a consolidation. He had money enough to retire and had agreed to stay out of that industry. But his two sons had finished college and wanted something to do. So he started making a new labor-saving device for homes and farms. The business was launched with moderate capital, so the boys could learn fundamentals while it was small, making their mistakes on a laboratory scale, as he had done himself. Mail-order sales furnished an outlet to begin with. Things were coming along nicely when the war broke out. After the business slump of 1914 was over, demand made selling effort unnecessary, because the product found outlets through merchants. Energy was concentrated on production. When we got into the war ourselves dad went to Washington as a dollar-a-year man, one of the boys went to France and the other into the Navy. The factory was run by their uncle and diverted to army stuff. When war contracts stopped this business had manufacturing facilities which under normal growth would have been attained about 1925. There were several hundred employees, a lot of costly machinery, heavy overhead expenses, immediate need for a national market among dealers—but no sales force, no sales experience, no sales policy.

At the outset the principal sales handicap for this business was a trust—the largest corporation in that industry, and making

(Concluded on Page 129)

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(Concluded from Page 126)

seventy-five per cent of the total output, with national distribution. Dad said there was plenty of room for a good device backed by selling energy, and that proved to be true. To-day the big handicap is that five-year setback in sales development. A certain Pacific Coast city had been showing such demand that it was singled out for special sales development. Retail merchants carried the device, but could not be said really to sell it. When customers who had already made up their minds came in to buy, the dealers had the article in stock. But they did not back it up with service, instruction or repairs and made practically no effort to interest new customers. A service branch was opened in that city and local advertising used to increase demand. This branch sold the device to the public at retail, but, being located in the wholesale section, its business amounted to that of another retail store and could hardly be considered competitive. On the contrary, it backed the retailers with a handy supply of goods and parts and stood ready to handle any technical troubles that they might get into. The trust is strong in that territory and has a similar service branch. How far the constructive selling viewpoint has been eliminated from the average business man's make-up during our boom years was shown when the retail merchants in this city, through their trade organization, intimated that unless the independent factory's service branch was closed they would stop selling its product. And the branch was closed, not through apprehension but because the sales department of that factory is not yet strong enough to meet such a situation by systematic dealer education. Many organizations of that kind have come into existence, to control territory, parcel out ready-made demand, boost profits and create local monopolies more troublesome than trusts. Competition in a rehabilitated buyers' market will blow through them like a gale.

"Everybody is preaching production, production!" says dad. "But always to the wage earner. He is producing. Overproduction is in sight. But a hundred thousand salesmen and salaried men are playing golf. The national investment in golf links the past five years would make a hole in the national debt. These fellows who should be developing markets at home and abroad for the increased output of factories enlarged during the war are taking exercise to prevent nervous breakdown, listening to warnings against the high tension of American business, dodging work to keep well. It is time somebody preached production to them."

Salesmen, Not Apologists

"For five years the humble buyer, seeking goods, has pleaded for a moment of the salesman's time, apologized for talking business, offered to pay any price for any quantity, no matter how small—and interfered with the salesman's game. Just as though the salesman could take goods out of a hat! Now the situation has changed, but instead of jumping in with a little real sales work to get business going again, he decides that business is sick, too, and is gloomy about it."

The other day a New York executive called a meeting of salesmen in his Eastern territory. For three days they listened to his explanation of a new policy and discussed methods of applying it. Then they scattered and got busy.

In a little two-by-four shop on Main Street in some factory town a small retailer selling this concern's products has been trying to survive boom times the past five years. All his attention centered on getting enough goods to keep the store open and enough turnover to make a living. Before the war salesmen from competitive manufacturers visited him every few days seeking orders. Since 1916 their visits have been rare. "What can I do for you today?" they used to ask. But this has become his own anxious question: "Is there any chance of doing something for me?" meaning: "I know I don't count among your big customers, but could you get me some merchandise?" And the salesman, doing little or nothing for the small retailer, who was once courted so assiduously, has not always taken pains even to conceal apathy. But now there is a change so far as the salesmen of this particular company are concerned. They visit the little retailer, discuss his difficulties, boost his quota of merchandise and outline a schedule of steady increases. They are salesmen once more, not apologists. The boss made his new policy very definite.

The Time to Create Goodwill

"Now is the time to create goodwill," he announced. "Our line is competitive. It has been hampered only by lack of raw materials. Production is creeping up. Inside of a year it will pass demand. Thousands of retailers are waiting for that situation, and what they will do to salesmen and manufacturers who have neglected them, ignored their problems, and even gone out of their way to step on them, will be plenty. We want them to look upon us as friends."

Behind the counter, salesmanship is the retailer's chief means of meeting two difficulties—public lethargy in buying and the need for lower costs in doing business. The public knows that prices for the raw materials of industry are coming down. Wool, silk, hides, rubber, cotton, grain and livestock are definitely dropping. There is only one way for the consumer to measure these changes—in retail prices. It may take a season or two for wool or cotton reductions to show up in the price of clothing. Lower prices for cattle on the hoof may be offset in the price of porterhouse steak or mutton chops because hides and wool are almost unsalable just now. The public is not wasting much time on complicated explanations. It wants results, not alibis, and unless the retail merchant can show results refuses to purchase all but bare necessities.

The retailer has only two ways of showing results—by obtaining merchandise at lower prices and by reducing his own costs of doing business. In normal times there would be the third way of increasing his turnover, but turnover has dropped alarmingly, and it is necessary to change the public's psychology before it begins to rise again. Wholesale prices show reductions, indicating marked changes maybe a year hence. But for the present a ten or twenty per cent decrease in cheviot or percale makes an insignificant showing in the retail price of a suit of clothes or a shirt. Labor, distribution, overhead and profits are the real factors. So the retailer must shave his profits, weed out careless and incompetent clerks and coach his best sales people in selling and service.

The real merchant now stands out above the passive storekeeper. Recognizing the demand of his customer for results and building upon the summer carnival of miscellaneous bargains, he announces a broad policy of abolishing his own profit on some staple line of goods. It may be suits, hats, shoes, but this line is honestly sold at the wholesale price plus his own cost of doing business. That makes a rallying point, brings the public into his store; and real salesmanship, concentrated on other lines of goods carrying reasonable profits, does the rest. In this situation, naturally, there is no place behind the counter for indifferent and incapable sales people. They are being dropped everywhere, and at the same time the real salesman and saleswoman are sought. The real article is distinguished by the simple process of measurement—results shown in sales compared with salary.

Salesmanship and service are reappearing in places where they have almost become extinct. The railroads are a handy illustration. Under government operation the public stood in line at ticket windows, was glad to get any sleeper reservations and reduced travel to the minimum, both as a personal necessity and to relieve congestion. Salesmanship and service on the freight end disappeared with the abolition of traffic departments. When half a dozen railroads were competing for the hauling of fruit and vegetables from Florida, the shipper had a choice of routes to Northern markets, and traffic men facilitated matters by diversion in transit, inspection of perishables en route, and similar service. Under government operation these refinements of service were often eliminated along with the traffic man.

To-day, despite their inheritance of tangles and troubles, the railroads are actually encouraging travel and freight shipments! Tickets are sold as though passengers meant something in the welfare of a railroad; excursion rates are made to fill in valleys on traffic curves; alluring descriptions of fishing, hunting and pleasure regions light up time-tables. The freight-traffic man comes round again with suggestions and assistance instead of apologies where congestion exists and with a forward look to more business a year hence. Salesmanship has the stiff job of reconciling the public and the shipper to higher rates, building the turnover for future reduction. It also has a stiff job in bringing back to the railroads freight and passenger traffic which has been diverted to the motor truck, automobile, trolley, canal boat, coastwise steamer and other competitive forms of transportation.

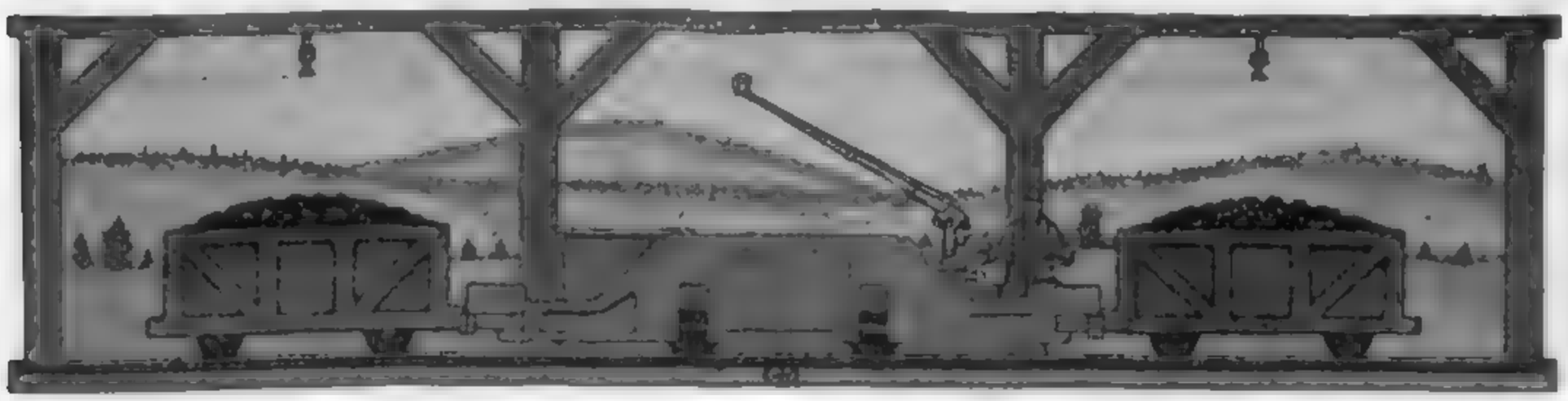
A Case of State of Mind

Puzzled economists, baffled by stubborn refusal of the business situation to work itself out according to the apparent facts, have found a refuge in the explanation "state of mind." Careful predictions as to the course of prices after the war, based on the past, are amusing now in the light of what happened during 1919. Why? "State of mind." The world is short of goods, but factories shut down. "State of mind." The merchant's shelves are nearly bare, yet he will not buy. "State of mind." The public should have saved its money, but spends it in reckless extravagance. "State of mind." The public should be spending now to rehabilitate business, but is on a strike. "State of mind."

"State of mind" slowed down the salesman, turned him into a trouble shooter, forced him to run away from buyers and finally put him almost asleep. When Europe stopped producing and selling and poured billions of dollars' worth of orders for munitions, clothing, food and military supplies into this country, the salesman's occupation was gone. Things sold themselves. Quality didn't matter, price didn't matter, service didn't matter.

Nobody dreamed that there would be a reaction in this international sellers' market—that some day Europe would have to pay off her debts to us, and pay in goods that would compete with our own at home and abroad. This contingency is just beginning to dawn upon a good many business men responsible for the sales, distribution and service end of our industries.

If salesmen render any service to business it is in the changing of states of mind, replacing wrong viewpoints with right ones, substituting good psychology for bad. "State of mind" is the unknown factor in business to-day, and the factor that must first be tackled and solved. The sales end is the place to tackle it—the place for resurrections, revivals, resuscitations, reanimations.



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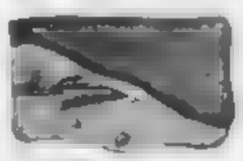

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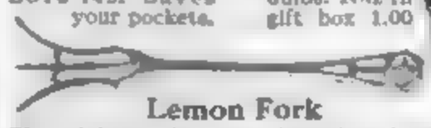

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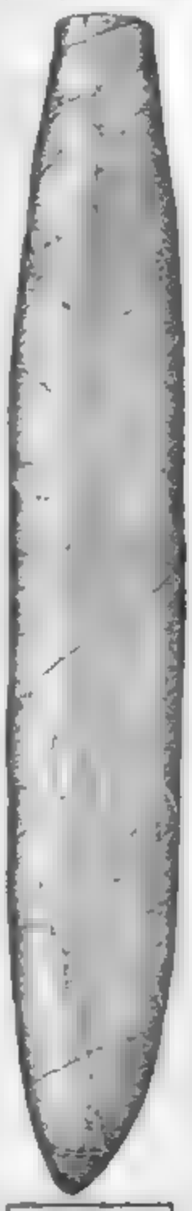

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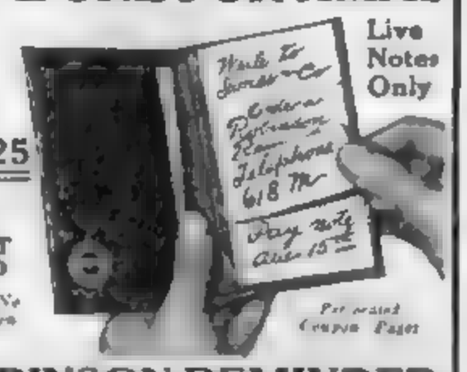

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PROMISED LAND

(Continued from Page 9)

a chance to keep their country. Is it the person who wails loudest that gets what he wants in this world? Or the person who works hardest? Or the person who advertises himself? Or the person who sits down and waits on what he calls the will of God? How often in this world do we give things to people because they are so aggressive that we want to get rid of them so as not to have to hate them? To none of these questions have I any answer; and the survival-of-the-fittest doctrine seems cruel.

At present there is no danger of the Jews' pushing the Arabs out of Palestine. There was some trouble this spring. The Moslems from Hebron were carrying a banner to the tomb of Moses, and a Jew snatched at the banner and struck at the Moslem's face. Then ensued two days of intermittent rioting. Not many people were killed, for weapons were not allowed, but a lot of damage can be done with stones. An American who lives near the Joppa Gate, where the trouble started, described some shocking scenes. But the rioters were soon quelled. Arrests of both sects were made. Later, when Sir Herbert Samuel formally took over the high commissionership, he declared an amnesty to all those in confinement as a result of the disturbances, and also to all political prisoners, except four men, two of whom having given bail did not surrender to justice, and two more who took advantage of the confusion to commit an abominable crime.

Mr. Balfour's Promise

In Nablus the Arabs allow no Jews to enter, and are, so it is said, making vigorous national propaganda. Also in certain Christian and Jewish villages it is not tactful for those of other creeds to take up residence. For the rest, the people are getting on. The Jews, most of them, are restraining any tendency they may have to act as if they were masters. The Arabs appear for the most part to have accepted the ruling of the peace conference that the Jews are to have a national home in Palestine, something that they have been gradually accomplishing for the past thirty years. Moreover, the British Government is at present restricting immigration, allowing people to enter the country only as they are needed as farmers or workmen.

There are Europeans living in Jerusalem who say that if it had not been for the war the Jews would have had all they wanted in Palestine in five years' time. It may or may not be true. One has learned to be surprised at nothing since the armistice, least of all at the "if" clauses in people's prophecies. Certainly, for all their small numbers, the Jews in Palestine occupy a strong position. For one thing, they have had enough political influence to assure them Mr. Balfour's promise of a national home in Palestine, though the British Government has repeatedly made it clear that the assurance of this home is not to prejudice the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish communities.

Besides the political power, the Jews have the organization of Zionists, which numbers many thousand adherents, who hold biennial congresses, who have propaganda and presses at work in many lands, who have above all money and faith. The money behind the organization has enabled Zionism to work on both the practical and the cultural side. The most ambitious thing the Zionists have done in an educational way is to lay the corner stone of a Hebrew university on the Mount of Olives. So far, however, there is no money set aside for the actual building. They have, however, good elementary and high schools, good technical and agricultural schools. They have also started a revival of the Hebrew language.

They keep their plans naturally ahead of their performance, and some of these plans are very ambitious. There is talk of a national shipping project involving ten million dollars, a merchant marine, which will mean the reconstruction of harbors, the building of railroads and highways. There is talk of the reclamation of swamp lands and their development through irrigation, of provision for systems of water supply and sewage disposal. They would like the Huleh Valley of five thousand acres to be reclaimed, and the erection of reservoirs and aqueducts controlling the upper Jordan, releasing thus close to four thousand more acres. They would like the harbor either at Jaffa or Atfa to be developed. They would like to organize various industries, such as a tannery turning out two hundred and fifty hides daily, a cement mill with daily output of two thousand barrels, canning and preserving, clothing and furniture factories, foundries and blacksmith shops. Large as these plans all are, they have plenty of money behind them.

But it is their present practical achievement that is most interesting. They have now in Palestine some thirty village settlements and forty-two small farm settlements. Their biggest village consists of three thousand families and their smallest of six families. In the villages each farmer has so many acres, usually about five. There are also a good many family homesteads of from twelve to twenty acres farmed on a collective system. The forty-two small farm settlements are all on a coöperative basis. All together there must be close to thirty thousand people in these settlements. These are Zionists, who are not by any means the whole of the Palestinian Jews. There must be eighty thousand of them all together.

The first farm settlement I visited is a few miles from Jerusalem—five hundred and fifty acres of the stoniest land I ever saw, mounting from a valley to three hills, and farmed by a hundred and ten young men and women, mostly refugees from Odessa. I came upon them in the heat of the day, walking along stony and thorny paths where the car would not go. I passed their little barracks, the superintendent's house and the storeroom; passed big open tents, where they sleep; passed their neat kitchen, and at last came upon groups of sturdy, large-armed peasants picking up stones and piling them in little baskets and then carrying these baskets to a huge boundary of stones that marked the margin of a terrace. The faces of the workers, under their white caps and turbans, were crimson, their motions were slow and the stones seemed never ending; but they got the work on.

I had a vivid impression of what sheer muscle will do as I watched these people weeding out stones, and thus uncovering yet more stones. Seen close to, it looked as if they were leaving in as many stones as they were taking out; as if a plow would soon grow dulled on that land. But after I had climbed a stony and thorny mountain on which the workers have planted a little nursery of firs, the fields, as I looked down on them, showed rich red earth. I gazed and gazed and shared the dreams of the superintendent and of Doctor Eder, a leader with Doctor Weissman, of the Zionist movement. I saw the fir trees springing on the heights, and the grain rising and the vegetable beds sweeping over the kitchen gardens; I saw the little olive-oil mills. I saw the vineyards, and a new city rising, where two thousand years ago on the very spot there had been one called the Town of the Grape. It will come true, all of the dream, because it is backed by people who are ready to work.

A Peaceful Future Predicted

I felt the poetry and power of what they were doing—and thanked whatever gods there be that I didn't have to do it. Naturally I wanted to know on what terms they worked. They are divided into three groups, each with a certain area to take care of. The inspectors have decreed that so much is to be done in a given time. The workers may fix their own hours. They receive eight pounds a month, of which they pay six for board. In about two years they will be producing crops of which they will have half the profits. The land is arranged for on a system of forty-nine-year leases. The law is elastic, so that in time leases may be renewed or land bought outright or the coöperative scheme may be changed into a scheme of individual farming.

So far the leaders say they cannot tell which scheme will work out better, the individual-plantation scheme or the coöperative plan. The plantations I saw near Ludd, little orange and almond farms, were in excellent condition and evidently making money. They have been running for about six years. I had almost decided for the individual plan when I met a Russian Jew who has been in this country for thirty years and who has one of the most thriving olive orchards and vineyards I ever saw. He introduced a particular sort of olive from Greece, and had such good results that his Moslem neighbors asked him to lecture to them. I sat on his porch and saw a Jewish picnic party having a good time on the front lawn, and an Arab on the back porch conversing amicably with the lady of the house. I saw awful crayon portraits of the owner and his wife, sure evidences of prosperity, and I admired his preserved apricots and peaches. I could not but believe that he got on well with his Moslem neighbors.

Some of the Zionists, men like Doctor Eder, one of the leaders who has come from England to give the rest of his life to Palestine, are sure that there need never be any trouble between the Jews and the Arabs.

"There is room for us all just now," Doctor Eder said. "We will live our lives and they will live theirs. Labor is badly wanted in this country, and Jews will come in to supply it. But even if they would, they could not come in now in overpowering numbers. A Jew, rich in Poland with a hundred thousand marks, would find that he had just nothing if he tried to get his money exchanged into piasters and travel here. From Russia they cannot come at all on account of the Bolsheviks. Those who would like to come at once will find natural restrictions in their way; a man cannot always sell all he has and pack his bags and leave. It all takes time. The ones who will come in are those the country is badly in need of—technical people, engineers, doctors, and so on."

Doctor Eder's Views

"Then the Jew must prove himself over here. He must get back to the soil, must make the earth fruitful if he expects to recover his real value. I see no immediate danger. This land could support four or five million people, and there are not a million here. Jews and Arabs will probably live peaceably side by side until the whole country is ripe for self-government, when that government will be trusted to the whole population. The Arab who has a gift for farming will not use for some time our modern farm implements, but he will gradually learn from us and perhaps we can learn something from him. The antiquities of the Jews will not trouble; no Moslem need fear that. Of course there are your scientific Jews who would be glad to dig into sacred places to see what is to be found, but the older Jews would not allow it. Meanwhile everyone has his chance to work for the good of Palestine. There is a great deal to be done, and opportunity for all to help. Whatever problems there are won't arrive for a long time to come."

But there are other Jews who speak differently.

"This country used to be ours," a Jew said to me, "and we mean to have it again. Not now—the British would not let us, even if we were strong enough. We shall shed no blood, but because we are a better, a wiser and a stronger people, and because we have money behind us, one day Palestine will be ours, and the Arabs and the Christians will be but a small part of the population. They shall live beside us, justly treated, but Palestine will be a Jewish land, not a Moslem land. It will all be done without bloodshed, but we shall be the conquerors."

"Oh, come!" I said. "You keep forgetting the Arabs, who, you must admit, held this country longer than the Jews. There are eight hundred thousand of them, all loving their land. How are you to deal with them?"

"Much," he said coolly, "as you dealt in the United States with the American Indians."

One couldn't make much of a reply to a remark like that.

Arabs who fear too much might comfort themselves with the reflection that though the Jews have one great unity—their passionate love for Palestine, still the dynamic force among them—the Zionists are people who have been educated in various countries. The American Zionists are not like the English Zionists, and the American and English are not like the Russian Zionists. Here are some of the remarks I have heard from Jews about Jews:

"Why are they letting in the scum of Europe?" *(Continued on Page 132)*

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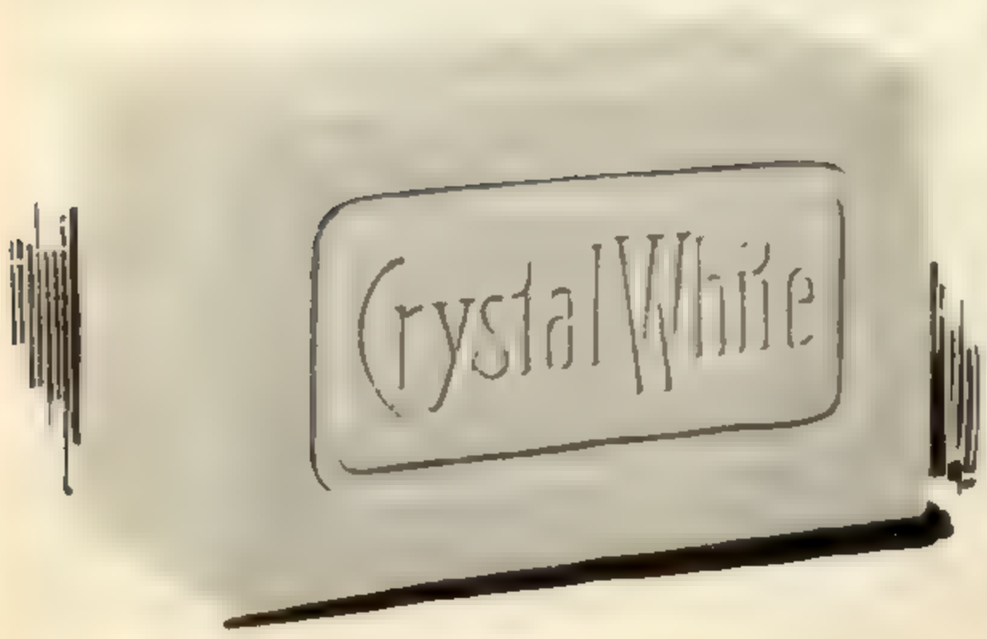

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(Continued from Page 130)

"The Russians—they are not like us; they talk and talk and dream and dream. But we want to work and win."

"The British Jews needn't think they are going to run things just because Great Britain has the protectorate and an English Jew is high commissioner."

"The American Jews behave as if the whole future of Zionism and Palestine depends on the American Zionist. They'd better watch themselves."

And while we are on the subject, The Jewish World says: "The American Zionists, like the American everything else, have set their minds to bossing the whole show, with make-believe that the whole concern is theirs. It is local patriotism diseased and gone putrid—the insatiable, vulgar self-booming of the American Jew, a spirit he has assimilated from among the worst of Yankee characteristics."

Birds in their little nests agree.

Besides mere local bickering rising from the fact that, though the Jews may belong to Palestine in spirit, in body and in mind they have been brought up in other countries, there is another danger. Certain of the European Zionists have learned, especially in the last few years, to think radically—and more than radically. Unless I am grievously mistaken, there will be a spirit of Bolshevism among Jews, which may spread to the harm of their work.

But this is all in the future. Meantime the farming goes on successfully. Meantime the Jewish Chamber of Commerce in Palestine is interested in all sorts of questions which it has passed on to the authorities concerned; not only questions of breakwaters and railroads but the granting of permits for restricted foodstuffs, direct shipping facilities, the thefts upon the Palestine military railways, an arbitration and disputes board, a telephone system, the Turkish paper currency, railway tariffs, tax on industrial salt, signboards on private houses, weights and measures, petitions to the rents commission, postal delays, trade relationships with other countries, vegetables from the villages, commercial credits between Palestine and other countries, trade-marks, coin nomenclature and many other matters. It would really seem that the Jews are not missing much.

For two thousand years the Jews have advertised themselves with signal success. They consider that no home should be without the conviction that Palestine belongs to them. To large masses of the world's population they have successfully sold themselves. Now they are about to receive the returns on their investment. But the Arabs have no gift for advertisement. Once they fail by force of arms, they practice Oriental fatalism and sit down to wait the course of events. Leading Arabs to whom I have talked admit that there is no immediate danger of Palestine being occupied by the Jews, but they are afraid of the future.

Wailing for a Mosque

"If only Great Britain had waited," the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem said to me. "If she had waited fifteen or twenty years before allowing the Jews to have a national home here the Arabs would have been able to cope with the situation. But see how we have been placed. We have been under the oppression of the Turks exactly as the Jews here have. We are free now, and are protected by the British, but we have not yet been able to organize delegations and commissions and propaganda departments. We wish to set our house in order, but we are at a loss to know how to begin. We have no training, few of us are educated, there are not many wealthy men in the country. For them you must go to Bagdad. We do not object to the Jews having a home in Palestine, but we don't want so many of them to come that they will push us out of our homes."

At this point someone—a Christian—remarked that it had been a tactical blunder for the Moslems to refuse to the Jews any of their holy sites except the Place of Wailing and the Tomb of Rachel; that it was a pity they were not allowed on the Temple Rock, to which they have as much right as any other religious sect, while in Hebron they are not allowed to go up more than seven steps toward the mosque which is built over the tombs of Abraham and Sarah and Isaac and Rebecca. This was pretty plain talk to the Grand Mufti, who is the religious head of the Moslems in Jerusalem. But he seems to be a man of humor. He turned a slow, quiet smile upon us all, and then we understood and burst into peals of laughter.

For on this matter of religious toleration no one's skirts are clear. The Jews would be burned before they would allow a Moslem to enter on the site of Rachel's tomb. In the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is the property of several sects of Christians, the Turks used to have to station guards to keep the Christians from infringing on each other's rights. Every Easter there is sure to be a fight between two sects in particular in the neighborhood of what is said to be the Sacred Tomb. The pot is always calling the kettle black in Jerusalem. No wonder the Grand Mufti Effendi smiled. So we carried the discussion no further, and told stories such as these: A young newspaper man the other day went to the Place of Wailing and saw one of his friends weeping and mourning. He plucked him by the sleeve.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"Me—I'm wailing."

"What are you wailing for? Aren't there plenty of Jews in Jerusalem? And haven't you got a Jewish governor?"

"Yes, I know, but I want the Mosque of Omar."

One of the most interesting Arabs I met is the mayor of Jerusalem, a man educated mostly in Paris and married to a Christian, and yet very much of a Moslem and an Arab. He is said to be a very good mayor. On his council there is a representation of Christians and Jews.

Arab Opinions

"We all work well together," he told me, "and as I sometimes don't get home to lunch till four o'clock, you will see that there is a good deal to do in this municipality in regard to license giving, road repairs, water taxes and all the rest of the routine. I think the average Arab would have no objection to the immigration of Jews if he could be sure that they would make their national home harmonious by living peaceably with their neighbors. If they want to take someone else's home they are going to find resistance. I believe that the British Government will keep its pledges, in which case all will go well.

"A number of Arabs will sell their land to the Jews, because they are heavily in debt. They will sell to get clear and start over, and perhaps they will make a bad bargain for themselves. But there are countless others who won't sell, because they like to farm. They have a gift for it, even though they use primitive implements and farm wastefully. They are really drawn to the soil, much more than are the Jews. You will find only too many Arab fellahin in the employ of Jews.

"On the other hand, if you will go to some of the little houses that were built for the Jewish colonists here years ago you won't find houses at all. You will find a Jew looking out of his back window at his farm being farmed for him by an Arab fellah, and you will see that his front windows have been turned into the windows of a shop. He's not got specimens of his farming on exhibition; he is selling a little dried fish and fruit and tinned stuff. He is by instinct a shopkeeper, a merchant. He has been warned by his leaders that he mustn't enter Palestine to become a merchant or a trader, but he can't help it any more than he can help wishing to get back to Palestine. I have faith first and last in the Arab's love for his own soil. It is that which will be his main reliance—that and the British Government."

Not all Arabs talk in that way. I had an interview with an educated and brilliant man who mourned over the fate of Palestine just as much as the Jews mourn at the Place of Wailing.

"It's hopeless," he said. "We are done for. The Jews mean to push us out, and they will. We did try armed resistance at Easter here and there, but it failed. Armed resistance is the only kind that we know anything about. We have no skill in propaganda, in organization. This is what will happen: The Jews, with all their organization and money behind them, will buy our land. There are three classes of Arabs who will sell. There is the Arab who feels that the Jews have come to stay, who can't bear their proximity, and who sells and moves to Syria or Mesopotamia. There is the Arab who will sell, spend a little of his money here and then get out. Then there is the Arab, ninety-five per cent of him, who will

(Concluded on Page 135)

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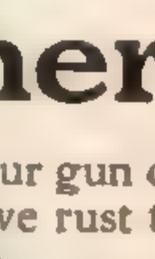

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(Concluded from Page 132)

sell and spend all his money. Then what is left for him? Starve? Perhaps so. He may sit down and wait for God to redress his wrongs, as some of them are doing now, since military resistance is impossible. But he will be much more likely to turn bandit and rob the Jews. Already Jews have to pay people to sit up and watch the crops at night for fear they will be stolen. And what will happen to Arabs and Jews alike when so many of the nation turn bandits? There's no use to say there's land enough for everyone; there won't be when the Jews get started, not unless they turn this into a manufacturing country. No, things are going to happen in the future to the Arab."

Sometimes when I stroll about Jerusalem at night and see the wine shops full of young Arabs talking and talking and doing nothing else I wonder why they don't get a leader or two who would organize them peaceably against the Jews. The poorest Jew in Palestine will give till it hurts to the Jewish cause. When they take up a collection for Zionism a woman will come in with her jewelry, a man will give his only cow. It's an inspiring sight to see how they give. But so far no Arab has been found who will be a Rothschild to his nation. If there were rich men so inclined they could make a great organization designed to keep Arabs on the land; they could subsidize the fellahin to keep them from selling or from working for Jews; they could send their brilliant youths out into the world to get technical training; they could enforce a new system of education, and in fifteen or twenty years, when the real danger from Zionism will rise, they could combat it. They need not be afraid of being overrun by Jews. With their own organization and the pledge of the British Government, their hold on Palestine would be invulnerable.

Meantime here in Palestine the British mandate is working itself out. There are several thousand Indian troops in Palestine and a few British to keep order, and an easy time enough they have of it. One of my chief pleasures is to see Tommies walking round with an American Y. M. C. A. guide who used to be with the First Division in Cantigny and such-like places, or else walking in the bazaars, buying souvenirs—olive-wood eggs, on which to darn stockings, which they say are as holy as the city itself, candlesticks, mother-of-pearl beads and sometimes a heavy metal anklet. Tommy is having a good enough time in Palestine.

The same may be said for the officials who are running the government. They work hard, especially the ones higher up, but they have their clubs and their polo, their tennis and teas and dinners. They say the hardest worker of all is the high commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel.

Sir Herbert Samuel's Policy

The other day I was driving luxuriously in the handsomest car in Jerusalem, owned by Arthur Dana, an American, enjoying the sensation of ease in Zion, which is not common in most of the cars I have tried here. I meant to get inside the walls to buy some of the exquisite lace made by the native women and sold in the American colony shops, and I had chosen a hot hour of the day, when the shop wouldn't be too crowded. At the Joppa Gate a native policeman stopped me—very sorry, if I wanted to go on that street I'd have to walk. So I dismounted and walked, courting a sunstroke. The street was lined with spectators, Arabs and Jews. Presently there dashed by a puffy motorcycle bearing a big British flag and a little driver; then a big car full of British officers; and then another car almost as nice as the one I had been bereft of, in which sat Sir Herbert Samuel, high commissioner of Palestine, and Colonel Storrs, military governor of Jerusalem.

Sir Herbert was on his way to Cairo, this being the difficult time of the troubles in Damascus and conferences with Lord Allenby being no doubt in order. Whether the meticulous manner in which Sir Herbert's way is always cleared is carried out as a precautionary measure or to impress the natives I do not know. The high commissioners of Mesopotamia and of Egypt drive about more inconspicuously. In any case I was sorry Sir Herbert Samuel was going to Cairo, for though it is said he never gives interviews, I hoped to persuade him to talk.

During the war I met Sir Herbert Samuel at the house of one of his relatives at a time when he was a good deal commended for his public services. I was struck with the impression of fair-mindedness he conveyed and with a certain pleasant impenetrability. He does not seem like a man who could be easily swayed by argument or by entreaty; he will do his work in the way in which he thinks it should be done. Though he was appointed, among other reasons, as a tribute to the Jewish race, nevertheless he will consider all of the races in his administration. He will see always as an Englishman and not as a Palestinian Jew. Not all the Jews know this. The educated Arabs know it, but not the ignorant. How should they? The other day there came from the desert two handsome, slim, liquid-eyed lads, the sons of a Bedouin sheik. They came to the American colony, which always keeps a room for Bedouin guests. They made a beautiful figure as they strode across the cool green-hung courtyard in their long silk underrobes, dark brown abas, their silk handkerchiefs or shawls on their heads. After ceremonious salutations they said words to this effect:

"Our father has sent us to see the sights of the world. We have come here to see the king of the Jews."

Coming Changes for the Better

The high commissioner, early in July, read the King's message to the people of Palestine, and his own declaration. Palestine, the north and east boundaries of which are not yet determined, is to constitute a separate administration in direct communication with the King's ministers in London. When the mandate has passed through its final stages the civil service will have security of employment, with pension rights for certain classes of officers. The higher ranks are to be British until fully qualified Palestinians are able to take a larger share in the conduct of the administration. The other ranks are to be open to Palestinians, irrespective of creed. Sir Herbert Samuel is now choosing an advisory council, most of the members of which are government officials, but with a minority of ten unofficial members, chosen from varied sections of the people. This council will advise about the budget, drafts of ordinances and other such matters.

One of the most important statements the high commissioner made was that in the draft treaty of peace an article is inserted providing for the appointment by the British Government of a special commission to study and regulate all questions and claims relating to the different religious communities in Palestine, the chairman to be appointed by the council of the League of Nations, the religious interests concerned being taken into account in the composition of the commission.

Further, the government, under the civil administration, takes over the railways and will begin immediate improvements. There is also under consideration a large program of public works, including the construction and improvement of roads, the development of telegraphic and telephonic communication, the provision of electric power, drainage, afforestation and the early establishment of banks for the granting of long-time credits to agricultural and urban workers. The high commissioner hopes to arrange for a loan, as soon as the status of the country is finally decided, of such an amount as will allow the plans to begin.

The government particularly wants to assist promptly in the economic development of the country. Sir Herbert Samuel stated in his declaration that land sales would soon begin again, subject to restrictions bound to prevent speculation; that a land commission would be appointed; that a survey of the land would be undertaken, and in connection with it a land court established to settle the boundaries and titles of properties.

And faith, it is needed! Anyone trying to understand the land system of Palestine might as well inquire for the nearest madhouse. The taxation of city property, for example, is done on the scale of what it originally cost. Further, most property is registered at about one-tenth of what was originally paid for it. Under the Turks, natives who were in with the government could get a low rate of registration—at a price. Then suppose a man decided to sell his land; his neighbors could demand priority rights and buy in the property at the price of registration. So a man does not always gain by trying to dodge his taxes. Then every piece of property is divided into twenty-four parts. A man may own all or part of them. Suppose he owns twenty parts of a house and lot; if he cannot come to an amicable financial agreement with the owner of the other four parts, the latter has the right to move in beside him.

Besides the land tax, an agriculturist must pay one-eighth of all his produce to the government. This tax was bad enough, but under the Turks the abuse of collections was shocking. The job of collection was farmed out to the highest bidder of a district. Whoever wanted to bid must give good land security and pay cash down. When he began to collect he made his own estimates and got abundant interest on his investment. The farmer was lucky indeed who gave up only one-eighth of his crop. Nor was the bidding necessarily fair. If an effendi had great influence and wished to bid no one dared to bid against him. If anyone had opposed him that man would have regretted it for the rest of his life. But big men did not interfere with one another; they respected their neighbor's graft. Men have made thousands from the collection of one year's taxation for a district.

Under the British occupation the scheme of taking one-eighth of the crop prevails, but at least the assessment is honestly made. The government sends out men and villages send out men. Unless they come to an agreement the government sends out a commission. No doubt the British will revise this system.

You'll feel sorry for the agriculturists when I tell you that merchants and other such people have no income tax to pay. More than that, except for a tax for street lighting and water, inside the city walls of Jerusalem there is no taxation whatever. You may have an ample house and lot and a thriving business, but they are yours to the last iota. Moreover, church properties are not taxed; not only are buildings within the walls free, but farms and orchards. If people choose to import goods they are taxed eleven per cent, with a one per cent municipality tax; they also pay an indirect tax in salt and fish. For the rest, citizens, so to speak, may rest their arms on the walls and look over at the fellah parting with at least an eighth of all he produces, from wheat to camels.

Starvation Among Riches

Palestine is rich potentially. During the Turkish occupation people made money only by illegal means, through the government. Jerusalem was a good place for officials who wished to profit. A man who wished to be governor of Jerusalem would go to Constantinople, pull wires and pay from three to four hundred pounds for the office. His salary was twenty-five or thirty pounds monthly, but he always made money—sometimes by arranging land sales for the Jews. The average officials received from four to ten pounds a month, but they, too, always made money.

Not so the people. Not very much money was made in the bazaars. People were fleeced on every hand. They could not collect salt from the shores of the Dead Sea, because salt was a government monopoly, and the Turks chose to import it from Saloniki. They couldn't get fish as cheap as they might, because fishing rights were—and are—farmed out, as the tax collecting used to be, to the highest bidder in a district. Each successful bidder has his own office where the fish is sold, the bidder taking the tax from the fishermen. The seaport town of Jaffa has but one fish office.

No wonder many of the people in Palestine, particularly in Jerusalem, lived on the tourists. After the war began all that stopped. The misery was great. Some of the wretchedness was alleviated by American Relief money, but for all that deaths from hunger were numerous. Parents would sell a young daughter for a couple of tins of bully beef. Officers tell me they used to go out laden with tins of food to throw to the starving people by the roadside, and yet they never felt that they had lessened the want. But after British occupation the soldiers brought a great deal of prosperity to the people. A woman selling oranges might make two or three dollars a day. In a year and a half the country made as much as it generally does after four years of tourist seasons.

Just now business is slack. People have the air of waiting. They need, particularly the Arabs, all that can be done for them in regard to public health and education. Their ideas of sanitation are sketchy; and as for education, not more than ten per cent can read and write. They need to have their country developed as promptly as possible. One British company has already come in with the intention of taking over some of the quarries in order to build houses for the inhabitants. The architect, who did not know I was a chiel amang 'em takin' notes, said they were not to be allowed to get as much percentage of profit as they could get in England, but that he thought the company had a long lease of prosperity and usefulness before it.

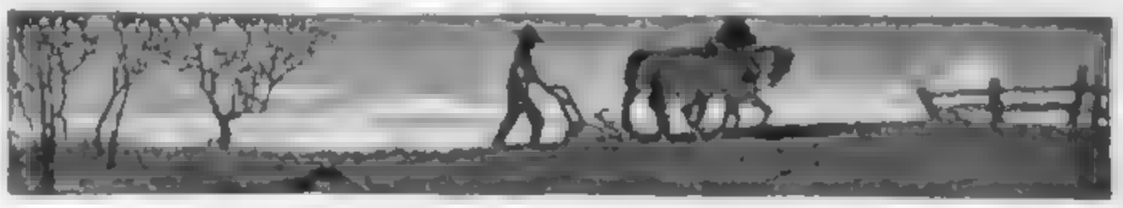
Rough and Ready Justice

If the country is to develop industrially as well as agriculturally it needs fuel. The Standard Oil Company about 1913 got a wide concession from the Turks—a concession which the exigencies of war prevented it from using. When the war broke out it had miles and miles of piping of all sizes in Egypt. Great Britain bought some of it and used it to run the water supply up through Palestine; it is also said that some of the piping it bought was used in piping the present supply of water into Jerusalem. At present the Standard Oil men are waiting in Jerusalem to see if they are to resume their old concession. It appears that nothing definite will be told them till the peace treaty is signed. Some people say they believe that they will have their old concessions, and others say not. No real prospecting of the country for oil has been carried out, but there are seepages on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea which seem to indicate its presence. It may not be anything like so promising as the oil supply in Persia and Mesopotamia.

Fuel is scarce in Palestine. Without oil or coal they cannot institute manufactories. Some people believe that there is coal to be found about the Dead Sea. But the oil seems more certain. If the oil could be found, and if the scheme talked of for a tunnel between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean could be carried out, then Palestine would have all the water power and all the fuel necessary to establish her as a big manufacturing center.

Prosperity will come. I can shut my eyes and see great enterprises unrolling themselves like moving-picture films, but somehow the leaders of them are Jews, when there should be a proportionate number of Arab leaders. When I think of the Arabs I see the young men in the wine shops, or else I see the Bedouins, magnificent with all sorts of qualities that fit them to survive in the desert, but unable to understand modern organization. I see a court of sheiks which I visited in Southern Palestine. The military governor sat at his desk, the sheiks in their picturesque garments arranged in a wide semicircle about him, each man resting his right hand on the silver hilt of his sword. The plaintiff and the defendant came forward. Mahmoud Ali, let us say, had unexpected guests for whom he must kill a sheep. His own flock being afar pasturing, he annexed an adjacent ewe belonging to Zaid Mahomet. Custom allowed this, but custom decreed that he must promptly pay for it, which Mahmoud Ali says he refuses to do. The disputants stand before the governor's desk; he hears their stories; then each man chooses a sheik, and the governor chooses one, to be the judges in the case. The disputants sit on the floor at the feet of the three judges and the case is discussed and decided. Rough justice, but doubtless sufficient, and certainly practical, though not exactly modern.

The British have the intention of dealing fairly with all parties till Palestine is capable of more self-government. After that it is modern methods that are going to count in determining the balance of power. Wailing at the wall or mourning or sitting down to wait on the will of Allah will not get immediate results. Quite a lot of map making and race moving in these days. The Monroe Doctrine, after all, is a pretty good sheet anchor for a nation.



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THE MASON MAXI-MILE

For hard, rugged work it has no superior.

Day-in-and-day-out driving over rough city streets, over rutty, bumpy roads—that's where Maxi-Mile makes its records for economy.

Mileage? Here's the mileage made possible by the toughest rubber and finest fabric obtainable, built into a wonderful tire by skilled workmen—

—and backed by a guarantee that knows no mileage limit. No matter how long a Maxi-Mile has run, like every other Mason Tire, it is guaranteed against defects of workmanship and material.

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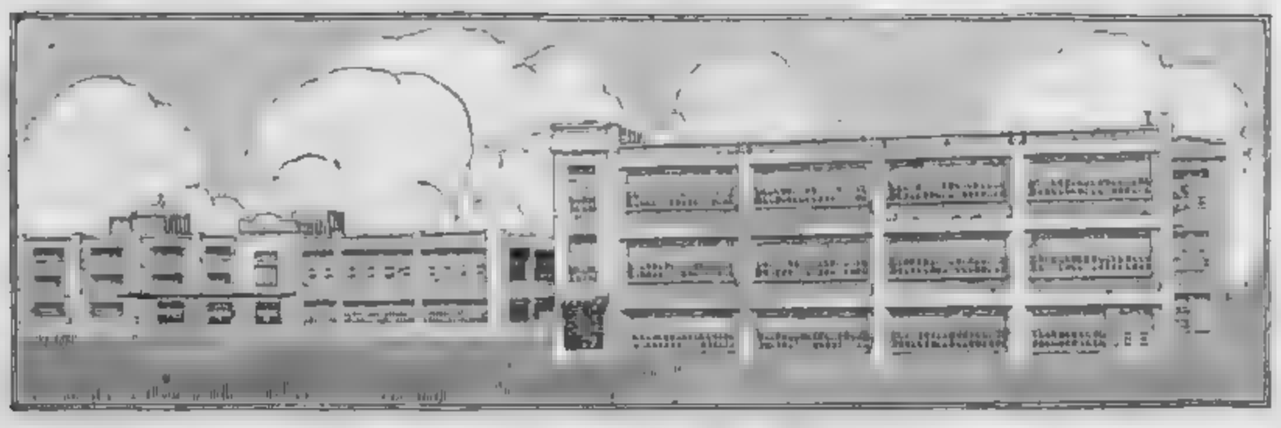
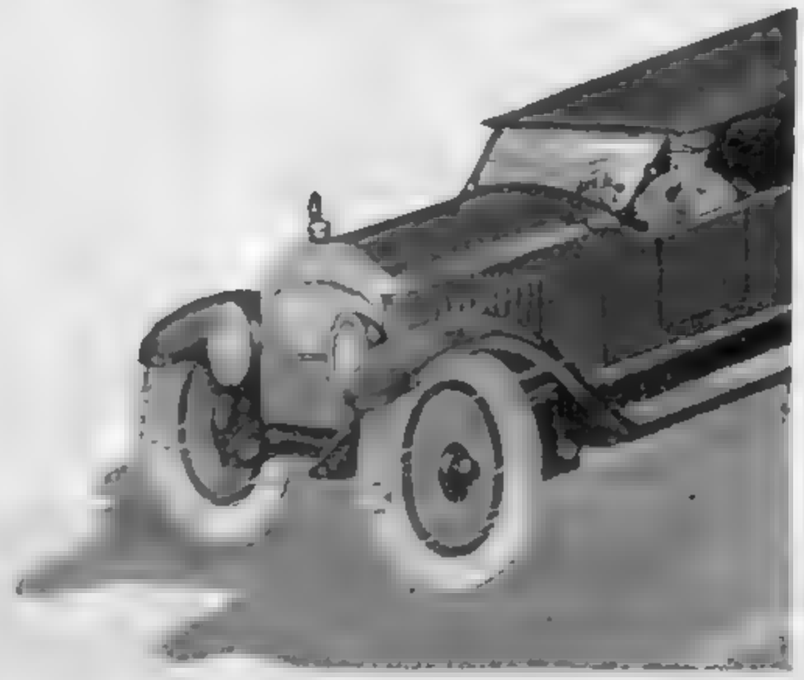
MASON MEANS MORE MILEAGE



In order to build such quality into Mason Tires, it was necessary to insure uniformity and quality of fabric by producing it in our own cotton fabrics mill. This Textile Division of the Mason Company represents a $3,000,000 00 investment for quality.



Remember—
Mason Tires must wear out and not give out.

STEPHENS

Salient

That which is strikingly manifest or catches the attention at once

—Webster

STEPHENS *Salient Six*

Another Salient Feature—The Artcraft Top

Combines closed car comfort with open car freedom and economy. Makes possible year-'round use whether your choice is the paved street or the big outdoors of Highway and Byway.

Designed with the same attention to every detail that has made the Stephens a car of Beauty, Comfort, Safety and Reliability. Mounted on the regular Stephens body.

The foundation on which Stephens success is based consists of a great parent organization, tested and proven by 56 years of competitive manufacturing and with two thoroughly equipped modern automobile plants devoted exclusively to the building of the Stephens.

In these plants your needs guide our endeavor. It is for you that we announce this latest Salient feature—the "Artcraft" top.

STEPHENS MOTOR WORKS *of Moline Plow Company* · Freeport, Illinois

THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

Apparently he was right, for two hundred yards farther on she said: "I suppose a doctor could always sew you up?"

"It depends," said Antony cautiously.

"After all I don't often get the chance of eating as much as that," she said cheerfully.

At a post office in Knightsbridge he wired to his mother that he was keeping Priscilla to dinner. He felt wholly disinclined to spend the evening playing cards or billiards. He wanted someone near him who knew his trouble. He was doubtful whether he would get any sympathy from Priscilla, yet her presence would be a comfort.

He took her for a healthy stroll back down Piccadilly, and they returned to his flat. There was nothing to be done for an hour. He lit a pipe; and Priscilla, quite recovered, sat on his knee for a while and stroked his brown hair and told him not to be miserable.

"After all there isn't any difference to speak of between girls. One's as good as another, and lots of them are quite pretty at least men seem to think so," she said sagely.

She was a precocious observer in her lighter moments.

But Antony felt that for him Pansy was different from other girls.

At seven he put on an immaculate dinner jacket. Priscilla made herself tidy. They walked to the Senior Mayfair, a club but lately founded by some kindly, thoughtful gentlemen to meet the needs of the new millionaires.

Its building was described with perfect accuracy in the prospectus as palatial. The rooms—with the exception of the library—the chairs, the couches, the windows, the electric-light brackets and chandeliers, the chef, and the ground-glass match holders were all the largest of their kind; and members and their friends might smoke in every room.

Antony had joined it at the very beginning of his campaign. It had been one of his favorite hunting grounds in his altruistic enterprise. There he had met Mr. Phipps and Mr. Robinson, renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Albert Bracket—or rather, to be exact, had had that acquaintance renewed timidly by Mr. Bracket—and had there been introduced by him, proudly, to Mr. Briggs. There was a large dining room in which members might dine with ladies, and they did—such large ladies. But Antony had not brought Priscilla there to dine. The cost of a dinner there was even larger than the ground-glass match holders. He had come to cash Mr. Bracket's check.

Among the rules of the club was one which laid it down that members might not cash a check for more than five pounds. This was not a reflection on the solvency of the new millionaires. But the committee had its doubts about the banking accounts of those members—they were not a few—who had joined the club out of sheer delight in the society of those who had stung the government so ably and so often.

But the obliging secretary made no bones about cashing a check for fifteen pounds which had been signed by Mr. Bracket, for whose balance at Coutts' he had a profound esteem, and Antony left the club with his note case agreeably distended.

From the Senior Mayfair he took Priscilla a healthy stroll to Soho, and they dined hardily at a small restaurant which had once been modest. After dinner Antony left it, still rather hungry. But Priscilla emerged from its portals—or rather from its portal—in that state of happy satisfaction into which a slim young girl who has feasted on Siberian *poulet en casserole* and tinned pêche Melba naturally falls. They took another healthy stroll to the Colosseum. The entertainment amused Priscilla immensely, and dulled somewhat the pangs of Antony's hunger. After it he put her into a train to her northern home—N 22, to be exact—at Wood Green, and returned to Duke Street.

His spirit had grown as tranquil as his hunger, which had been growing steadily since dinner, would permit. He changed his dinner jacket for a comfortable old coat, made a hearty meal off bread and Cheddar cheese with a powerful bite to it, and washed it down with a bottle of golden ale which at any rate woke in him fond memories of the beer of the past.

Thus fortified, he sank into an easy-chair, lit a pipe and faced the future with a moderate serenity.

There was no immediate money pressure on him. His mother's small dividends had lately come in. She and Priscilla had enough to live on for the next two months, and he had paid the rent of a cottage at Branksome, where they would enjoy for a month their summer change, out of the last of his Uncle Egbert's five hundred. For himself he had thirteen pounds eleven shillings, less the five shillings he owed to Anderson, and the prospect of board, lodging, wages and tips at The Towers. If the tips proved as large as Anderson had promised, he should be able, if he failed in his campaign, to tide over his mother and Priscilla till the end of the quarter.

Poppy Briggs was not lost, but gone to Branksome before

He gazed dreamily down a golden vista along which an ecstatically happy Poppy drove with him in a brand-new motor car. He had no doubt that he would be able to make her happy, and he assured himself that he would be happy enough with her. But he had more than a suspicion that he lied. During the ten months which had elapsed since Pansy's disappearance he had not been happy, though six of them had been passed in the strenuous prosecution of his altruistic enterprise amid all the joys of life in London. Deep down in his heart he knew that he would not be happy with Poppy, even in a brand-new motor car and with his mother and Priscilla comfortably established and off his mind.

Then the image of Pansy rose before him, her warmly pale face, her deep, dark eyes which had thrilled him so often, her slender and delightful figure. He had loved her for four years, and she had loved him. Her sudden disappearance from his life, when it was plain that the intensive garden in which he had invested his gratuity was a failure, had been an even greater shock to him than the exploding crump which had put him out of action early in 1918. He had recovered from the shell shock; he would never really recover from the loss of Pansy. It was as if a great part of himself—it seemed the most important part—had been torn away from him. Poppy and all she stood for could never be more than the second best. He ached with that bitter longing for Pansy from which, in its acute form, he had been free for three months. Her brief reappearance in his life had brought it back in all its old acuteness.

But his was far too active a soul to waste much time in useless regret. He knew that Pansy was inflexible in her resolve not to be a drag on him. With a deep sigh he dismissed her image from his mind. Its place was at once taken by the less attractive figure of Mr. Albert Bracket, who had been lurking in the background of his consciousness all the evening. There was a young man who needed a little attention. Antony flamed with a wondering indignation that, even under the inspiration of true love, he should have dared to play him such a measly trick.

He put no check on his indignation. He had always felt keenly the injustice of that stout, soft young shirker's enjoying a million when men who had done their duty—himself, for example—were struggling to make a living. It was monstrous that such a one should have played him this measly trick. In his righteous wrath he had serious thoughts of warming him thoroughly at their next meeting. He did not think that they would soon meet. He knew his industrious pupil too well to doubt that he had sneaked and fled. At the training camp he had acquired a wide knowledge of the drastic treatment applied to those who displeased them by the comrades of the Great War. He would have some difficulty in finding him. He saw himself as a man with a double quest—Pansy and Mr. Albert Bracket.

Then his natural shrewdness asserted itself. He perceived that his satisfaction with the warming process would prove as transient as the young millionaire's dissatisfaction with it. Warmth soon passes. So do bruises. There were other penalties the young millionaire could pay—penalties more painful to Mr. Bracket, more satisfying to himself.

After all a millionaire's tenderest spot is his pocket. Antony began to consider the matter of a loan—a large loan. He still cherished the ambition to have a large intensive garden founded on the strong rock of sufficient capital. Yes, a really large loan. He did not hide from himself the fact that if his spirit was too deeply exacerbated by having to wait a long while for a meeting with Mr. Bracket and a large loan, that large loan might become merely a large fine. He distrusted his scruples against taking his ill-gotten money from Mr. Bracket. He thought that they would become decrepit if his spirit were embittered by a long delay.

He decided that even if he brought off his altruistic marriage with Poppy he would still have Mr. Bracket's money. He felt that to be wholly supported by his wife would be incompatible with his true marital dignity.

The thought of this large loan, or fine, soothed his sore spirit. He went serenely to bed and slept well. He woke with his longing for Pansy still there, but less acute. He admitted judicially that Poppy and the fleshpots were second best. But he felt that there was a good deal to be said for the second best if the best is quite out of reach. He was a true Englishman.

In shaving he omitted to pass the razor over the skin immediately in front of his ears for a space of about one and a half inches. He had started on his new campaign.

"It's Bin Just Like This Since the Days of William the Orange—One of Them Early Kings. You Don't 'Appen to Know Why They Called 'Im the Orange?"

ANTONY breakfasted plainly but largely. Then he took a long lesson in the footman's handicraft from Anderson. He found that

(Continued on Page 143)

70,000

Highways, railways, and waterways—On these three tremendous transportation facilities the industrial future of the nation largely depends.

More and more, the highways are growing in importance. More and more, they are linking with the other two. More and more, and more, are they being dominated by Republic Trucks.

Seventy thousand Republic Trucks are traveling the highways every day, everywhere rendering sure, satisfactory, uninterrupted service—increasing in number with every week that goes by, and by very reason of those numbers, covering the country with a close net-work of continuous hauling.

May we not say, with due regard for the larger resources of the railroads and the waterways, that Republic Trucks at least serve most upon the roads and these highways?

Is it not reasonable to assume that with the wider experience and the closer insight into all haulage problems, which this prodigious volume gives us, we are also better able to serve the transportation needs of the business man in the cities, in the towns, on the farms?

In ever-increasing numbers *he* evidently finds it so—isn't there reason enough in that, alone, to suggest that Republic Truck may serve you, too, faithfully, efficiently, and well?

The Republic Truck is right and fit in every respect when it leaves the largest truck plant in the world, at Alma, Michigan.

It is kept right and fit, by the size, and vigilance, and zeal, of the largest service organization in the world—two thousand fully equipped Republic Service Stations and seven National Parts Depots.

We invite you to investigate and learn for yourself what this far-flung system of Republic road-service and shop-service really means.

Capacities: 1, 1½, 2½, 3½ Tons

Republic Truck Sales Corporation, Alma, Michigan

32,000 Miles of Waterways — 254,000 Miles of Railways

LINKING WATERWAYS-

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

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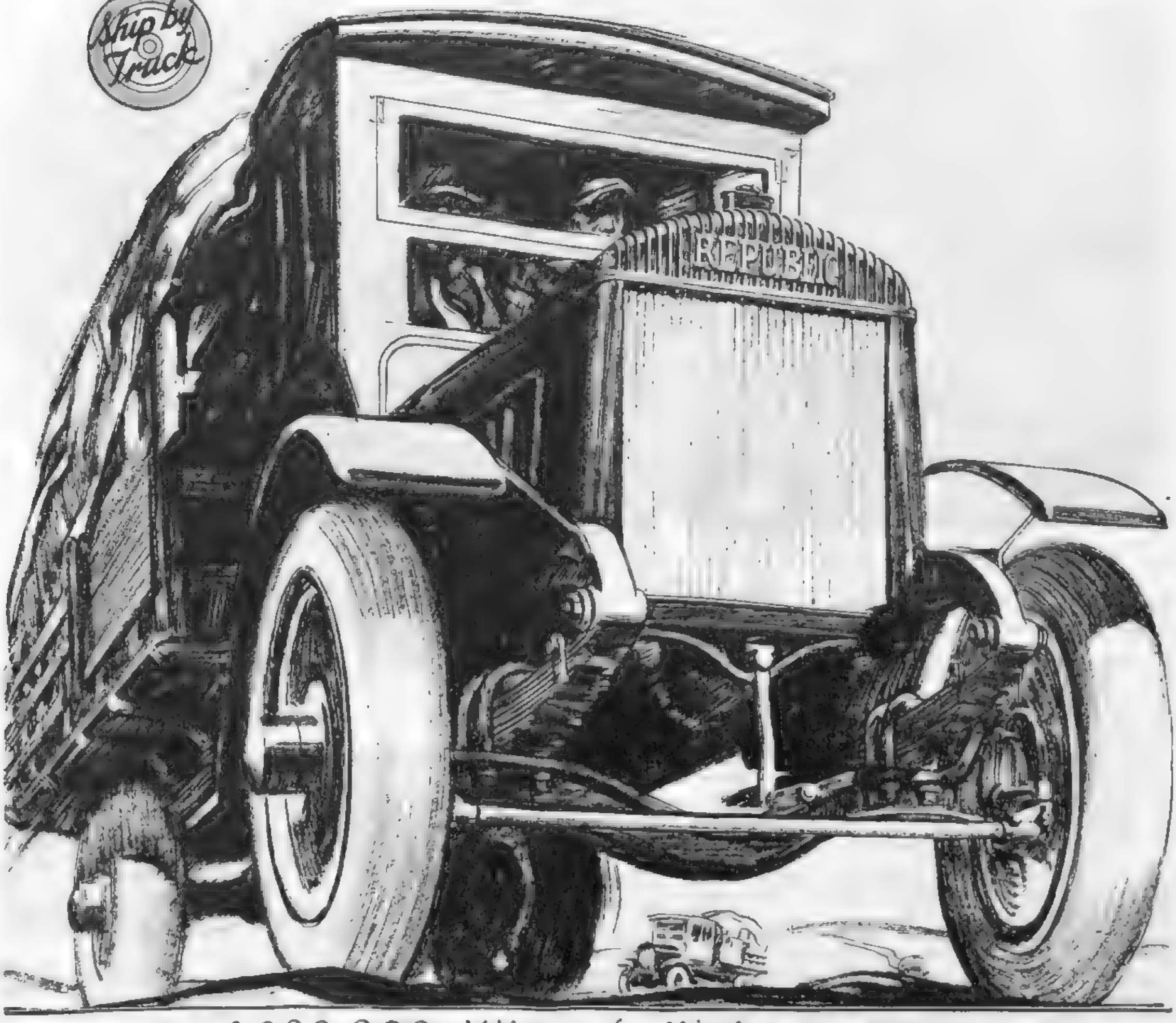
TRUCKS

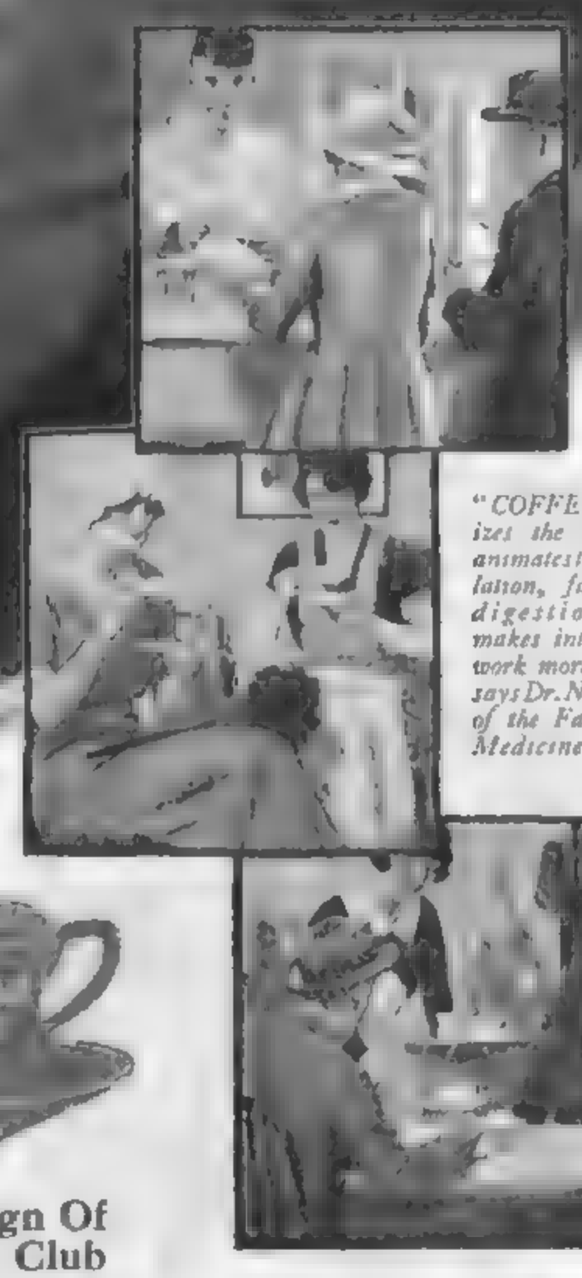
Ship by Truck



3,000,000 Miles of Highways

RAILWAYS-HIGHWAYS

COFFEE



"COFFEE vitalizes the muscles, animates the circulation, facilitates digestion and makes intellectual work more easy," says Dr. Nalpasse, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris

The Zero Hour

THE zero hour is not recorded on the clock. It strikes whenever bodily and mental forces are at their ebb.

Then it is that COFFEE is a gentle and grateful stimulant. Without harmful effects, COFFEE strengthens us anew for uncompleted tasks. It helps over the hill the fagged shopper, the overworked clerk, the tired housewife.

Afternoon COFFEE has abolished the zero hour and brought about a higher efficiency in many offices.

COFFEE is now served at all soda fountains, as well as at the COFFEE houses which are being established in numerous localities.

This Is The Sign Of The COFFEE Club

Look for it in dealers' windows. It will help you find good Coffee.

Copyright 1920 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States

COFFEE — *the universal drink*

This advertisement is part of an educational campaign conducted by the leading coffee merchants of the United States in co-operation with the planters of the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, which produces more than half of all the Coffee used in the United States of America.

(Continued from Page 139)

expert's instruction in the method of bringing out the rich beauty of old silver by polishing it with the bare hand the most interesting part of it. Like most laymen he had supposed that plate powder and wash leather were good enough for old silver.

The lesson over, he betook himself to the Senior Mayfair. He did not expect to find Mr. Bracket there, and he was not disappointed. But he had hopes of increasing the sum of thirteen pounds six shillings. The judicious could increase such sums at games of skill or chance at the Senior Mayfair. The new millionaires were many of them self-confident.

Fortune, which had paid him so scurvy a trick the day before, was with him that morning. Going into the billiard room, he found no less than four recently wealthy gentlemen from the provinces drinking Moët et Chandon 1906 and watching a fifth, Mr. Hake, of Prestwick, playing a game of billiards, two hundred and fifty up, with Captain Handley. Captain Handley, a frail-looking young man, on whose gentle face rested perpetually an engaging amiability—he was known to his intimates as Cast-iron Handley for very good reasons—was at that time taking great delight in the society of the new millionaires and never out of their company between noon and two o'clock in the morning. Mr. Hake, Prestwick's bluff and burly pride, had enjoyed a great reputation as a billiard player in that town and had won the Prestwick Club billiard handicap five years in succession.

The four other wealthy gentlemen knew this, for it was not a matter of which Mr. Hake made any secret. Captain Handley did not. On the other hand neither Mr. Hake nor his four wealthy friends knew that Captain Handley, who loved to live the expensive life, had never been so foolish as to win the amateur billiard championship, as he might have done. But they had a strong conviction that an easy victory awaited Mr. Hake and they acted on it, backing him freely.

They called to Antony to join them, for they liked him, because he was Lord Branksome's grandnephew. He joined them cheerfully, for he had a liking for Moet et Chandon 1906, even at noon. They went on betting with Captain Handley. They felt sorry for him, but they could not lose an opportunity of making some money easily Antony did not feel sorry for him He had seen him play several times, and a good billiard player himself had gauged his form accurately. He did not, moreover, feel sorry for anyone else.

The game was going badly against Captain Handley, and the odds against him rose When he was a hundred and twenty-four to Mr. Hake's hundred and ninety-eight they rose to three to one. Antony was watching him. He observed him look thoughtfully at the score with a slight tightening of the lips and take three to one in fivers with each of the five wealthy gentlemen. At once Antony himself invested five of his thirteen pounds, a pound with each of the wealthy gentlemen, just to have an interest in the game, as he said, on Captain Handley at the same odds.

Then Captain Handley began to fluke. He apologized for those flukes. Also he deplored the fact that the balls seemed to have ceased to run for Mr. Hake and he never got an opening. When Mr. Hake was two hundred and thirty-three Captain Handley was two hundred and twenty-four. Then he made another fluke—the eleventh. Mr. Hake seemed to be, as indeed he looked to be, of a choleric nature; and he ceased wholly to do himself justice. Captain Handley won the game by eleven. He was so pleasantly apologetic about those flukes that the five wealthy gentlemen paid with a good grace. He invited them to lunch with him. He could afford to.

Antony came out of the Senior Mayfair with three richly crinkling five-pound notes in addition to his thirteen Bradburies. He felt that all was well. He devoted his afternoon to a long stroll about the fashionable quarter of the western district in a faint hope of chancing on Pansy. During the course of that stroll he ascertained that Mr. Briggs' house in South Audley Street was indeed shut up.

He came home to dress for dinner, to learn that Anderson had written to Mr. Briggs that he was out of a place and accepted the post of butler at The Towers. Also he wrote that he would bring with him an exceptionally capable young footman, should Mr. Briggs be needing one, and they would enter on their duties the following Wednesday week. He had decided that since Antony was of the virile type on whom whiskers grow quickly they would have attained all the luxuriance required by modern standards by that date.

On the Saturday morning came a letter from Mr. Briggs confirming Anderson's engagement as butler and engaging Henry James Wilkinson, the appropriate name Anderson had conferred on Antony in his letter, as footman. The letter also contained the names of Mr. Briggs' tailor, bootmaker and hosier, from whom Antony was to procure his crimson velvet livery, his patent-leather shoes and his white silk stockings. Anderson accompanied him on these errands, and the construction of livery and the patent-leather shoes was begun at once.

On the Monday morning Antony shaved off his mustache, since his appearing whiskers already made it otiose, and removed himself and his belongings to his mother's flat in Belvedere Mansions, Wood Green. From it he made daily excursions to the western district to take lessons in footmanship from Anderson, comfortably established in lodgings in Brick Street. He did not go to the Senior Mayfair, and avoided his friends. He was taking no chance of word of his whiskers reaching Branksome Towers.

Priscilla and his mother watched the growth of his whiskers with a lively interest. On the next Monday morning the two of them went down to Branksome to spend a month at the cottage near Branksome village which Antony had taken for them.

On the Monday afternoon Antony powdered his hair and whiskers in Anderson's lodging. He was indeed surprised by the change it made in his appearance. It was clear that no man who had not known him well would recognize that whitely whiskered face under that white thatch. They were confident that Mr. Briggs would not recognize him, and that was what really mattered. Poppy might know him—he meant her to.

On the Wednesday early in the afternoon Antony and Anderson, each with a portmanteau of moderate size, took the train from Marylebone to Branksome.

A fly carried them from the station up the back drive to the back entrance of The Towers, and Antony reached his bedroom by a back staircase, unseen by his employer.

His crimson velvet livery and a pair of white silk stockings had been laid out on the bed ready to put on. A pair of patent-leather shoes was under the chair He powdered his hair and whiskers, put on his livery and went down to the servants' quarters slowly and with a majestic air He found that Anderson had more quickly assumed the immaculate evening dress of the English butler, and already held the reins of government with a firm grip.

He introduced Antony to William Symons, the first footman, and ordered Symons to show him the ropes. Symons, an uncommonly stolid young man, with obviously a very high opinion of himself, set about doing so. Anderson went upstairs to present himself to Mr. Briggs.

He found him in the small library—the library proper is on the first floor of the west wing—which apparently he was using as his own private sitting room. He was attired in a tweed suit of a rare mustard color, a Bootle confection, which gave the rich redness of his face its full value. He was smoking a large cigar, and in addition to its delicate aroma diffused round him a rich fragrance of mixed liquors. Mr. Briggs sprang to his feet and shook Anderson warmly by the hand.

"You've come in the very nick of time," he said in a tone of the liveliest satisfaction. "I'm expectin' 'Is Lordship an' 'Er Ladyship to tea—Lord an' Lady Branksome, that is; an' now we shall be able to do the thing in style. 'Ave you brought the noo footman with you?"

"Yes, sir. He's in livery, and Symons is showing him where things are," said Anderson.

"That's all right. 'E an' Symons shall wait at tea, with you presidin' like. That'll make a pretty good show. The other two footmen ain't no good. They 'aven't got no style. I'm goin' to sack 'em directly I can get two better ones. Now come along er me, an' I'll show you round a bit." He went briskly to the door, opened it and paused. "That reminds me. I thought a magnum of the bubbly would go well with our tea. But Symons said it wasn't the thing. What do you think? It always looks tasty—a magnum of the bubbly."

"I think not, sir. The aristocracy, after a certain age, do not drink champagne in the middle of the afternoon," said Anderson.

Mr. Briggs' face fell, but he said: "Orl right. You know best. But 'ave a bottle 'andy in 'ere. I expect 'Is Lordship will be ready enough to drink a glass of it if it's on tap like."

"Very good, sir," said Anderson, and he followed him through the door.

IX

THEY came out into the great hall, and Mr. Briggs looked round it, but not with the air of pride its size might have justified.

"The bankwittin' 'all," he said in a faintly disparaging tone. "But I couldn't do much with it. I was goin' to 'ave that wooden ceilin' gilded. But 'Emmings—the 'ead of 'Emmings & Tidthwaite, you know, the decorators wot did up the place—persuaded me not to. 'E said that it was one of the features of the place people came to see, an' I'd better leave it as it was. It's bin just like this since the days of William the Orange—one of them early kings." He paused, and said in the tone of a searcher after truth: "You don't 'appen to know why they called 'im the Orange?"

"No, sir," said Anderson.

"P'raps 'e was fond of them, or p'raps it was just a fancy name," said Mr. Briggs thoughtfully. Then with more animation he added: "But wot I did do was to 'ave electric lights put in the 'elmets of all them soots of armer. They look prime when they're lighted up at night."

Anderson looked at the suits of armor respectfully.

"That was all I could do to the bankwittin' 'all," said Mr. Briggs rather sorrowfully, and he looked round it with the air of one who saw many other ways in which it might be improved. Then, cheerful again, he added: "But I chose the colors of all the other rooms myself." He crossed the hall quickly, opened a door on the left and said proudly: "Now this is the blue drorin'-room."

He went through the door, and Anderson followed him into a room of a dazzling blue. The walls were a bright blue, the curtains were a bright blue, the carpet was a bright blue, and the chairs and couches were covered with bright-blue silk. The walls were covered thickly with pictures whose skies seemed to be of the brightest blue that could be wrested from the palette. The Bootle confection of that rare mustard color which adorned the torso and limbs of Mr. Briggs grew positively restful to the eye in that wealth of importunate blueness.

"It always was the blue drorin'-room," said Mr. Briggs thoughtfully. "But if you'd seen it two months ago you wouldn't know it for the same room."

"No, sir," said Anderson.

"The curtains were a dingy blue, an' so was the wall paper an' the seats of the chairs an' sofas. I don't believe as they'd been re-covered for sixty years, an' to look at them it might 'ave bin a 'undred. An' I said to 'Emmings, 'Wot's the good of 'aving a blue drorin'-room if it isn't really blue?' An' 'e agreed with me. Leastways 'e shrugged 'is shoulders. So I chose the colors of everything in it myself, an' now it's really blue."

"It is a bright room, sir," said Anderson.

Mr. Briggs walked across it to one of the long windows which opened into the garden, and fingered the heavy curtain which hung beside it lovingly.

"Wot do you think of these curtins?" he said.

"Very bright, sir," said Anderson.

"Real 'and-embroidered satin eighty-four sh llin's a yard. They made a special price to me," said Mr. Briggs.

"I expect they would, sir. Prices run very high nowadays, sir," said Anderson

"What's prices to me?" said Mr. Briggs with a lofty air. "The best of everything an' plenty of it. That's me motter. See those pictures?" he added, waving his hand at the right wall.

"Yes, sir," said Anderson.

"Noo, every one of them brand noo in last year's Royal Academy. I chose them from over a 'undred the dealer 'ad, just for their blueness—to match the chairs an' sofas."

"I do not remember ever seeing bluer pictures, sir," said Anderson.

"You may well say so," said Mr. Briggs proudly. "I couldn't abide the faded old things wot 'ung on the walls—mostly by forriners. Old masters, 'Emmings called 'em. I don't know about the masters, but you may take your oath to it, them pictures was old. I 'ad 'em 'ung up in the servants' bedrooms."

"I don't suppose the servants mind, sir," said Anderson.

"Why should they? It's them or none. An' a bad picture's better than none at all. They ought to be thankful for 'em. I don't 'old with pamperin' servants, mind you. But there they were—there was nowheres else to 'ang 'em. You might let it be known in the servants' 'all as it ain't pamperin'. It just 'ad to be."

"I will, sir," said Anderson.

Mr. Briggs waved his hand round the room and continued: "You'd 'ardly believe it, but most of them pictures was painted—'and painted—by lady artists."

"I've gathered from the newspapers that the ladies are coming along in art, sir," said Anderson.

"And a good thing too—keeps 'em out o' mischief," said Mr. Briggs in a tone of warm commendation. "Ever since I found out there was money in it I've 'ad 'arf a mind to 'ave Poppy—Miss Briggs, that is—taught paintin'. She might 'ave the knack—you never can tell. See this picture?" He pointed to a hefty canvas in an even heftier gilt frame which covered half of the left wall of the room. "It was painted by a lady artist. Look at those sheep—look at their faces! They might be 'uman."

"They might indeed, sir. The eyes are most expressive," said Anderson.

"You may well say so," said Mr. Briggs. He paused, and added wistfully: "I wish I'd thought of it sooner. If Poppy had been taught young she might 'ave painted pictures of sheep like that, or even cows." He said this in the tone of one who realizes that cows are a higher form of art than sheep. "I paid a good price for that picture—forty-five pound, frame included."

"Did you indeed, sir?" said Anderson.

Mr. Briggs was turning to leave the room when Poppy came through the long windows, followed by Mr. Albert Bracket. Poppy, in a frock of cool mauve, was looking charming. Her color was a little richer and her figure a little plumper for her quiet stay in the country. Mr. Bracket on the other hand showed sadly the absence of his mentor's restraining guidance. He was wearing patent-leather boots, out-size, with his white flannel trousers, the Riviera cravat, and a blazer, that garment so long obsolete among the polite, striped with broad stripes of orange, black and a rich plum color.

Mr. Briggs waved an introductory hand at Anderson, and said "This is Anderson, my noo butler. You'll remember 'im. 'E was a kind of odd-job man to that inpecoonious young blighter, 'Ambleton. But I got 'im orf 'im. I'm showin' 'im round."

"Good afternoon," said Poppy, and Mr. Bracket nodded, frowning as if anyone connected with Antony was unpleasant to him.

"Good afternoon, miss. Good afternoon, sir," said Anderson.

"Where's Mr. Hambleton now?" said Mr. Bracket gloomily.

"I believe that he has found work, sir," said Anderson.

"Ah, I told him he'd come to it," said Mr. Bracket with gloomy satisfaction. "Is it in London, or the country?"

"Partly in London, partly in the country," said Anderson.

"And a fat lot of work 'e'll do," said Mr. Briggs with conviction. "Come along, Anderson."

He went briskly through the door, and Anderson followed him.

X

POPPY settled herself comfortably in the corner of the couch which stood in the middle of the room. Mr. Bracket gazed round it with admiring eyes.

"We little guessed in the old days that we should ever find ourselves at home in a place like this," he said.

His voice sounded as if it had been greased with more than usual care.

"We didn't indeed," said Poppy without enthusiasm.

"One of the historic homes of England," said Mr. Bracket, apparently luxuriating in the bath of blue. "To think that the Branksomes have lived here since the days of Charles II!"

Poppy's face became overcast, and she frowned almost fretfully.

(Continued on Page 146)

Fireproof . . . Not a Wood Board

SHEETROCK is a fireproof wallboard. It is made of rock, and, therefore, is a natural barrier to fire.

It is approved by The Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., of The National Board of Fire Underwriters.

How effective a protection against fire Sheetrock provides on the walls and ceilings of your home is illustrated by the facts recited in a recent letter from E. A. Shilton, President of The Shilton Lumber Company, of Fairfield, Montana.

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"Someone thought of our piles of Sheetrock, broke open our warehouse, carried out 22 eight-foot pieces of Sheetrock, and leaned them against the lumber shed. The heat was so intense that the bearers had to creep along the wall behind their slabs of Sheetrock, deposit them, and then seek the street through the triangular passageway they had formed.

"None of the Sheetrock was even scorched. The Sheetrock saved the building from destruction."

SHEET

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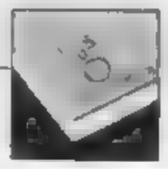

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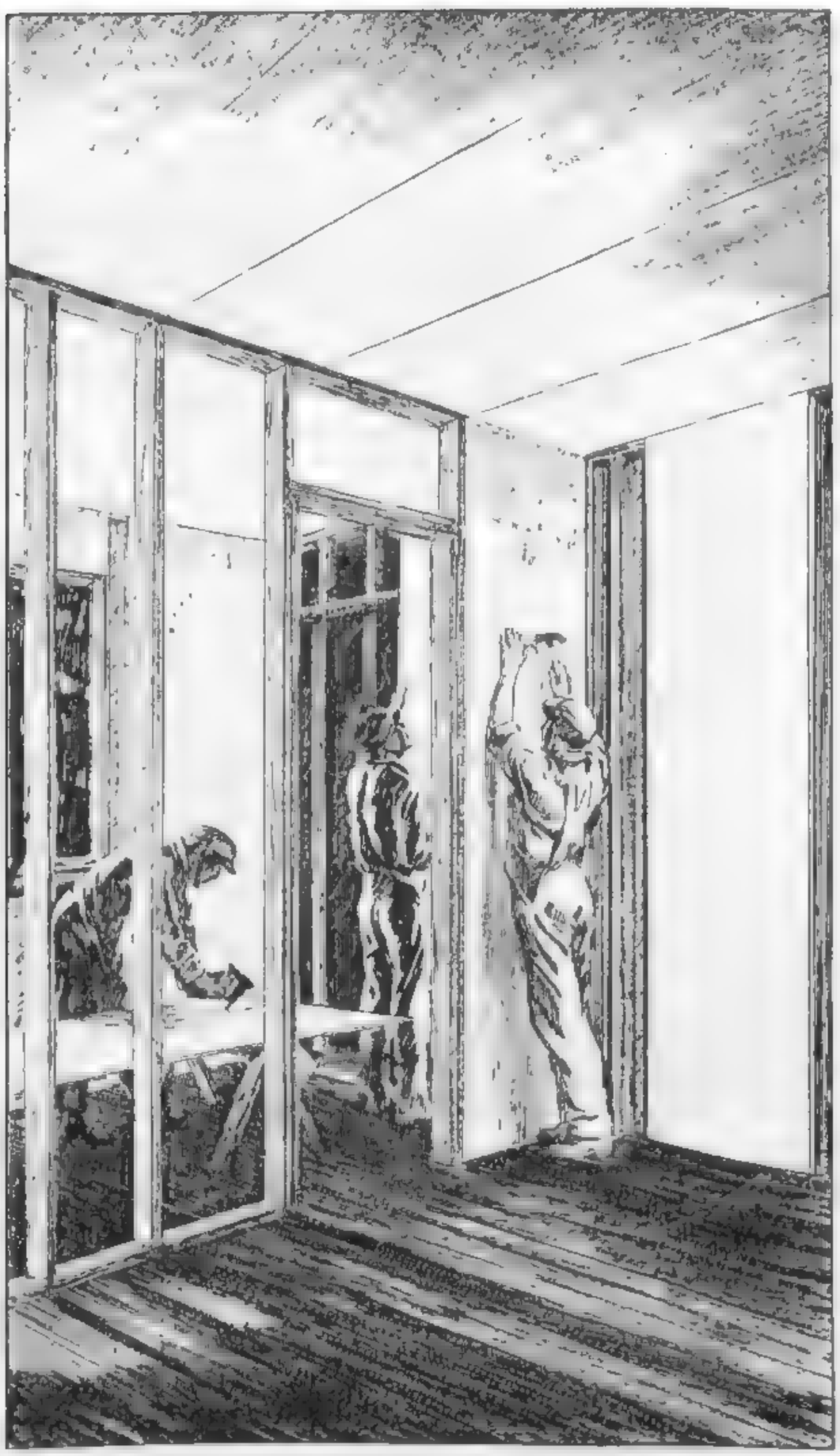

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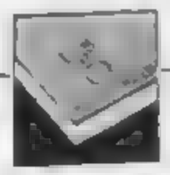

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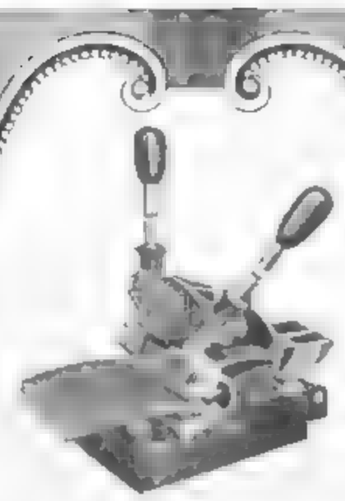

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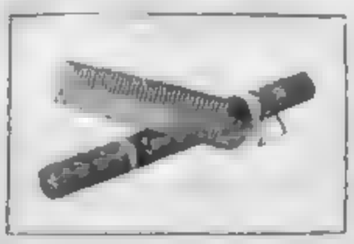

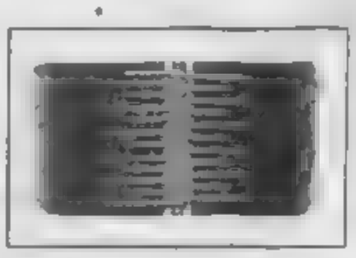

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 143)

"It's all very well," she said plaintively, "but I'm that nervous about Lord and Lady Branksome's calling on us that I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels."

Mr. Bracket turned and regarded her with an air of grave understanding and sympathy.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not quite comfortable with the aristocracy myself," he said. "But I'm getting more used to them. I keep telling myself that kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

"That's a fact, even if it is poetry," said Poppy with conviction. She paused, and added in a resentful tone: "I can't think how pa does it. He's just hail fellow well met with all these swells."

She seemed to grudge Mr. Briggs this agreeable accomplishment.

"Your father's one of Nature's gentlemen, and he never forgets that money talks," said Mr. Bracket.

"What I mean is, if he hadn't made quite such a lot we should have stayed in Bootle and never come to London. You could get what you wanted for your money in Bootle. What's the good of a beautiful drawing-room like this stuck away in the country? In Bootle there'd be people to appreciate it."

"So there will be here. You'll soon be entertaining the whole county. Lord and Lady Branksome are only the beginning," said Mr. Bracket in a tone of encouragement.

"What's the good of that if the Bootle people aren't here to see it?" said Poppy.

"Oh, they get to hear about us—they get to hear about us," said Mr. Bracket.

"Yes, I see to that. I write and tell Myra Stubbs all about our doings every week, and you may be sure she doesn't keep it to herself. Of all the clacking tongues I ever came across, that woman has the worst," said Poppy.

"And there's many a paragraph in the Bootle Herald. I see to that," said Mr. Bracket in a tone of warm satisfaction.

"Do you now?" said Poppy. "And I shouldn't wonder if you wrote them yourself."

"I do," said Mr. Bracket proudly. "Polished paragraphs they are, if I may say so. It's a great thing to have leisure."

Poppy gazed at him with admiring eyes. Then her face became overcast again, and she said unhappily: "But visiting with the county will only make it worse. If there's one thing I hate it's having to be on my p's and q's the whole time. I like to enjoy myself in my own way—with real friends."

Mr. Bracket looked at her earnestly.

"It's odd," he said, "but I sometimes feel that way myself. I sometimes feel that the giddy whirl of fashionable life isn't really to my taste, and that I was happier in the old days at Bootle."

"I'm sure I was," said Poppy with mournful sincerity.

Mr. Bracket frowned heavily, and said: "I never seem to get a chance of improving my mind nowadays. There's neither time nor opportunity, much less anyone to do it with. I miss the old Polytechnic badly."

"Ah, you were always one of the serious-minded ones, Mr. Bracket," said Poppy in a tone of deep respect. "What I miss is the chapel socials. There was real enjoyment at those socials."

She ended on a note of keen regret.

"Yes, I did use to enjoy those socials," said Mr. Bracket in a voice almost as regretful as her own.

Poppy sighed deeply, then she said: "It was at one of them—those socials—I first heard you sing The Rosary."

Mr. Bracket drew himself up and seemed almost to snuff the air like a war horse.

"I flatter myself that I can sing The Rosary. It suits my voice to a T," he said with honest pride.

"No one better," said Poppy with warm conviction.

He lost his air of a spirited war horse, sighed and said despondently: "I haven't sung it for months. There doesn't seem to be any demand for it in society."

Poppy gazed at him with sympathetic eyes. Then she said: "I did use to look forward to hearing you sing that song."

"And I used to enjoy singing it ever so much more when you were there," he said.

"Fancy that!" cried Poppy, blushing with pleasure at the tribute. "And I never guessed it for a moment. Pa was in such a small way of business in those days I never dreamed you paid any heed to me at all."

"There's some people you have to pay heed to whether you want to or not," said Mr. Bracket with conviction. "And you're one of them."

Poppy blushed yet more deeply as she cried: "Goodness, Mr. Bracket! What a compliment! And from you too!"

"It isn't a compliment. I never pay them," said Mr. Bracket stolidly.

He paused to admire her blushing face, and a faint glow came into his dull eyes. He went on: "I don't mind telling you now that I was really glad when the war came and your father began to rise in the world. I felt that it was bringing us closer together."

"You don't mean to say so!" said Poppy in a tone of the deepest astonishment.

"I was never more serious in my life," said Mr. Bracket.

"And I never even dreamed it!"

"I'm not one of those who wear their hearts on their sleeves. But you know it now. And since we've been thrown together in society I've come to appreciate you more and more. Look here, Poppy—you don't mind my calling you Poppy——"

Poppy rose quickly to her feet with a look of sudden apprehension on her face and said, "Oh, but you mustn't, Mr. Bracket!"

The fine flush had faded from her face, leaving it rather pale. Mr. Bracket gazed at her with a surprised, baffled air.

"Why not?" he said heavily.

"Oh, why didn't you say this before you went away to Monte Carlo?" she cried.

"I like to take my time over things," he said stolidly. "You don't mean to say you're engaged to someone else?"

"Not—not—engaged exactly. It hasn't got so far as that yet. But I feel bound in a way," said Poppy in a miserable voice.

"It's that Hambleton!" said Mr. Bracket in a tone of dull consternation. "I might have known it! But I didn't think he'd had time."

"He doesn't let the grass grow under his feet, Mr. Hambleton doesn't," said Poppy in a doubtful voice, as if she were not sure whether she prized or disliked Antony's celerity.

"And I like to take my time over things."

Mr. Bracket stared at her in a heavy gloom. Then his face grew a little brighter, and he said more cheerfully: "But after all the thing's hopeless, you know. Your father'll never hear of it."

"Pa does as I want him—in the long run," said Poppy.

"But you don't want him to do that—you can't! You'd never be happy with Hambleton—you know you wouldn't. He's not our sort," urged Mr. Bracket with a heavy earnestness.

"He's quite the gentleman," said Poppy firmly.

She had no intention of allowing him to underrate Antony.

"Yes, but not in the Bootle way," protested Mr. Bracket. "He'd never be happy in Bootle, and you'll never be happy out of it."

"No, he's too romantic like for Bootle. I can see that," said Poppy slowly. "But I'm none so sure I shouldn't be happy with him, though he never would let me have my own way."

"He never lets anyone have his own way," said Mr. Bracket gloomily.

He gazed at her. She was gazing down at the bright blue carpet with troubled eyes, and her pretty forehead was furrowed by a worried frown.

Then she said unhappily, "Well, anyhow I've got to stick to him as long as he sticks to me."

Mr. Bracket ground his teeth. Then he said: "Well, thank goodness, that isn't likely to be long! He's frivolous—that's what he is. I think it comes of his having idled away his time at the war. Your father will see to it that he doesn't set eyes on you for the next three months."

The door opened, and Antony entered with a slow and majestic gait. On a silver tray he brought three large bright-blue porcelain flower vases.

Poppy glanced at him, murmured, "Gracious! This is a new one!"

"Your father told me he was getting more of them," said Mr. Bracket.

"Come on! Let's get out into the garden," she said, moving quickly toward the window. "I never can talk before them. They make me that nervous."

"I'm none too comfortable with them myself," said Mr. Bracket as he followed her through the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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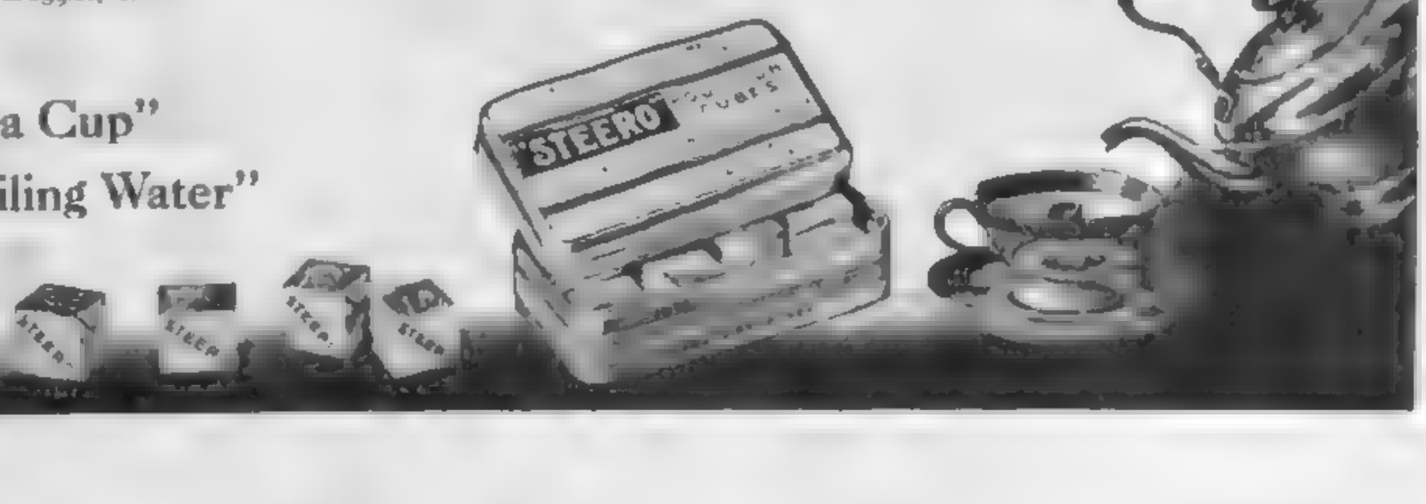


BUCCANEER BLOOD

(Continued from Page 27)

"I'll get rich an' come back an' show 'em whether they can steal calves from me. I'll be able to buy his ol' plantation a hundred times ovah! I know just how I'll do. I just been readin' a book all about Wall Street and how a boy from the country got rich there."

Grid landed in New York with the twenty dollars from the sale of his calf still intact. Why spend good money for railroad fares, particularly when it was so much more adventurous to catch rides on freight trains? He reckoned that was twenty dollars saved toward the money he needed to begin his career as a Wall Street operator. Meantime he'd get a job with one of those brokers he'd read about. He opened a savings-bank account at once and swore not to touch it for living purposes.

But the weeks that followed put both his Pendleton pride and his Gridley thrift and ingenuity to a severe test. He would have starved but for his faculty for conserving pennies and his willingness to do menial labor. The desired brokerage job proved elusive, but he supported himself meantime by toting baggage at the ferries and by other odd jobs.

He was still living thus precariously when he got his first message from home, a letter from his father which clinched that purpose and gave it definite form. It was the final turning point of his life. He had sent his address to his brother in a brief letter his second day in New York, but had received no answer.

This is what his father wrote:

"ELIHU GRIDLEY PENDLETON, ESQ.

"39 Bowery, New York City.

"*Dear Sir:* Having taken due time to consider your letter to my son and also to give you an opportunity to change your mind, as you are evidently bent on going your own way I have drafted a new will cutting you from the inheritance. I hereby serve notice that you are no longer a son of mine.

"In regard to your theft of livestock, to which of course you realize you had no legal right, I have decided after mature deliberation not to prosecute. I have some regard for the name which you have sought to disgrace and still impudently bear.

"I have forbidden my son to carry on any correspondence with you and advise you to govern yourself accordingly.

"Very emphatically yours,

"HORATIO K. PENDLETON."

Two days later Colonel Pendleton received a note inclosing a neatly folded twenty-dollar bill and this terse line:

"Nobody can call me a thief."

The importance of wiping out such an imputation far outweighed the value of his bank account, which he had sworn not to touch. Two days still later Grid received a note containing the same bill and this even more terse line:

"Damn your Yankee impudence."

Still another two days and Colonel Pendleton opened an envelope containing no note at all. But there sifted out a little trickle of white ashes, topped by the charred corner of the twenty-dollar bill.

Up to date nothing had ever given Grid quite so much pain or, paradoxically, quite such an exalted thrill as the burning of that bill.

"Some day," he gritted as he watched the sacred holocaust, "I'll burn thousand-dollar bills right under his old red nose. I'll buy up his mortgages and take his old plantation away from him. I'll buy back the land he and granddad lost. I'll show 'em what a real Pendleton's like!"

From that moment on the ruling purpose and passion of his life became the restoration of his Pendleton birthright. To it everything else became subservient, even his golden adventurous dreams. So he began a forty-year servitude as a Gridley, that in the end he might blossom triumphantly as a Pendleton.

A few days later he landed a real job; not what he had been looking for but one that suited his purpose even better. He had just turned away from another manager of a brokerage office who had no vacancy when he caught the whimsical brown eyes of a ruddy-faced gray little man whose air of disinterested spectator was in sharp contrast to the tense, feverish speculators round him. This man had been studying him for some moments. He liked the sturdy bearing of the country boy and the flash of fire in his eyes. Grid in turn liked him on sight.

"Looking for a job, son?" he asked genially. "There's a vacancy over in my shop that might interest you."

"Thank you, suh! I would like a job. What firm is yours?"

"Oh, I'm with a newspaper," the little man explained, handing him a card. "There I am. I need a new office boy. My old boy's been promoted to a reporter's job."

"John Quinby, Financial Editor, Wall Street Mirror," read the card.

"My paper is a financial paper," Quinby explained as Grid hesitated. "You'd be in closer touch with all Wall Street and learn the game quicker with us than in any broker's office, if that's what you're after. Besides, you'd only work afternoons and early evenings. That would give you your forenoons to lose your savings on the Street. I suppose you've hit town to make a fortune."

Quinby was a character reader. He had guessed that here was another budding lamb seeking slaughter, but he saw something more in him.

Grid took the job.

This meeting with Old John Quinby, dean of the Wall Street newspaper crowd in those days, marked another epoch in Grid's career. First, he became a newspaper man instead of a broker; second, it was the influence of his sponsor which fixed in him the lifelong habit of cautious investing that so puzzled his brokers at times.

Every New York newspaper office in those days, as it is to-day, was a pen of lambs, dabblers in the stock market. Grid found himself at once in a fascinating atmosphere of flyers in this and quick turns in that, of margins and pyramids. It was that memorable winter of 1879 and 1880 when Jay Gould was at the height of his power, when the stock market responded to the touch of that wizard as a great pipe organ does to the master's fingers on the keyboard. Day after day Grid, on errands for Quinby, found time to dodge into brokerage offices and listen raptly to marvelous tales of winnings. Occasionally he had the luck to have pointed out to him one of the big speculators and he would dream of the day when he himself would cut just such a dashing figure. One memorable day he heard an excited passer on the street exclaim, "There's Gould!" and he actually caught a glimpse of the wiry little man darting through the crowd with his queer sidewise gait.

Meantime he was saving money.

"Mr. Quinby," he ventured one afternoon after he had been with the Mirror some weeks, "I've got a little money I want to invest. What had I better buy?"

"O-ho! So you are going to gamble on margins!"

Grid didn't exactly like Quinby's tone or the term he used. Gambling meant foolish risking of money, a practice, to his mind, never indulged in by sensible, cautious men. Nothing had happened in the market during the last month to impress him with the risk of stock speculation.

"Let me take your money and handle it for you, Grid," Quinby offered after a little thought. "You can watch me work until you get the hang of it. I'll put it with my money and we'll be partners in the deal. In that way you'll have the advantage of dealing with my regular brokers."

Grid turned over his savings—fifty dollars in all—and his sponsor reported presently that Grid was the owner of five shares of Continental Iron.

Day by day Continental rose, and the elated young gambler saw his paper winnings rise by the magic process of buying on a margin and pyramiding. It was the excitement of the game fully as much as his winnings that elated him.

At length came a day when his paper winnings passed the thousand-dollar mark. Grid's pride knew no bounds. When the senior office boy gave him an errand to do he grandly told him to do it himself.

Then came the sudden and wholesale wreck of values that swept the Stock Exchange in May and June of that year. Grid came to work one afternoon to find himself wiped out. The stricken youngster gulped hard, then pulled himself together and stared at his chief without speaking for some moments.

"Wish we'd sold yesterday," he managed to say finally.

"But suppose we had?" Quinby said. "If it had gone on up ten more points instead of dropping, then you'd be pretty sore at having made only one thousand dollars instead of two thousand dollars, wouldn't you?"

Grid thought about it a moment.

"I reckon maybe I would," he admitted finally. "I'm not blaming you at all, suh. You've been very kind."

"Well," Quinby went on, "that's why we lambs always go broke sooner or later. We hang on a little too long, hoping to make a little more.

"Some day something just like this was bound to happen, and there's never more than those ten little points between us and ruin. See?"

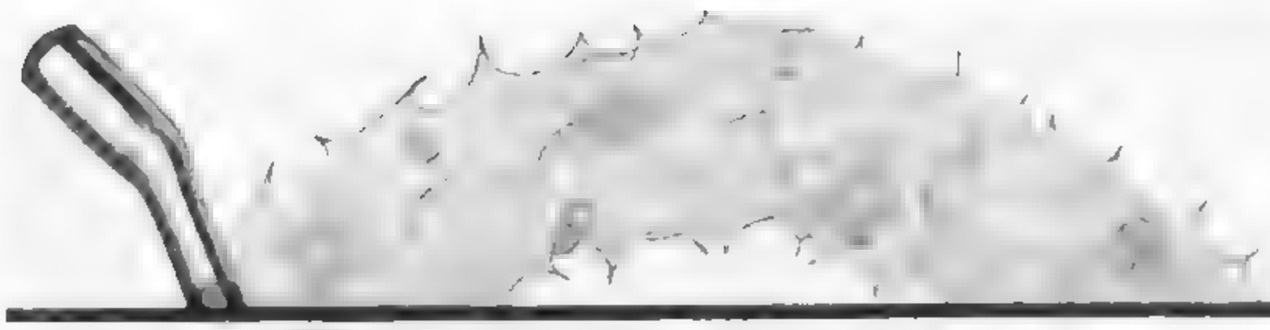
"Yes," Grid conceded reluctantly, "but what about these fellows that have been getting rich this last winter?"

"There's one of them," Quinby exclaimed, handing him a bulletin announcing the failure of Mortimer K. Rexford, one of the most spectacular of the younger plungers. "That chap was worth over three million dollars a month ago. To-day he's over one hundred thousand dollars in the hole."

Grid sat and digested this for a moment. Suddenly his eyes shone.

(Continued on Page 153)

"Who the Devil Stole My Paste Pot?" He Roared



Torrington

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

Big Brush—Powerful Suction

The secret of Torrington efficiency is:

All the electric power is in the suctum, while the big brush runs naturally, like a carpet-sweeper.

This fundamental principle of right cleaning means two things to you: *First*, the air-suction is so powerful that it draws out all the dirt. *Second*, the big revolving brush gets up the surface litter without pounding and breaking the nap of your rugs.

Go to the nearest dealer and see the exact working of these two vitally important features. Give your wife a Torrington this Christmas—for it is the gift she will truly appreciate; it means a cleaner house and less work for her.

Send for free copy of our booklet, which tells how to change hours of hard work to minutes of play. We shall also gladly send information about a free trial and partial payments.

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY

National Sweeper Division

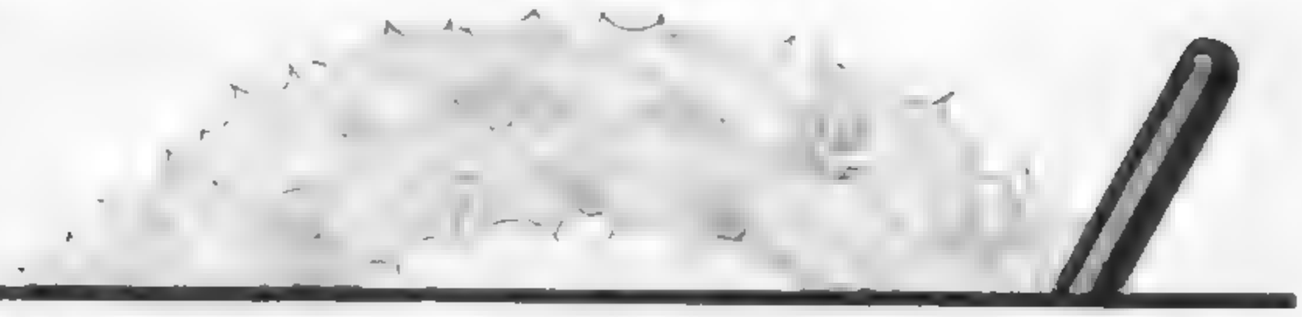
29 Laurel Street Torrington, Connecticut

DEALERS: Send us your address so we may send you the inquiries coming from your territory.

For Your Wife

WHY don't you give your wife a Torrington?

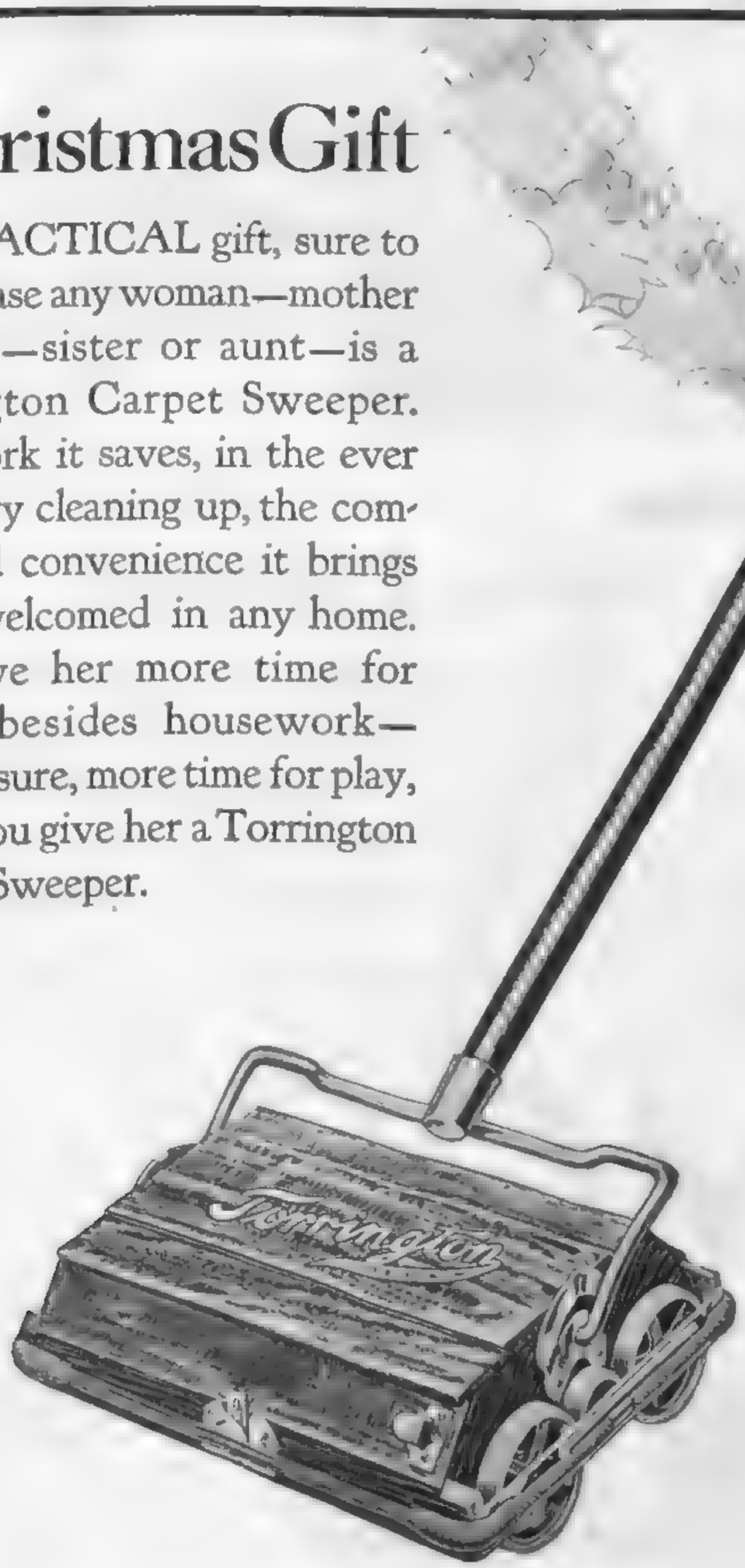
It is the gift she would buy for herself. She knows that it will make her housework easier and give her more leisure. With a Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner every nook and cranny of the house is cleaned in a few minutes. And she will not be too tired to enjoy outdoor sports, the latest novel, music, or whatever her favorite recreation may be.

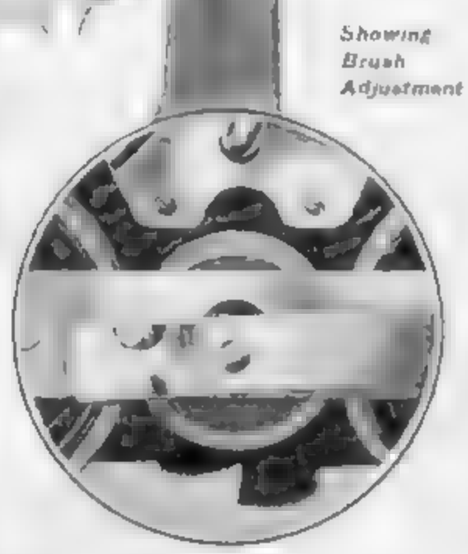


Torrington CARPET SWEEPER

A Christmas Gift

A PRACTICAL gift, sure to please any woman—mother or wife—sister or aunt—is a Torrington Carpet Sweeper. The work it saves, in the ever necessary cleaning up, the comfort and convenience it brings—are welcomed in any home. You give her more time for things besides housework—more leisure, more time for play, when you give her a Torrington Carpet Sweeper.





Why You Should Have This Torrington

From the thickest of rugs to bare floors you can remove surface litter quickly and easily with a Torrington Carpet Sweeper because the single brush adjustment permits the brush to be leveled with the surface to be cleaned. It saves rugs; it saves work and time; it helps to restore colors in rugs; it does away with most of the dusting. The Torrington Sweeper is made right—the result of making carpet sweepers for twenty years.

Ask your dealer to show you this light, efficient sweeper, and to show why the adjustable brush is important in cleaning any floor or floor covering in your house.

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY

National Sweeper Division

29 Laurel Street, Torrington, Connecticut

DEALERS: Check over your stock of Torrington Carpet Sweepers and see that you have enough on hand to meet the holiday demand.

$7.50

(Patents Pending)

Makes Winter Driving a Pleasure

The AMCO Shutter for Ford cars is a scientific device for control of engine heat in cold weather. It enables your car to function freely in any temperature.

Does away forever with such unsightly devices as pieces of cardboard or cloth across the radiator.

—AND IT WORKS FROM THE DASH!

A touch of your finger on a little lever on the dash opens or closes AMCO, while you are driving, and keeps your engine warm even when the thermometer says "Zero!"

Besides, AMCO makes your engine run at maximum efficiency by keeping the water temperature at the proper heat. This enables your engine to consume all the fuel, thus preventing deposits of carbon in your cylinders.

Anyone can install AMCO in less than 10 minutes. It positively will not work loose or rattle. If your dealer does not carry the AMCO, send P. O. Money Order for $7.50 and we will supply you by prepaid parcel post.

Dealers and Jobbers without AMCO Shutters—wire or mail us your order today. AMCO'S season of greatest sale is here. Unprecedented demand is taxing our facilities. To profit by this demand, get your orders in at once.

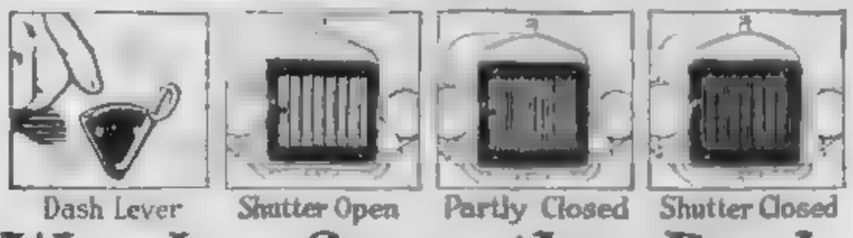
AMERICAN METALS CORPORATION

Indianapolis, Indiana

AMCO

TRADE MARK REG.

Shutter for Fords



Works from the Dash

(Continued from Page 149)

"But what bully sport he's had!" he exclaimed. "I bet he makes another fortune pretty quick."

Quinby, not having the clairvoyant power to see before him the tussle that was going on between a certain roaring old buccaneer and a certain shrewd Yankee trader, threw up his hands in despair.

"Haven't learned anything then!" he grunted.

But the blaze in Grid's eyes had already died to a steady glow. He was thinking of the Pendleton plantation and of the need of cautious saving if he would fulfill his boast that he would own it some day.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Quinby," he replied slowly. "I've learned my lesson. I've got something to do that's going to take quite a lot of money and I can't risk losing any more. I'll never buy on margin again as long as I live."

"Remember this, Grid," Quinby added, "there are only two men who make much money in the long run in this stock-speculation game—the fellow who prints the pictures and the fellow who takes the eighth. I mean the man who promotes companies and prints up and sells pretty stock certificates to the public, and the broker who charges an eighth of one per cent for buying and selling that stock for the public. Now, here's your money, with the interest for three months. I've just been speculating for you on paper and keeping the money in my bank with my own savings. I just wanted to teach you a lesson."

Grid never forgot that lesson. Quinby allowed him to continue to pool his savings with his own and take advantage of the older man's ripe experience as an investor in sound stocks bought outright until he was competent to act independently.

Meantime he had become a confirmed newspaper man. At first he had intended to get a little experience and money together and then take a job in a brokerage office. Some day he'd print the pictures and take the eighth. But as he watched the daily routine of these traders of the Street, though his Gridley soul approved, his Pendleton soul revolted. There was no romance, no dash to mere buying and selling for other people. The promoters were different, it is true. There he caught some of the flavor of romance. But they were for the most part not good sports, to his mind. Some he found played with stacked cards. Those who didn't were either too cautious or foolishly shortsighted.

In the end the only Wall Street type that really appealed was the dashing operator who risked his own money in a big open game of give and take. That was playing the game as a Virginia gentleman should, but, alas, as a conservative Yankee investor couldn't.

At eighteen he became a cub reporter and at twenty was actual assistant to his old chief, Quinby. Quinby gradually dropped out of active work and at thirty Grid succeeded him as financial editor. He was barely forty when a new generation of reporters were calling him Old Grid.

Year by year his conservative savings and investments increased. His living cost him little. He had never married and his tastes were simple. Yet time and again when a boom in the market enabled him to sell a block of hoarded stock at a good profit his satisfaction turned to dead ashes at the thought of the royal sport he could have had by plunging his pile on a margin as his momentarily racing blood demanded.

But he always thought of the old plantation, the birthright he had set himself to regain, and of the increasingly long line of plungers he had seen stripped bare. And so each time he stifled the impulse.

In his big purpose to win the Pendleton home he made steady progress. Five years after he came to New York his father died. When it came to settling the estate it looked as though the creditors would strip Horatio, the heir, of any advantage over his disinherited brother. Grid saved the day by paying a proportion of the debts and in return the brother deeded back to him half of the plantation.

Then little by little Grid paid up the mortgages. Finally, as the incompetent brother fell hopelessly into the financial hole, Grid bought him out.

III

SO ON this day, forty years after the beginning of his exile, Grid stood in the customers' room of Merkel, Gordon & Hodge, waiting for Armstrong Common to rise a few more points and enable him to reap the final profit that would make it possible to buy back the acres his father and grandfathers lost and put him in possession, free and clear, of the old buccaneer's original estate. Further, he would have the needed reserve for setting the place in order and properly financing the operation of the land.

For forty years, like the Israelites of old, he had wandered in the wilderness of Wall Street, working his way slowly, painfully back toward his promised land. To-day he stood on Pisgah viewing his Canaan almost within reach.

The long struggle passed before him in a vision as he stood for the moment oblivious of the boisterous speculators round him.

At length he awoke from his dream and with elaborate unconcern squinted again at the quotation board. Armstrong Common was apparently heading straight for par. All he need do now was to wait calmly till that happened and sell out.

"She'll do it by noon, sure as the devil!" shouted the short youth by the ticker, dropping the tape and starting toward the order cage. "I'm pyramiding my pile on it!"

Old Grid watched the enthusiastic young gambler wistfully for a moment, then slouched over to a leather settee at the end of the board, sat down and stared dreamily into space. For once he envied even a reckless lamb, he of the stuff of which bulls and bears are made. Except for his unwonted paleness and the little drops of sweat that gathered on his forehead, no one looking on would have suspected that the old struggle was on again, and being waged more fiercely than ever.

"Armstrong, 500, 93⅛; 300, ¼; 400, ⅜; 500, ½; 200, ⅝; 300, ¾; 600, 94," read out an exultant tapeworm at the ticker, and the boy snapped the new high number into the board.

That one little run of tape added another thousand dollars to the Pendleton fund. But Grid sighed as though it had been that much loss. Again he clutched impulsively at the bundle of stock in his pocket and half rose from his seat, then dropped back again.

He figured for a moment on an old envelope. If he had taken the manager's advice a few moments before—sold out and rebought on a margin—he would have been holding ninety-three hundred shares during that one-point rise instead of a mere thousand and his profit would have been ninety-three hundred dollars.

But it was the power that he could wield with that little bundle of stock that really fascinated him. For Grid alone outside the sacred inner circle knew for a certainty just what was making the wheels go round in this particular stock manipulation. The manipulation just now was at a stage of delicate balance, where it could be easily upset. Grid's secret knowledge plus the block of stock he could control by expanding his holdings into margins would make him at a critical moment a dangerous unknown factor to the pool that was sailing the Armstrong boom. Grid's information was right from the inside. For years he had held the confidence of some of the biggest men in the Street. They knew that when he quoted them it would be without subtle twists and embellishments, such as some financial writers used to further their own ends. When they tagged a burst of confidence with the sacred phrase "not for publication," they knew their secret was as safe as though they had whispered it to a graven image. They trusted him particularly because they knew he was neither a gambler nor a tipster. In return they always told Grid the truth, because it was safe and there was no object in telling him anything else.

Some six months before, when the Armstrong Motor Company, which had led a quiet existence since its founding eight years before, was attracting no attention whatever, a certain big banker in an idle half hour with Grid fell to recalling scraps of inside war history. He told in passing how a certain motor company came near getting a huge war contract and then missed it after a group of big men had got behind it and put up the money to rebuild the plant. "That's not for publication, though," he added.

He hadn't named the concern, but certain comments unerringly pointed out Armstrong. Grid knew with whom the big banker played when there was a deal on. Casual calls on each of these gentlemen, the gathering of a scrap here and there and the piecing together of the whole revealed a big pool which had cornered Armstrong stock and put up a lot of money, only to have the project drop dead on their hands.

But these gentlemen were not philanthropists. Grid knew for a certainty that when there was a good opening they would galvanize the corpse into something like life long enough to boost the stock to a point where they could unload at a price that would pay them back their investment with a nice bonus for their trouble, hurt pride, nervous tension, lost time and other considerations. That profitable point, he figured from various hints, would be par value.

In other words, the pool was going to start a bull movement in Armstrong and push it up to par. Then they'd unload their holdings at a good profit and there would be a large drove of lambs with nothing but exceedingly thin skin to protect them from a cold winter.

So there he had been with over fifty thousand dollars to work with and a secret worth millions. And the power he could have wielded! He sighed deeply as he thought of the royal sport he had missed. A dozen times when the artificially inflated stock had wavered a little lambs had started for cover at rumors that insiders were unloading, and Grid had cynically watched the ticker that told him the pool had been forced into heavy buying to sustain the market. At any of those times he could have precipitated a crash by hurling a large block of stock into the market and going short. Time and again he had thrown his old resolution to the wind, but each time held himself in check just before he had taken the plunge.

It wasn't too late yet. Even now he caught a note of uncertainty in the talk round him. He heard the dyspeptic Carew telling a group that a break would come before Armstrong made another point. Even Grid, piker that he was, had he ninety-three hundred shares in hand, could sell it in a block through a broker believed to represent the pool and start a downward movement that it would be hard to stop. He jumped from his chair and this time got within a yard of the order cage.

But while he waited for another customer ahead of him a vision of the old plantation rose before him again. He thought of the chance that he might have his little hammer taken violently away from him, that he might pay for a moment's fun with his all but regained birthright.

So he took a tight grip on himself and went back to his seat again. And so he watched, hour after hour, fighting the same old battle, while the ticker, after a brief period of uncertainty, steadily clicked off the advances in Armstrong. An eighth of a point at a time it hit ninety-five. Then it spurted to ninety-six. After a half hour of wavering a quarter each side of this market a series of big buying orders drove it to ninety-nine in twenty minutes.

Grid had forgotten his luncheon. It came t me to begin his afternoon work, but he lingered and watched.

Armstrong crept to ninety-nine and a half, dropped a quarter and then just before two o'clock with another rush of orders it hit par.

Now was the time to sell. He could still get in the big game. He could go short for his whole pile. Should he?

Grid heaved himself from his chair and hesitated a long moment. Then slowly, reluctantly, he made his way through the pandemonium to the order cage, like a man on his way to execution. Yet even when he reached the order cage he was not sure what his order would be.

"Sell my Armstrong at the market," he heard himself saying. It was as though he were listening to someone else.

He waited apathetically while the broker put in the order to sell. He no longer watched the quotation board. He was gazing out of the dusty window, but not at the drab wall across the court. He was seeing the sunlight flicker through the sycamores on the roof of the old plantation house.

He was roused from his musings by the voice of the order clerk:

"Sold you at one hundred and one, Mr. Pendleton. You won't kick at a thousand extra for spending money, I take it?"

"Little velvet trimming, eh?" Grid commented. "Well, I take 'em plain or fancy, just as they come."

Carew, the dyspeptic assistant financial editor of the News, who had flouted Grid's judgment earlier in the day, was standing by, greedy-eyed, while Grid closed his transaction. He was a confirmed tapeworm, to whom Grid had given much disregarded advice. Now his dispirited greeting awoke the older man's interest.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked sympathetically. "Have the jackals been picking yo' bones a whole lot? I hope they left a little meat round the joints."

"Not a meat, Mr. Pendleton. I'm cleaned out. I was so sure Armstrong was going to break that I, like a simp, went short on it for the limit. Swartz just took my little kite away from me and told me to run home to mother."

Grid took him by the elbow and led him toward the door, a new light flashing in his eyes.

"You come with me, son, and we'll eat. While yoah eatin' if yo'll listen to an old man yo'll hear something to yoah advantage; something besides advice this time."

Presently they were seated in a quiet stall in a near-by café.

"Now, son," Grid began again, "I want you to do me a favor. I want you to let off a little steam for me. I know a few things about this market and I have a few more ideas. I'd like to cut loose and play it myself, as it ought to be played, but I made a bet with myself forty years ago that I'd never play margins. Besides, I've got other use for my money just now. But I never promised not to lend another man money and tell him how to use it. I'm just goin' to kid myself a little. I've just taken in a thousand more than I expected, and I'm going to lend that thousand to you to play as I tell you to. If you win we'll go halves. If you lose it we'll just forget it. It's my risk."

Waving aside the young man's protests, he explained the inside workings of Armstrong and instructed his proxy in detail how he was to handle the small stake lent him.

Grid went to his office that evening with a strangely light heart. He was humming the one tune he knew, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, but he was thinking of the fun he was going to have watching some of his own money played in the market as it should be played. It was a whimsical quibble with his vow never to gamble, but he had let off a little steam at just the right moment.

Busy copy readers and reporters looked up from their work to watch Grid speculatively as he entered the big city room and made for his battered old desk in the far corner. In the course of the evening they would saunter over one by one and get the inside dope as to the true state of the market. Meantime the financial editor's manner of entrance usually furnished a clew to his own state of mind regarding it.

He nodded to Murry, his assistant, and leaned over his desk for a moment to scan his pile of evening mail. Renewing his humming, he hung his hat on the clothes tree back of his chair. Leisurely he drew off his raincoat and hung that with the hat, then his under coat. Then he rolled up his sleeves and sat down.

Still the office waited in suspense. Year after year, though financial empires rose or fell, Grid had gone through the same motions with precisely the same demeanor, humming the while the same old melody.

He spread out his mail convenient for reading. His copy book, pencils and shears he arranged in methodical order on the desk as he had done every night since he had inherited it from Old Quinby twenty-five years before. This done, he sent a scowling glance from one end of the desk to the other. At this stage the office ceased work altogether for a moment. Grid glared round the room accusingly and leaped to his feet.

"Who the devil stole my paste pot?" he demanded.

The office heaved a sigh of relief and returned to work. "Guess the market's sound for another day," chuckled Bond, the managing editor, to a new man to whom he was giving some instructions.

"How so?" asked the new man.

"Old Grid's paste pot's always missing when he comes in at night. Some of the day force cop it. If he rears up and inquires who the devil's stolen it he's perfectly satisfied with the market in general and himself in particular. If things have gone bad he strolls sadly round the room politely asking each man if he's seen an extra paste pot."

Bond was relieved. He was a heavy dabbler in the market himself and set great store by Grid's moods. But as the nights

(Concluded on Page 157)

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

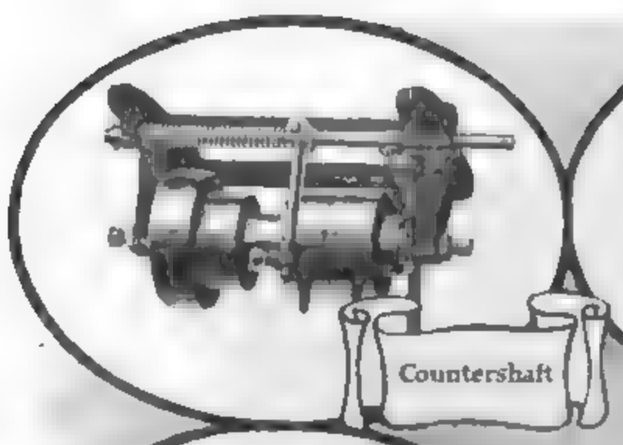
Mr. Punch Makes Holes

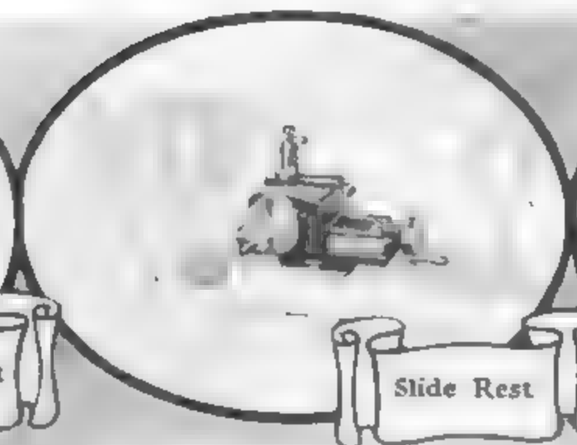
YOU push the handle—the drill automatically bores a clean, smooth hole the exact size you want. You can use it in plaster without danger of cracking or chipping. Drives into hardest or softest wood just as readily, with no chance of splitting.

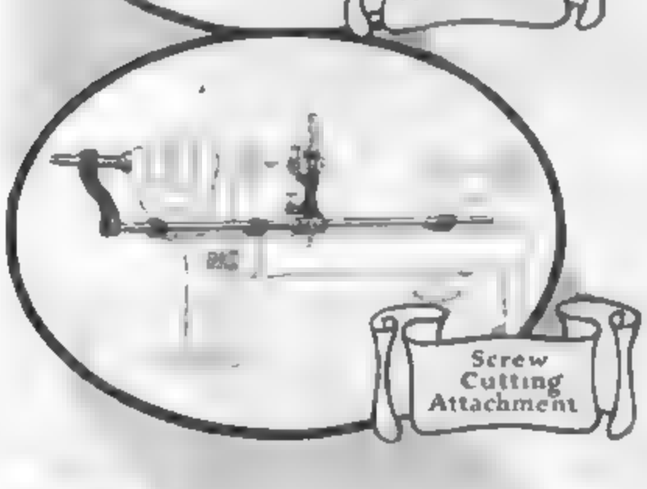
See the knurled handle with the holes in the end? It holds eight different sizes of drill points, each in its own compartment. The holes allow for quick selection of the exact size needed.

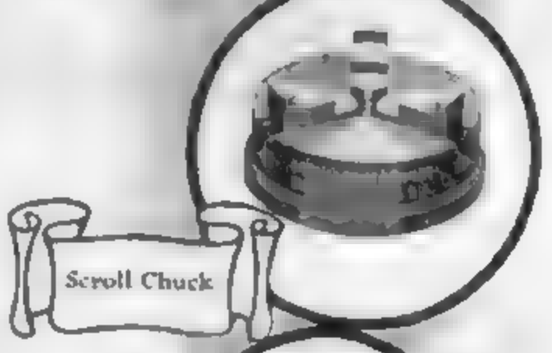
Mechanics, carpenters, and craftsmen find use for Mr. Punch on every job. Home "putterers" need him nearly every day. He costs $2.50.

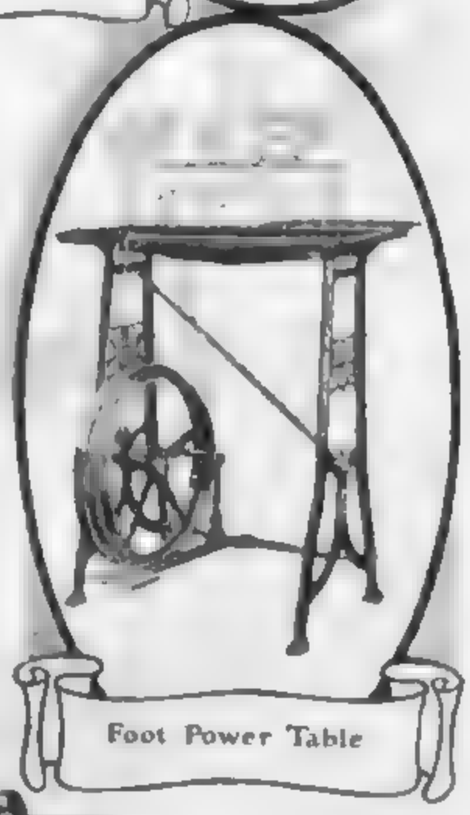
The Amateur Bench Lathe, with different attachments, illustrated on the opposite page, makes an ideal addition to any workshop.











Amateur Mechanics Experimenters Model-Makers

You who use tools can now work out your own ideas. You can make almost anything you want in metal or woodwork with the aid of this Amateur Bench Lathe.

Look at the attachments illustrated. Think of those you can make yourself—or can buy when any particularly unusual work is to be done.

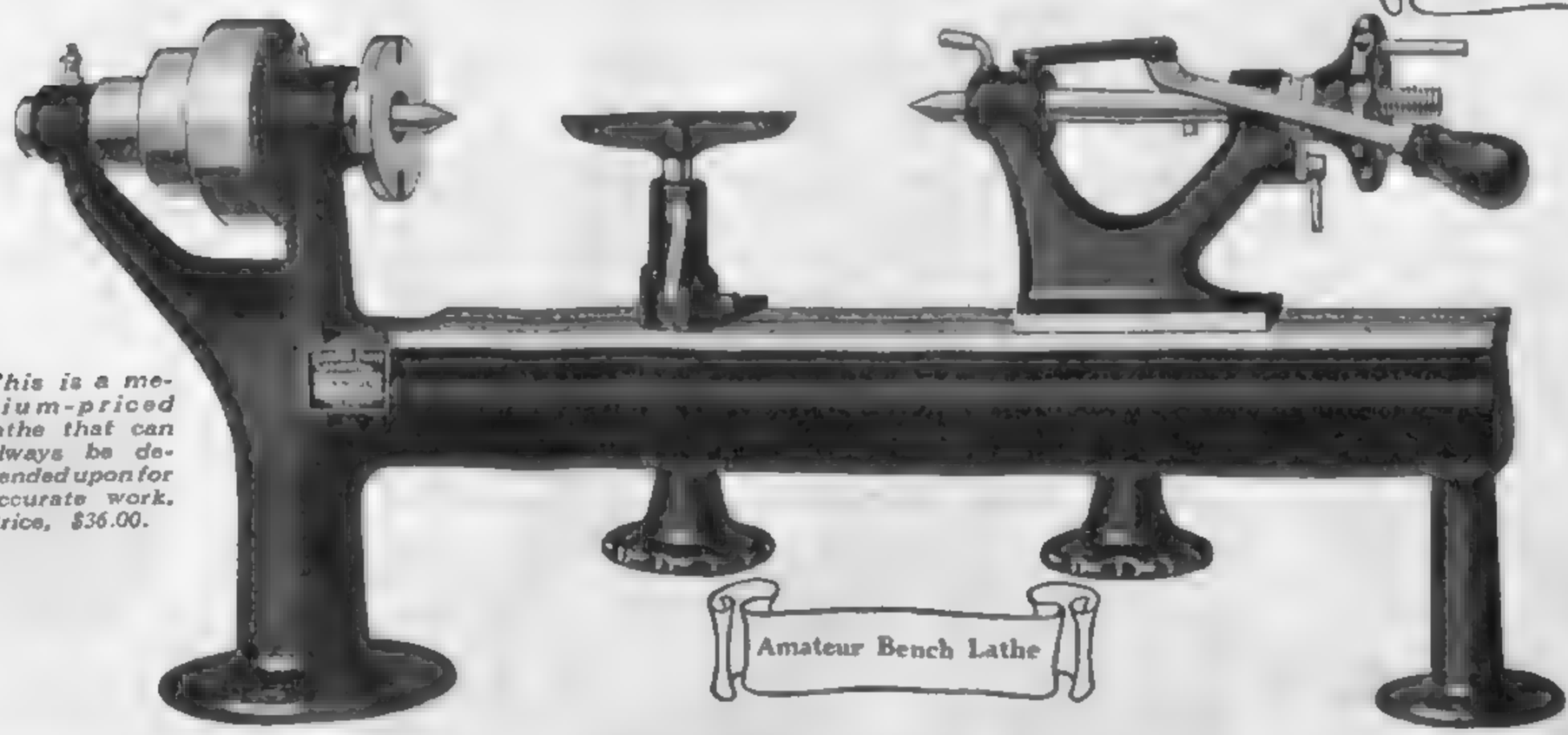
This bench lathe answers every need of the amateur worker. It handles a wide variety of work. With it you can work and experiment with that feeling of security and glow of satisfaction that a good, honest tool always gives. This is a medium-priced lathe that can always be depended upon.

In this lathe, as in all the Goodell-Pratt 1500 Good Tools, every possible precaution is taken to give you highest quality. From raw materials to finished tool there are minute inspection, scientific methods to insure accuracy, and continuous scrutiny by the most skilled of workmen. This is your guarantee that you will receive a high-grade tool that you can *trust*.

Repair shops, trade schools, and laboratories find that this Amateur Bench Lathe meets all ordinary requirements.

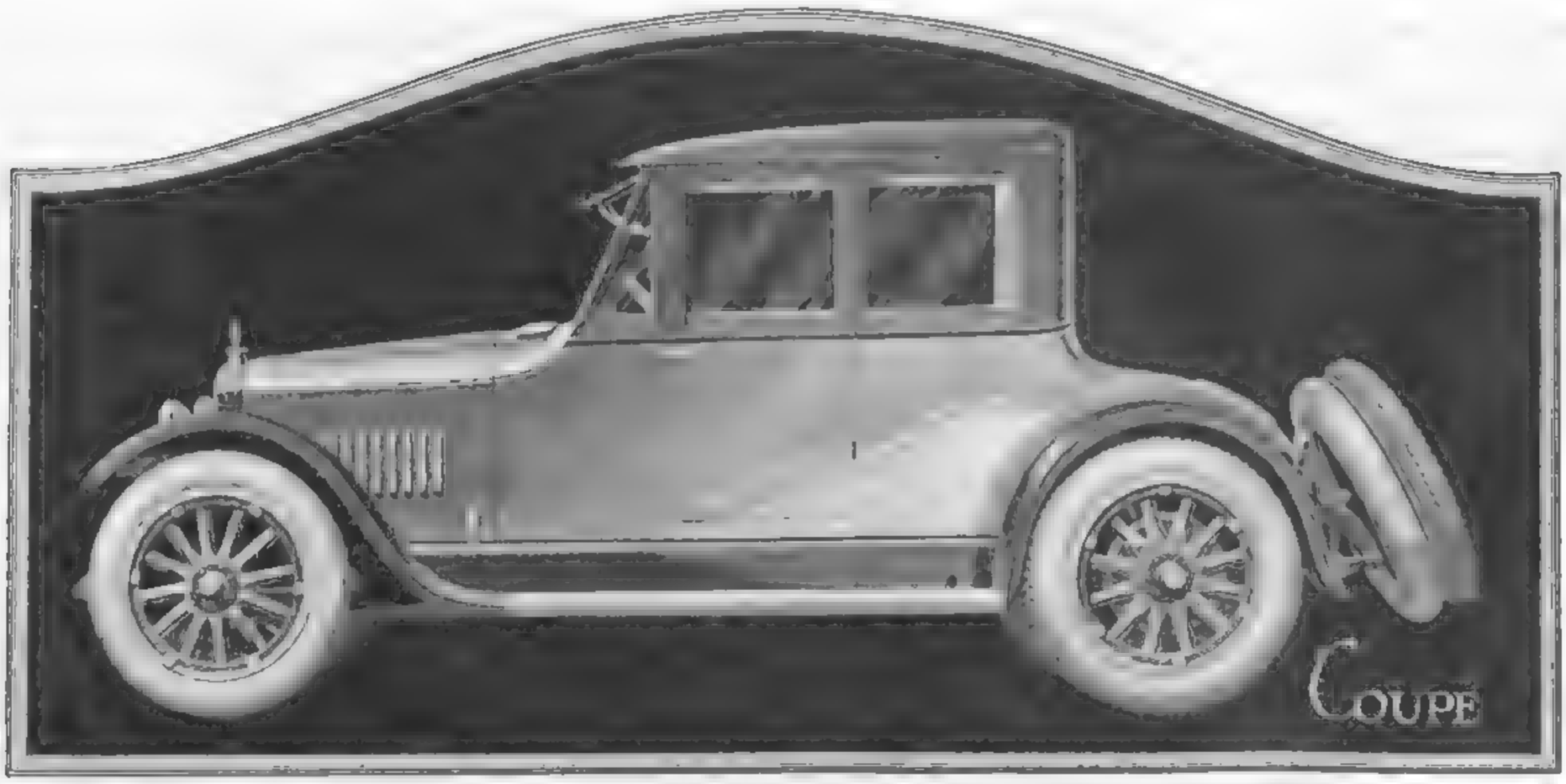
Your dealer knows Goodell-Pratt Tools. If he hasn't the one you want in stock, he can get it for you from us. And, no matter what tool you get, you can be sure that it will live up to the good name of "The Goodell-Pratt 1500 Good Tools."

Write for our Free illustrated booklet, "LATHE TALK."



This is a medium-priced lathe that can always be depended upon for accurate work. Price, $36.00.

GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY *Incorporated* **Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A.**



STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

TO get the full comfort of motoring, you need something more than the roominess, modish upholstery and lack of vibration of the Standard Eight.

You need also tremendous, perfectly controlled power. Throttle down to a mile an hour. Pick her up to express speed some place where such speed is proper. Tackle a merciless hill on second, or just once, for the foolish feat's sake, on high.

You know now the full comfort which comes from driving a car whose power is equal to any need.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY

Automotive Dept. *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Vestibule Sedan, $5000.
Sedan, $4800.
Sedanette, $4500.
Coupé, $4500.
Touring Car, $3400.
Roadster, $3400.
Chassis, $3150.

Above prices
f. o. b. Butler, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 153)

of the following week wore slowly away Grid's demands for his missing paste pot grew less truculent. Thursday evening he surprised and mystified the office by inquiring almost obsequiously for the lost article.

By now it was generally known that he was leaving at the end of the week. He had talked with modest enthusiasm of his old home and his plans for renovating it. How could a man with such a prospect feel blue? they asked. Certainly it couldn't be the market. That seemed firm as a concrete emplacement. Armstrong had gone to one hundred and eight and hovered there with slight, apparently normal fluctuations. Anyhow, Grid was entirely out of the market. Could it be he was sentimentalist enough to regret leaving this old sweatshop? Would they like to have his chance? Ask them! Just watch them regret it!

Murry, Grid's assistant, who was doomed to hold down Grid's job temporarily, was particularly mystified. They couldn't hire Grid's successor too soon to suit him.

As a matter of fact, Grid did feel a measure of regret at breaking with associations of forty years' standing. But that feeling was largely submerged by another. He was apparently not going to have the fun of watching his loan played to the limit in Armstrong. He had expected that stock to break within a day or two after it reached par. Instead it had gone several points beyond his private predictions and was now standing firm, as though there were some truth in the rumors of reorganization, new capital, fat dividends, and so on. And he might have to go away and lose the fun, for the option on the lost Pendleton acres expired the following Monday and he had wired that he would be on hand to close the deal.

Hence his meek inquiries into the great paste-pot mystery.

Something of this was reflected in Grid's farewell speech to the boys that last night, the first and last speech of his life. They had taken him by surprise down in the composing room, the whole gang of them, just after the first edition went to press. There had been ham sandwiches and near beer and subscription cigars and cigarettes, much slapping on the back and frequent choral renditions of Carry Me Back to Old Virginny. Then Bond, the managing editor, had made a graceful speech and presented him with a gold watch from the staff.

Grid stammered through a few words of thanks and then after a pause added: "I suppose you boys expect a little parting advice from me. I've advised you a heap of times out of my years of experience in the Street to leave stock gamblin' alone. I can still hear Old Quinby tellin' me that there are only two fellows in Wall Street who ever take much money out of it—the fellow who prints the pictures and the fellow who takes the eighth—and I'm here to-night to say he had the right dope. I'm not taking much money out of the Street, because I didn't print pictures or take the eighth. I didn't because neither of those jobs appealed to me as bein' a good sportin' proposition.

"I made up my mind if I couldn't be a good sport I wouldn't be a sport at all. And Lord, how I've wanted to be a sport at times! Don't ever think I didn't sympathize with you boys' feelin's at the same time that I was callin' you fools and advisin' you to quit. Seems like I've spent forty years raisin' pennies when I wanted to be raisin' the devil.

"It hasn't been all solid comfort, this playin' safe, buyin' good conservative stock outright when it was low and holdin' it till either the good Lord or his Satanic Majesty gave it a boost. There's been many a time when I've asked for a little white meat off the breast and had to take a sliver of dark off the drumstick. But I always got meat and I always got it served on a platter. You boys that had the fun of chasin' the chicken round the barnyard quite a lot of times got nothing but a dry bone picked clean as a whistle.

"But you had the fun of chasin' the chicken and I didn't. So the only advice I'll give to-night is to do just as you darn please in spite of any old woman like me, as I know mighty well you will anyhow. And when you get tired chasin' chickens and nibblin' their dry bones, come down to Pendleton House and eat white meat for a spell and tell me the news. You'll all be welcome any time."

Grid went to Virginia the next morning. Three days later things began to happen to Armstrong, things that Grid had once confidently predicted, together with trimmings such as he had merely dreamed of in moments of wild imaginings.

Armstrong opened that day at one hundred and seven and a half. There was considerable selling in small lots and the stock dropped to one hundred and seven. Then came a series of spectacular sustaining orders and it rose one-half.

By now it was pretty generally accepted in the Street that a pool was operating on the inside of Armstrong. The identity of some of the members was known. But opinion differed as to its purpose. One group considered it a purely speculative manipulation, the other an attempt to corner the stock preparatory to a reorganization and the beginning of a sound expansion of the business.

Along these lines the bulls and bears divided. At any rate the stock still held the confidence of the banks.

When, therefore, about noon a block of ten thousand shares was suddenly dumped on the market by a broker who had been executing orders for one of the leading pool members, followed by other big selling orders in quick succession, the bulls were swept by a panic. Word went out that the pool, whatever its purpose, had been broken. The market was flooded with selling orders. Armstrong broke thirty points that afternoon and closed weak at seventy-seven.

But the next morning heavy buying—partly sustaining orders and partly short covering—broke the drop, and Armstrong, which had opened weak at seventy-five, by noon was firm at seventy-eight. Then came a report that the pool instead of unloading had added to its holdings at bargain prices during the slump and now had a tight grip on its corner. By night Armstrong had rallied ten points.

So it seesawed for a week. It soon came to be pretty clearly understood that some operator or group of operators was bucking the pool. Who, remained a mystery.

Friday morning, nine days after the first big drop, Armstrong opened at eighty-five and advanced to eighty-seven on heavy buying orders. But from which side the mysterious orders came the public could not make out and, wise with repeated chastening, it stayed out.

The trading slowed down to small lots for two hours. Then out of a clear sky forty thousand shares were dumped on the market in a block. This time it was unmistakably from the pool itself. Armstrong dropped like a shot. The ticker couldn't work fast enough to record it. This time there were no sustaining orders and short sales to cover. The bottom had simply dropped out from under.

Armstrong closed that night at thirty-nine asked and no bidders. It was generally understood that the show was over, that the pool had finished its deal and had been badly burned in the finishing.

But who applied the torch? That was still a mystery to the public and to the pool members alike.

That evening Grid, to everyone's astonishment, sauntered into the old office and, waving a greeting to the city room, went direct to the managing editor's private office. He still wore the old raincoat and slouch hat. Except for a new erectness of carriage and a new flash of the eye, he was the same as if he had never been away.

"Hello, Bond!" he greeted his ex-chief cheerily.

"Hello, Grid! Glad to see you! I'd be a lot gladder if you'd been here right along the last two weeks. You certainly missed a big show; biggest story of your life. And we've had the devil's own time getting along without a regular man on your job. Murry's all right, of course, or you wouldn't have had him for an assistant, but he's green yet and he muffed this horribly. I haven't found anybody yet to fill your shoes. There's a whale of a big story back of Armstrong and none of us can get at it."

Grid slumped into a chair, pushed his hat back and ran his fingers through his hair, thoughtfully gazing at the ceiling. Then he looked at the managing editor and grinned.

"That's what I was getting at," he said at last. "I'd like to write that story. You see I kinda got the inside dope."

Bond leaped from his chair.

"You, Grid! You danged old lobster! Spit it out!"

Grid smiled calmly at his excited ex-chief, but his eyes flashed fire.

"Well, it'll make good readin', if I do say it. You see, there was a young chap—only about twenty-eight years old, I'd say—who'd been playin' the market three or four years mostly wrong. He'd got a straight tip on the inside facts about Armstrong. The stock was a dead horse absolutely. You see, this gang that's been jockeying it had put a lot of money into the company when they thought a big war contract was on. The contract flivvered. They held fifty-one per cent of the stock. They had to jockey it above par and unload or lose millions. Well, they'd had to do so much sustaining buying on the way up that when she hit one hundred and eight ten days ago they hadn't really begun to unload yet and it was going to take a couple of weeks of pretty gentle work to get rid of it without smashing prices and losing a pile.

"Well, this boy with the dope got a sucker to back him with a hundred thousand dollars or so and at the same time tipped off a few lambs with money. Then they went short with a big bundle of Armstrong all in a bunch and managed to convey the impression that the pool was unloading.

"Well, that was the day she dropped thirty points. The pool unloaded a little and went short a lot more when they saw what was comin' off, but they had to buy so much more to stop the toboggan and start it up again that they lost quite a little bundle of coin on paper.

"Then this boy and his bunch covered their short sales and went along. He let the pool carry 'em up and he made big. There were times when he was over two million dollars to the good. Well, he whipsawed those pirates to a fare-ye-well. But of course in makin' quick turns like that the public that was tryin' to follow in the dark got nipped considerable and quit after a little. Even his own inside following began to get scared and one by one took their profits and dropped out. When the market opened this mornin' he was alone against the pool. Then he made the mistake of goin' long for his whole pile. He thought the pool would force it to par again before unloadin' and he'd help 'em and get off with 'em after takin' a few more little cracks at 'em.

"Well, it seems they suspected just that. They figured their game was up anyhow. The public and the banks both were gettin' wise, and if this boy or somebody else tipped off the pool deal, as was likely, they'd be worse off than ever. So they decided to get out and save what they could and punish the meddler at the same time. They did. That's all."

"But this boy wonder? What about him?" Bond asked breathlessly.

"Oh, they broke him complete; but it cost the pool, as I figure it, about four million and five hundred thousand dollars, and he sure had a bully time."

"But who is he? Who was his original backer?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that. Can't break confidence even with you. I better get at that story."

Grid jumped up nervously and went out.

The manager sat and pondered for a moment, then followed him.

Grid had just finished giving his preliminary glance at the mail on the old desk and was taking off his coat. The staff was eying him wonderingly.

"Oh, Grid," Bond asked him in a low tone, "it just occurred to me. How the deuce did you get all this dope when you were down home?"

Grid continued removing and hanging up his garments without answering. Then he turned and eyed the chief soberly while he rolled up his sleeves. Finally he dropped his eyes to the desk, sat down and began arranging the pencils in their old order.

"Well, you see," he answered at last, "I had a little stake in the market and I got nervous and came back the day before the big show began."

"Grid, you old reprobate, you couldn't keep away from it! You don't mean you margined a little for a final spree?"

"No, suh!" he grinned guiltily. "Never played a margin in my life, not exactly. But I'd lent a little stake to a young chap I knew who did and he needed advice. It wouldn't hardly be good sportsmanship to leave him to play at it alone."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Left Virginny just to watch a piker play the market! Lent the money and kidded yourself into thinking you weren't gambling yourself. Well, I hope he won some money for you."

Grid was putting the pencils and copy book in their places.

"Well, no. He lost the money. But we had a good run for it."

"I hope you didn't lend him much?"

"Well, not much, comparatively speakin', but he was losing when I got here and I had to back him a little. And then a little more. I couldn't start something and not see it through."

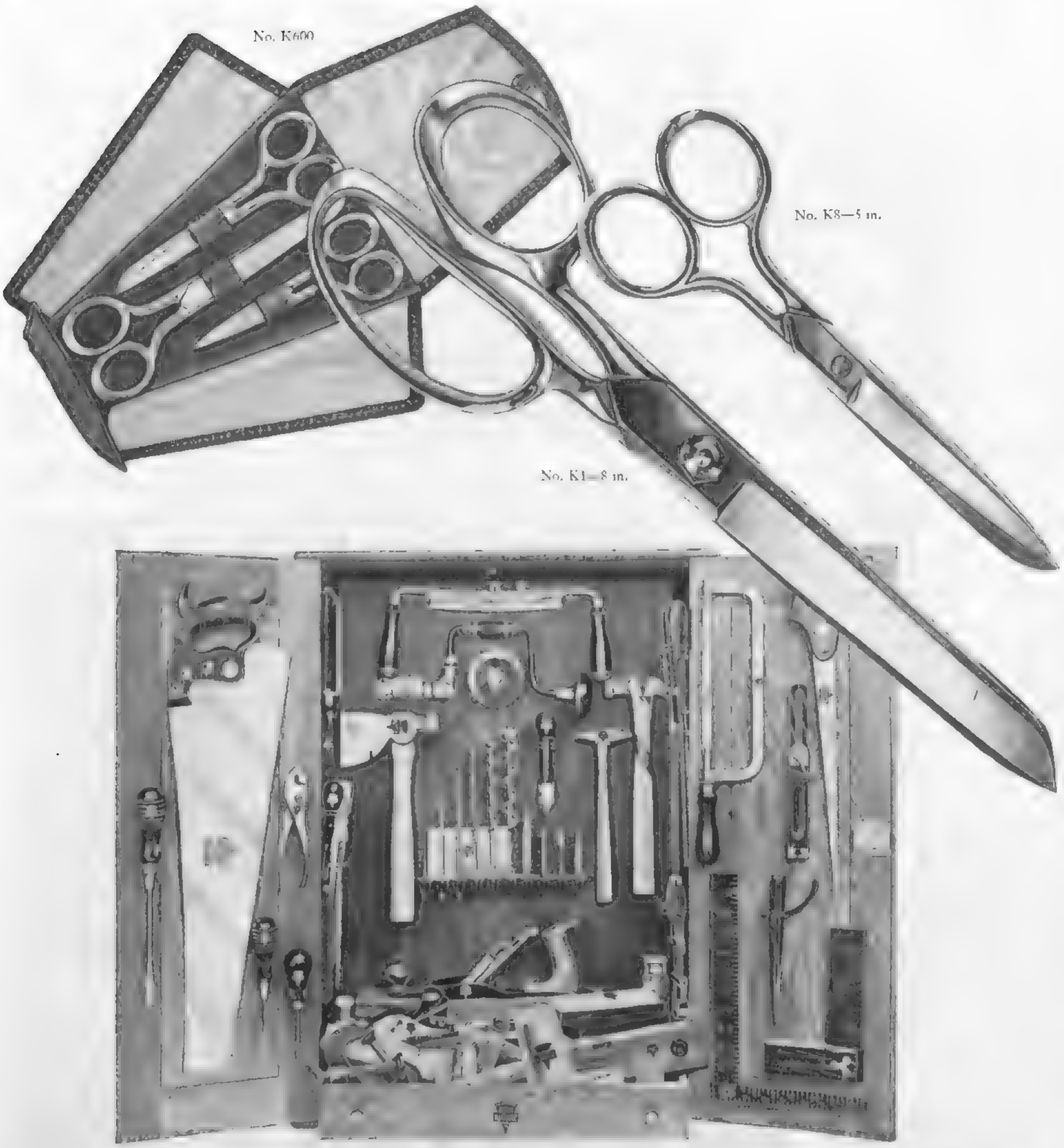
Grid arranged the shears beside the pencils where they had lain every working evening for twenty-five years.

"You see, Mr. Bond," he went on, "I've been a Gridley grindin' away and savin' money for forty years with the idea of bein' able to spend the rest of my days as a modern Pendleton, just a quiet country-gentleman kind. Well, I reckon I miscalculated on the kind of a Pendleton I was meant to be. They tell me the first Pendleton was a buccaneer and I guess a little of the blood trickled through. I've been a Pendleton all right, only it was the old original kind and only lasted a week, and I paid a good plantation for it, staked the whole works and lost it and made the amiable gentlemen of the pool put up four million and five hundred thousand dollars as their share of my expenses. And it was worth it! Now I reckon I'm booked to be a Gridley again for the rest of my life. Do I get the old job back?"

Bond was beyond speech. He could only look his consent.

Grid's eyes dropped to the desk, his desk again. He scowled and searched from end to end of the battered top. Then he leaped to his feet and glared round the room accusingly.

"Who the devil stole my paste pot?" he roared.



No. K9

KEEN

Christmas Gifts
For Those Who Love Fine Tools

From the Keen Kutter line of tools you can easily choose gifts that will rejoice the heart of everyone who loves a fine and useful thing.

For the man who makes his living with tools, or for the man who likes to have them at hand in the home, the Keen Kutter tool cabinet is a most practical and acceptable gift.

To the woman who appreciates scissors and shears whose blades stay tight and cut along the entire length of their finely tempered edges, Keen Kutter scissors and shears will give a lasting satisfaction.

All Keen Kutter tools—from planes, saws, hammers, auger bits and the like to cutlery such as scissors, shears and knives—are the result of over fifty years' development, based on constant study of the user's needs.

The moment a skilled workman picks up a Keen Kutter tool, he recognizes the grasp of a fellow craftsman. The very "feel" of it tells him that it was made by a man who earns his living by making fine tools for men who earn their living by using them.

Not only does he feel in them the perfect balance and hang so necessary to good tools, but he appreciates the value of the exclusive operating improvements which so many Keen Kutter tools possess.

The solid frog that keeps Keen Kutter planes from "chattering," the lock wedge in Keen Kutter hammers and axes that absolutely prevents their heads from flying off, the drawing-knife blade made of a single piece of cutlery steel without a weld are typical of Keen Kutter superiority.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

No. K1—7 in.

No. K8—4 in.

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered —*E. C. Simmons*

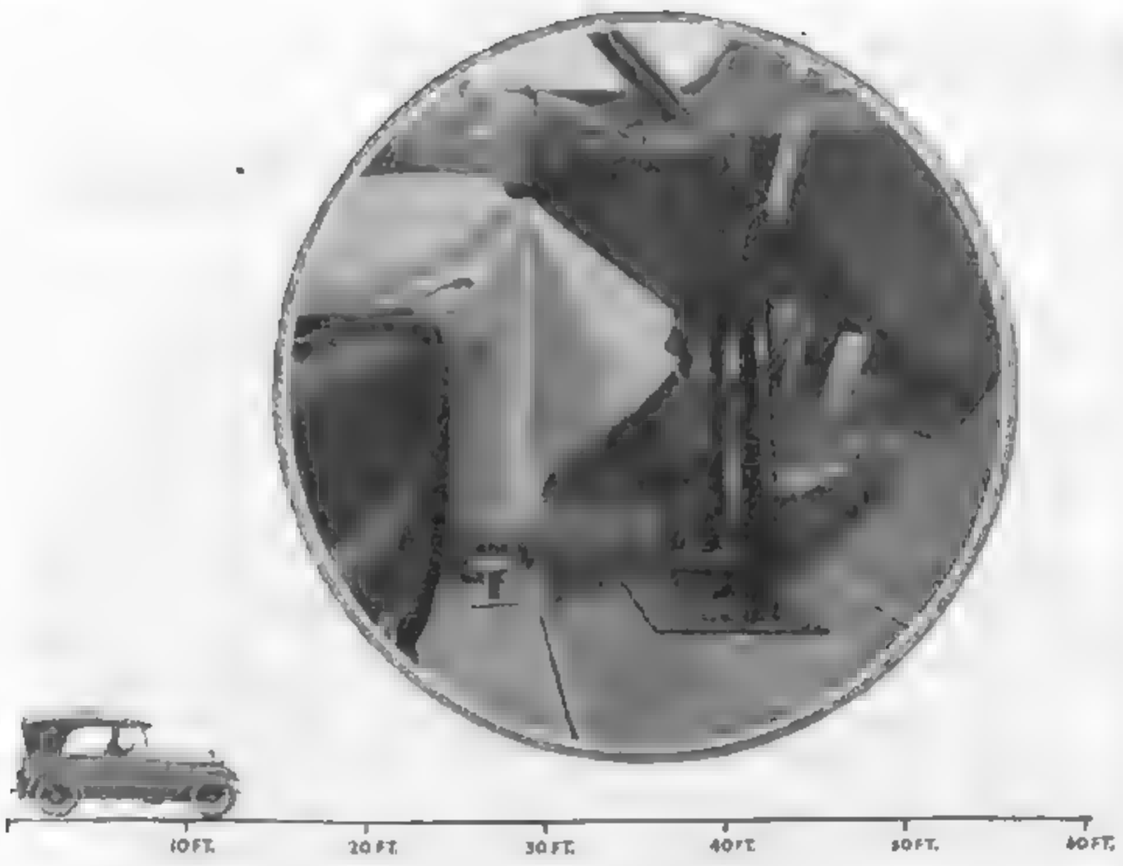
Our Patent Screw and Nut is used exclusively on all Keen Kutter Shears. It consists of a Right and Left Hand thread and a Left-hand Nut. The main screw holds the blades together; the Left-hand Threaded End of the Screw extending through the Shears, with Left-hand Nut attachment, makes it impossible for the blades to work loose.

Our Exclusive Nut and Bolt Prevent Shear Blades from Working Loose

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER CUTLERY TOOLS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KUTTER



How far must your car travel in "second"?

Is your engine slow on the "pick up"?
How to keep your engine from becoming sluggish

WHEN you are getting under way from a standing start, how far must you go in second gear? This is a test of your motor's condition. If you have to stay in second for more than 12 to 15 feet, your motor is getting sluggish—fair warning that something is wrong.

There are many causes of sluggishness—carbonized cylinders, fouled spark plugs, too rich a mixture, sticking valves, etc. Then there is the great *unsuspected* cause—a clogged muffler.

To know just which is at fault and to detect the trouble before it becomes serious—this is the use that thousands of motorists are making of the G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out.

The G-Piel Cut-Out will tell you instantly whether your car's lack of pep is due to motor or muffler, as you can cut the muffler out at will. It will permit you to adjust your carburetor to the powerful, quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture so that hills will not bother you.

The G-Piel also makes the use of kerosene, wood alcohol or other "carbon-removers" a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

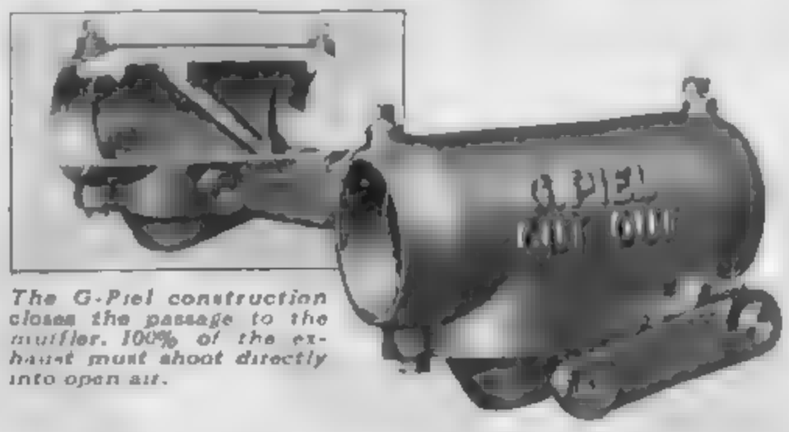
The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

Sales Department
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., INC.
25 W. 43rd St. New York
THE G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler. 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

BREAK THE GLASS AND PULL DOWN THE HOOK

(Continued from Page 15)

As the little bell over the door tinkled Mr. McGruder looked up and nodded. Beany and Gangleshanks bought their peppermint balls, and having perched themselves on the window ledge gazed earnestly at him. Without changing the position of his newspaper Mr. McGruder returned their stare over his spectacles and nodded again.

"Mr. McGruder," said Beany, as soon as the peppermint ball had dissolved sufficiently to allow his jaws their normal freedom of action, "did you ever ring a fire alarm?"

"Oh, yes," replied the sage decidedly, indicating by his tone that it was a daily matter during his more active years.

"Did they try to put you in jail?"

Mr. McGruder appeared startled. He lowered his glasses on his nose and looked over them.

"No," he said. "No, they didn't put me in jail."

"Was there a fire?"

"Certainly!" He was apparently puzzled by the question. "That was why I rang the alarm."

This remark contained so much sense that Beany hesitated before he asked his next question:

"What would they do to you if you rang a fire alarm an' there was no fire?"

Mr. McGruder studied this problem with as much earnestness as if the guilty party had just been dragged before him for judgment.

"Jail!" he said finally. "Fer not less than five years!"

"But s'pose," insisted Beany, "that you thought there was a fire an' you found out afterward there was none."

"Jail!" repeated Mr. McGruder unbendingly. "Fer not less than five years!"

"But I shouldn't think anybody would dare turn in the alarm if it was like that," said Beany. "If I saw a fire I wouldn't turn in the alarm for fear I only thought it was one and it wasn't really."

Mr. McGruder removed his glasses entirely and wiped them on the end of his necktie in order that he might think more clearly.

"Accordin' to the law," he said finally, replacing his glasses, "there's got to be a fire o' some kind. It don't make much difference what kind o' fire 'tis, long's there's one round somewhere. If there ain't—jail—fer not less than five years!"

Having delivered himself of this judgment, Mr. McGruder picked up his newspaper, which had slipped to the floor, and began to read once more as if to indicate that that was all the advice to which they were entitled with a four-cent purchase. They looked at him for several seconds with puzzled faces. It was sometimes difficult to follow Mr. McGruder's law.

Realizing at last that there would be no more on the subject, they slid off the window ledge and retraced their steps toward the Invincubel Athletic Club languidly. The afternoon threatened to drag unless something unforeseen happened. Just inside the barn door stood a number of garden tools and an iron wheelbarrow.

"Le's rake out the yard," suggested Beany.

"Wha' for?" asked Gangleshanks, surprised.

"We'll make some money. When we get it all done we'll have the Tub tell his father about it. He'll give him some money for it."

"What good'll that do us?"

"Well, you don't s'pose we'd let him keep it, do you?"

This put the matter in an interesting light. The wheelbarrow and the rakes were set to work collecting the leaves which strewed the yard. This industry had proceeded for almost ten minutes when the drone of an aëroplane engine filled the air. They ceased immediately and squinted up into the sky. The aëroplane was a tiny speck directly above their heads.

"How far do you s'pose he is?" asked Beany.

"Five or six miles," estimated Gangleshanks.

"Golly day, I'd like to be up there!"

"Yes, you would! You'd be so scared you'd fall right out."

"I s'pose you could do it easy."

"I didn't say I could."

"Golly day, if I didn't have no more nerve than you got I wouldn't talk about what I could do!"

Gangleshanks set down the wheelbarrow, which he was pushing, in order to concentrate on a bright and crushing rejoinder.

"You make me tired," was the best he could produce. He felt that this was a trifle flat.

"Well, you make me tired! You're always talkin' about how brave you are, an' you'd jump out o' your skin if anybody said boo!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so!"

They stood glaring at each other, suddenly hostile, with no knowledge or thought of the cause.

"Well, I bet I can stump you any day."

"Le's see you do it!"

This promised to be more exciting than leaf raking, which had already begun to pall. Gangleshanks looked about him for some dare-devil feat with which he might humiliate his opponent.

"Le's see you walk this," he said, climbing up on the high board fence which separated the two yards.

He stood upright unsteadily and staggered along the top for several feet. Then after a moment of semaphoring he jumped. Beany watched him scornfully.

"You couldn't do it yourself," he said. "How're you goin' to stump a fella when you can't do it yourself?"

"How didn't I do it?" cried Gangleshanks indignantly, brushing some fresh earth from his knees. "Gee whiz, you wouldn't be satisfied unless a fella walked up an' down till his shoes was wore out! Le's see you get as far!"

Beany climbed the fence and started to walk along the top with a great show of unconcern. Gangleshanks looked worried.

"Hey!" he cried sharply.

At the sound of the voice Beany's nonchalance vanished. His arms began to revolve like those of a Cape Cod wind vane. A moment later he was seated in a strange flower bed. Someone came out on the back porch of the house next door.

"Little boy, you get right out o' this yard or I'll call a policeman!"

"Yes'm."

Beany hastily started to climb back over the fence. When he reached the top he began to moan. Once on friendly soil he sank down upon it heavily, and seizing his ankle with both hands assumed an expression of excruciating pain.

"What's the matter?" asked Gangleshanks suspiciously.

"I sprained my ankle," groaned Beany.

"Rats!" replied the cynic.

"Honest!"

To prove it Beany let go of his ankle and began to writhe on the grass. Gangleshanks looked undecided. A nickel slipped from Beany's trousers pocket. Gangleshanks lost no time picking it up. Beany ceased to writhe.

"Gi'me that!" he demanded, snatching at his property.

Gangleshanks backed away, then turned and ran toward the barn. Beany sprang to his feet and started after him. Though it must have cost him great pain, he didn't even limp.

"There!" said Gangleshanks, stopping triumphantly and handing him the nickel. "I knew that was the kind of a sprained ankle you had. Gee whiz, I never saw such a baby!"

Beany, finding himself in a corner, slipped out of it by the simple expedient of ignoring the subject entirely.

"I bet you one thing!" he said. "I bet I can stump you!"

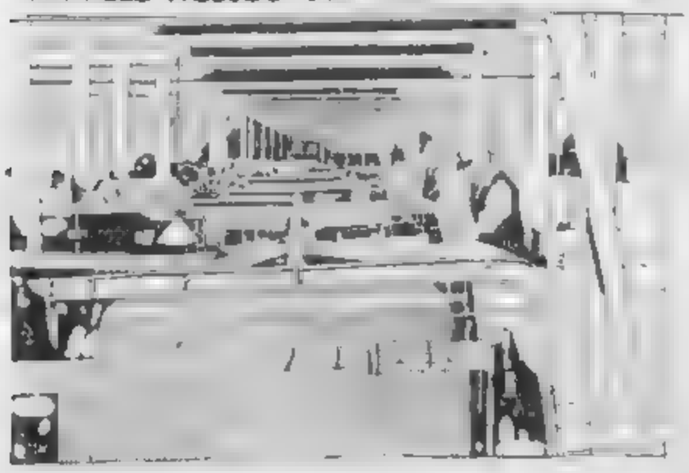
"Le's see you!"

Beany thought for a moment; then placing his head on the ground he threw his feet into the air and remained poised for an instant upside down, while a number of curious objects fell from his pockets. Gangleshanks did the same. Beany climbed a telegraph pole which stood in the rear of the yard. He went to the top climbing spike and touched the pole above him as high up as he could reach. Gangleshanks stretched to a point about an inch higher.

(Continued on Page 162)

For all Outdoors

Woven Where the Wool is Grown



Great looms weaving Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

SNOW! Wind! Rain! It's always *great weather.* If you wear a Jacobs' Oregon City Overcoat or Mackinaw!

Fashioned from our own sturdy, all-wool fabrics that are "woven where the wool is grown." One high standard is maintained from the time the *wool* comes from the range until we sew in the *label.*

Overcoats—*all-wool*—in smart mixtures, rich and dark. Mackinaws—*all-wool*—warm and practical—in plaids and checks.

We tailor these garments in big, sunny, modern shops. Our designers are in constant touch with the style centers of America.

Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens were provided first to supply the needs of sturdy Western pioneers half a century ago. Their all-wool genuineness is as marked today as it was then.

They have been awarded first honors wherever shown—from the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915.

Ask your dealer to show you the latest models in Jacobs' Oregon City Overcoats and Mackinaws.

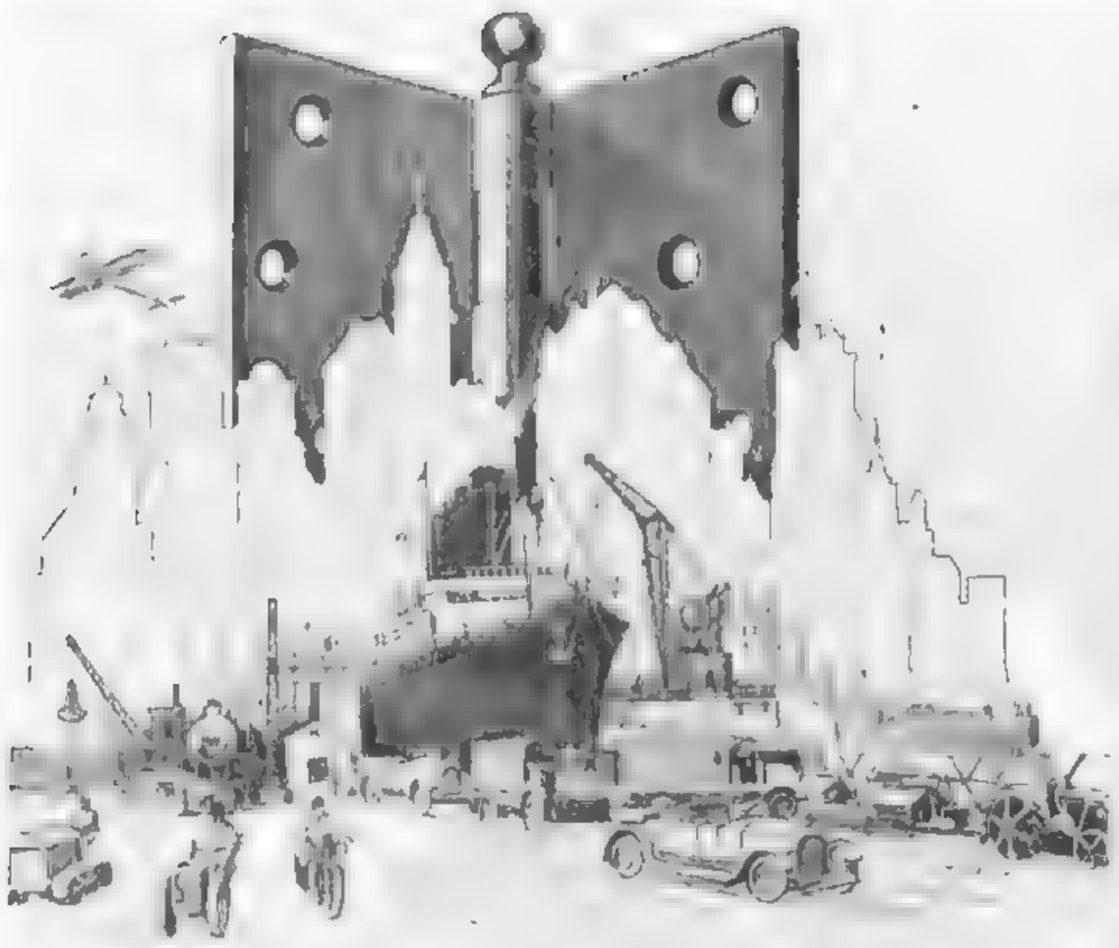
All-wool garments—moderately priced.

"Woven Where the Wool Is Grown"—an interesting booklet about Western woolens—will be sent to you upon request.

Oregon City Woolen Mills
Founded in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon
Sales Offices—New York Chicago Minneapolis
Portland Seattle Salt Lake City

Jacobs'
Oregon City Woolens

Overcoats · Mackinaws · Flannel Shirts · Indian Blankets · Motor Robes



HINGES *serve* Business

WALK through one of our modern office buildings. Read the names on the doors. From one office go forth the orders that control a railroad. Across or down the hall heavily laden ships are routed to and from foreign ports. In other offices various and sundry products of a busy nation are guided from the hands of the makers through the channels of trade. Sometimes five, ten or twenty huge and widely different industries are represented on a single floor—without conflict—behind closed doors.

And these doors are made possible by hinges.

Hinges have been serving man and his work for more than thirty centuries. Hinge usefulness has been universal throughout the ages.

Fifty years ago a new hinge was introduced. It represented the effort of the McKinney Manufacturing Company to make a good and substantial product. Today millions of doors silently proclaim the success of that effort. Today McKinney Hinges set a standard by which all hinges may be fairly judged.

In your community there is a hardware dealer who proudly sells McKinney Hinges and Butts. When in need of hinges for building or repairs locate his store. You will find him a good man to deal with and McKinney Service a reward worth seeking.

You can get McKinney Hinges and Butts to match any architectural design. Whether for office building, home interior or cupboard door, they combine true craftsmanship with practical everyday usefulness.

Remember the name McKinney when you go to buy.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO., Pittsburgh
Western Office, Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture-hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

(Continued from Page 160)

Both contestants were getting angry. Beany looked about for some dizzy height from which he might hurl himself and end the contest. If he broke his neck he felt that would still further humiliate Gangleshanks.

The telephone pole passed close to the eaves of the barn. Beany climbed it once more and wriggled his body to the sloping roof. Working his way along the gutter, he came to the front. Gangleshanks watched him uneasily from the ground, twelve feet below.

"What're you goin' to do?" he asked.

"Jump!" said Beany shortly, and as he said it he knew that he was a liar.

From the ground the eaves of the barn had not seemed unreasonably high. From his present position he felt like a balloonist. The back yards stretched away on either hand in orderly sections. Gangleshanks, standing below him, looked like a mere speck. He felt that it would be suicide to jump. He thought of his family and the great obligations he owed to them. He thought of Harry Hodges, who had merely fallen off the veranda when he was a baby, and was forced to go through life with a poker strapped to his leg in consequence. Gangleshanks in the meanwhile stood leering up at him.

"Why don't you jump?" he asked.

"I guess I don't have to till I want to," roared Beany. "I like it up here."

"Yes, you do!" Gangleshanks had an irritating manner at times.

"It's great!" said Beany. "Come on up. I think I'll stay up here a while."

"You're scared to jump," remarked his persecutor.

"Am not!"

As he said it Beany made himself still flatter against the roof. A piece of shingle became dislodged, slid down the roof and rested in the gutter. Beany started at the noise. Then it gave him an idea. He began to kick the gutter with his toe, loud enough for Gangleshanks to hear it, but without allowing him to see what made the noise. He stepped to one side hastily.

"Golly day," he said, "the gutter's breakin' down. I got to get off this place, I can tell you!"

He worked his way back to the telegraph pole and climbed down with as much haste as caution would permit.

"Golly day!" he exclaimed, reaching the bottom. "I guess that was a pretty narrow escape!"

Gangleshanks' face expressed utter indifference to the peril.

"You were scared," he said simply.

Rage such as provokes men to kill blurred Beany's eyesight.

"I'll show you if I'm afraid or not!" he fairly shouted. "I bet you don't dare ——"

He looked about for something that would overtax Gangleshanks' courage but which he was quite sure of being able to do himself. The yard offered few possibilities. At the moment a devil, cloaked as an inspiration, entered his soul.

"I bet you don't dare turn in the fire alarm!"

Gangleshanks took an involuntary step backward. It was as if Beany had said: "I bet you don't dare stab the cook!" Then he came to the conclusion that this was merely another bit of bravado.

"Nor you!" he retorted.

"Don't I?" Beany's jaw closed tight. His face wore a peculiar, screwed-up expression. It was the face of a man forced to the wall. "Don't I?"

He started out the driveway, Gangleshanks following awe-stricken at his heels. When halfway out he stopped. His companion looked relieved.

"Look here!" said Beany. "If I do this an' there's no fire we go to jail."

"Why we?" began Gangleshanks, but Beany ignored him.

"'Member what ol' man McGruder said? 'If there's a fire somewheres they can't send you to jail.'"

"Don't be a nut!" was Gangleshanks' only comment on this observation.

"Well, I'm goin' to light one."

Beany turned back into the yard. Along the fence corner the leaves had been blown into a drift half a foot deep. Pulling a box of matches from his pocket, he lit several and held them under the dry leaves. His enterprise was rewarded by a few thin curls of smoke which quickly blended into a single column. Beany stepped back, scarcely able to credit his own audacity.

"Now you done it!" announced Gangleshanks comfortingly.

But somewhere within Beany was the spirit of Sydney Carton.

"Pooh!" he said. "Old Pat does that every day. What d'you s'pose they do with all the leaves? Keep 'em?"

Having no ideas and little interest on the subject, Gangleshanks was silent. Beany turned his back on the smoldering pile and walked firmly if not briskly up the drive. Only once did he waver and look back. A large cloud of smoke slanted skyward across the yard.

"I guess they can't put us in jail for that fire," he said.

If Gangleshanks had offered the least argument he would have found a ready listener. Before crime of such magnitude, however, he was dumb. As they approached the fire box their pace grew slower. Beany stopped and turned to look once more in the direction of the yard. Fanned by a stiff breeze, the leaves were apparently catching in fine shape. A good-sized column of smoke was now rising over the roof of the vacant house. It traveled across the yards and over the city until it was caught and dispersed by the winds.

A man came out of one of the houses across the street. He turned and walked away from them. Beany heaved a grateful sigh.

"We got to wait till he goes," he said.

He felt like a man who, having boasted that he always took cold baths in the morning regardless of the temperature, finds that the water has momentarily ceased to run in the faucets.

"He won't see you," said the relentless Gangleshanks.

"No, of course he won't," snapped Beany. "Who ever said he would? How do you know he won't hear us though? You don't know how much noise this thing is going to make. It may ring the darn ol' alarm right here."

This was a new thought. Gangleshanks looked about him dubiously.

"That's right," he agreed. "I guess we better wait."

To Beany's tortured imagination the man was equipped with seven-league boots. He tore down the street with the speed of a whippet and was out of sight in an instant. They took a step nearer the alarm. A delivery wagon rattled slowly round the corner. Beany feigned an exasperation which he did not feel.

"Golly day," he said, "now I got to wait till that's out o' the way!" He stood irresolute. "Perhaps it might be better to wait till there wasn't so many people round."

"I thought so," said Gangleshanks with the nearest thing to a sneer of which he was capable.

Anger once more reënforced Beany's ebbing morale.

"All right," he said; "I'll do it now. I'll show you soon's that wagon gets out o' the way."

He prayed that the wagon might stop at every house to deliver goods. He hoped that every cook in the block would regale the driver with a meal. He was doomed to disappointment. Instead of stopping, the driver suddenly rose from his seat and began to belabor the horse's flanks with the end of the reins.

"Giddap!" he cried, and the animal broke into a frightened canter. To Beany, whose time sense was accelerated a thousand per cent, the horse appeared a veritable Pegasus.

"Giddap, you lazy hunk o' crow bait!" called the affectionate driver. The horse and driver tore down the street and disappeared round the corner with dizzy speed.

Beany looked in vain for further interruption. Goldsmith might have used the street as an inspiration for his poem. Once more he was face to face with his red tormentor. He turned for a final look at the smoke from the burning leaves. The column had doubled in size. If Mr. McGruder was a dependable authority they were technically safe. Never apparently had the time been more propitious for experiments with fire alarms. Just then Beany was struck by a happy thought.

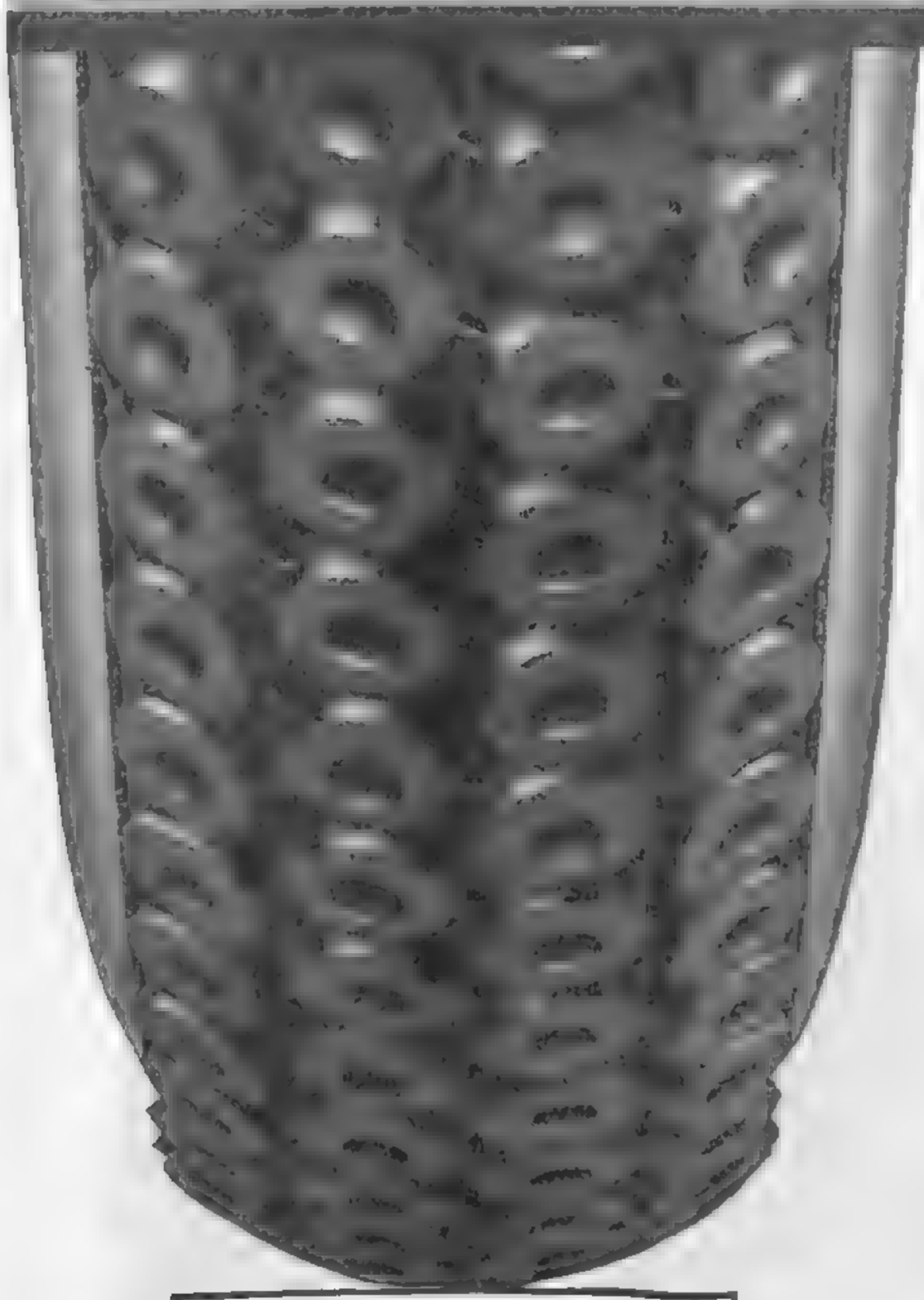
"Golly day, I wonder if these darn fools think a fella is goin' to break the glass with his finger?" he said. "I guess we can't do anything till I go home an' get a hammer."

"You don't need a hammer," said Gangleshanks cheerily. "Use this."

He offered Beany a huge jackknife which would have been equal to the task of cracking a safe. Ordinarily Gangleshanks was

(Continued on Page 165)

FREE!



Thousands of motorists have proved to their entire satisfaction and profit the statement made in Pennsylvania advertising for more than a decade that

The Vacuum Cup Tread will not skid on wet or greasy pavements!

To those tire users not yet familiar with their non-skid qualities, and to give old and new users an opportunity of fortifying against the coming of unsettled and skiddy weather, Vacuum Cup Tire dealers throughout the United States are authorized to give, during November, 1920,

One "Ton Tested" Tube of corresponding size with every Vacuum Cup Tire, absolutely free of charge!

If you cannot secure prompt service locally, write direct to Department E, and we will arrange to supply you, carrying charges prepaid, anywhere in the United States.

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In the Safety First Demonstration held at San Francisco on August 25, as the feature event of the third annual convention of the National Traffic Officers' Association, Vacuum Cup Tires *withstood the test of rounding a wet, skiddy curve at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour!*

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
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"—but it would have been a long, hard day without a Royal"

THE Royal Typewriter speeds up the day's work and sets the pace to the quickstep of efficiency.

Because the Royal's rapid-fire action and adjustable personal touch takes the "grind" out of typewriting.

For it adds to the sensitive fingers of the typist the one vital thing that the old-style typewriter subtracts—speed!

The speed with brains behind it—the real-life speed of the expert typist, setting the pace that pays.

Errorless speed is the kind of speed that counts—common sense has punctured the illusion of the other kind.

All-day speed, throbbing evenly with the big, steady pulse of modern business—that's the speed of the Royal Typewriter.

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 364–366 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

ROYAL
TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 162)

the last person in the world to have a helpful suggestion. If anything dropped down a grating, for instance, he never had the least idea how to get it out. Once when Beany had caught his finger in a wringer he had to go all the way upstairs and get his mother to explain how they might liberate it. Now, however, he had suddenly become a mine of resourcefulness. Beany felt instinctively that it would be useless to struggle.

"I may break the knife," he said weakly.

"Go ahead," said the generous boy. "It's an old one."

"I thought you just got it for your birthday?"

"Oh, well, I don't care about it!"

Beany shut his eyes, took a long breath and struck at the little pane of glass. There was a tinkle and an exclamation. He had struck so hard that he had hurt his finger on the side of the opening.

"Pull it! Pull it!" cried Gangleshanks, jumping up and down with excitement. "Pull it down!"

He seemed to feel that this operation was somewhat like mixing a Seidlitz powder; once it was started it must be finished with dispatch or the desired effect was lost.

Without releasing his breath, Beany inserted his finger in the opening and pulled down the hook according to Hoyle. The box broke forth into a series of wheezes and clicks, and then lapsed once more into immobility.

They looked at one another, their eyes twice their normal size. If the trees which bordered the street on either side had come crashing to the pavement, if the sedate brick house behind them had split asunder, they would have thought nothing of it. Such actions would have been entirely compatible with existing conditions. They stood there staring and motionless for what seemed an age. It was in reality fifteen seconds. Beany was the first to regain consciousness.

"Golly day!" he said.

"Gee whiz!" replied Gangleshanks in a reverent tone.

Further comment would have been out of place. They both glanced down the street. Not a soul was in sight. The very stillness was more ominous and terrifying than if the street had suddenly burst forth into bedlam at the first click from the box. It was the lull before the storm which foretells the confusion to follow. As their minds began to function once more the instinct of self-preservation was the first to manifest itself.

"Le's get out o' here!" said Beany. His voice was thick as if he were suffering from asthma.

On the other side of the street stood a large brown house whose grounds were surrounded by a hedge. With mutual accord they started toward it, at first walking rapidly, then breaking into open flight. Once prone on the grass behind the hedge they breathed more easily. Looking through the branches, they could see the smoke rising in a yellowish-gray column behind the roofs. Far away they heard the long-drawn wail of a motor fire engine. Gangleshanks clutched Beany by the arm. They waited. The noise grew louder. It was joined by another higher pitched note. The fire department was in full cry.

The first piece to arrive was a big, lumbering engine truck. It drew up near the curb not twenty yards away. Firemen sprang down. The hose was attached to the hydrant. Another piece drew up, and another. Lines of hose began to snake their way about the street. Front doors were opened. Women with anxious faces appeared on verandas and lawns. Men came running from gardens and barns. A policeman rounded the corner.

Having attached the hose, the firemen looked about them uncertainly. Questions were asked. Heads were shaken. There was much excitement but no fire. Then, the stage having been set, the chief arrived with sliding tires. The fire department, eager to put something out, looked at him expectantly.

Beany and Gangleshanks watched him pause to speak to a fireman in a white helmet. He pointed in the direction of the vacant house, behind which the smoke was rising more densely than ever. The chief gave an order and started for the yard. The fire department followed. The entire population of the block fell in behind.

Beany looked about and saw to his surprise that instead of being hidden behind the hedge, as he had supposed, they were surrounded by people. They were all talking excitedly and paid no attention to either Gangleshanks or himself. Now that the danger had been definitely located they flocked out of the yard and across the street in an effort to get nearer to it.

Beany and Gangleshanks stood up and looked uneasily in the direction of the Invincubel Athletic Club. They were almost alone now. The crowd had pressed closer to the fire. The police had arrived. An air of gayety hung over the scene. Walnut Street was being treated to a welcome diversion.

"Golly day, they'll be sore when they find it's nothin' but leaves!" said Beany, scratching his head thoughtfully.

The magnitude of what he had done was just beginning to dawn upon him. The cheering, happy crowd, the snorting engines, the busy firemen were all the results of his work. Now that the deed had been accomplished without any great calamity falling about his head, he began to feel some of the prestige which must be his forevermore. Gangleshanks said nothing, but looked at him admiringly. For the time being he was Beany's servant. All thought of competing with this master mind had been abandoned.

"Gee whiz," he said, "you got nerve!"

Beany's small chest swelled to the limits of its expansion. He tried to look rather bored.

"Le's walk across the street an' see what they're doin'," he suggested carelessly.

"Go over there!" exclaimed Gangleshanks, more and more astonished at his companion's audacity.

"Sure! Nobody's goin' to notice you in that bunch."

On either side of the deserted house the crowd watched the work of the firemen in the back yard. The boys crossed the street and pushed their way into a tiptoeing group. By dint of relentless squirming and shoving they managed to reach the front ranks, with no other opposition than a number of comments on their manners, which did not disturb them in the least.

Beany stuck his head between a portly cook and a postman. The back yard, which fifteen minutes ago had been such a peaceful, dreary waste, was now filled with men and fire hose. And then his eyes grew once more large and round. The fire, which he had lit so trustingly, had crept along the leaves banked against the fence until it had reached the barn. Here it had gone in for bigger things.

The entire corner of the barn was wrapped in small flames, which had climbed to the roof and were rapidly spreading along its shingled surface. Two firemen were mounting ladders with hand extinguishers. Then as Beany watched he saw a tongue of flame shoot from the downstairs window.

A fireman, equipped with a spike-nosed ax, came forward and attacked the door. He might have opened it with the knob, but that would have lacked technic. At each blow the crowd gave vent to its approval with a delighted shout. Two other men with picks began to rip the boards from the fence where it ran beside the barn.

"Knock down d' barn!" advised a young man with an unpleasant complexion, who had wormed his way in next to Beany.

"See 'f y' c'n break it all up 'fore it burns!" suggested a voice from the rear. Whereupon the crowd laughed, and the policemen, selecting a few of the best-looking housemaids, pushed them back playfully. The fire had developed an excellent spirit of camaraderie among the inhabitants of Walnut Street.

Beany turned to Gangleshanks so quickly that he inflicted bodily injury on the pimply faced young man at his side.

"Sa-ay, who d'y t'ink y'r walkin' on?" inquired that personage, emphasizing his question with a shove. But Beany paid no attention.

"The Tub!" he gasped.

Gangleshanks' face turned several shades lighter.

"Gee whiz, don't you s'pose he's out by this time?"

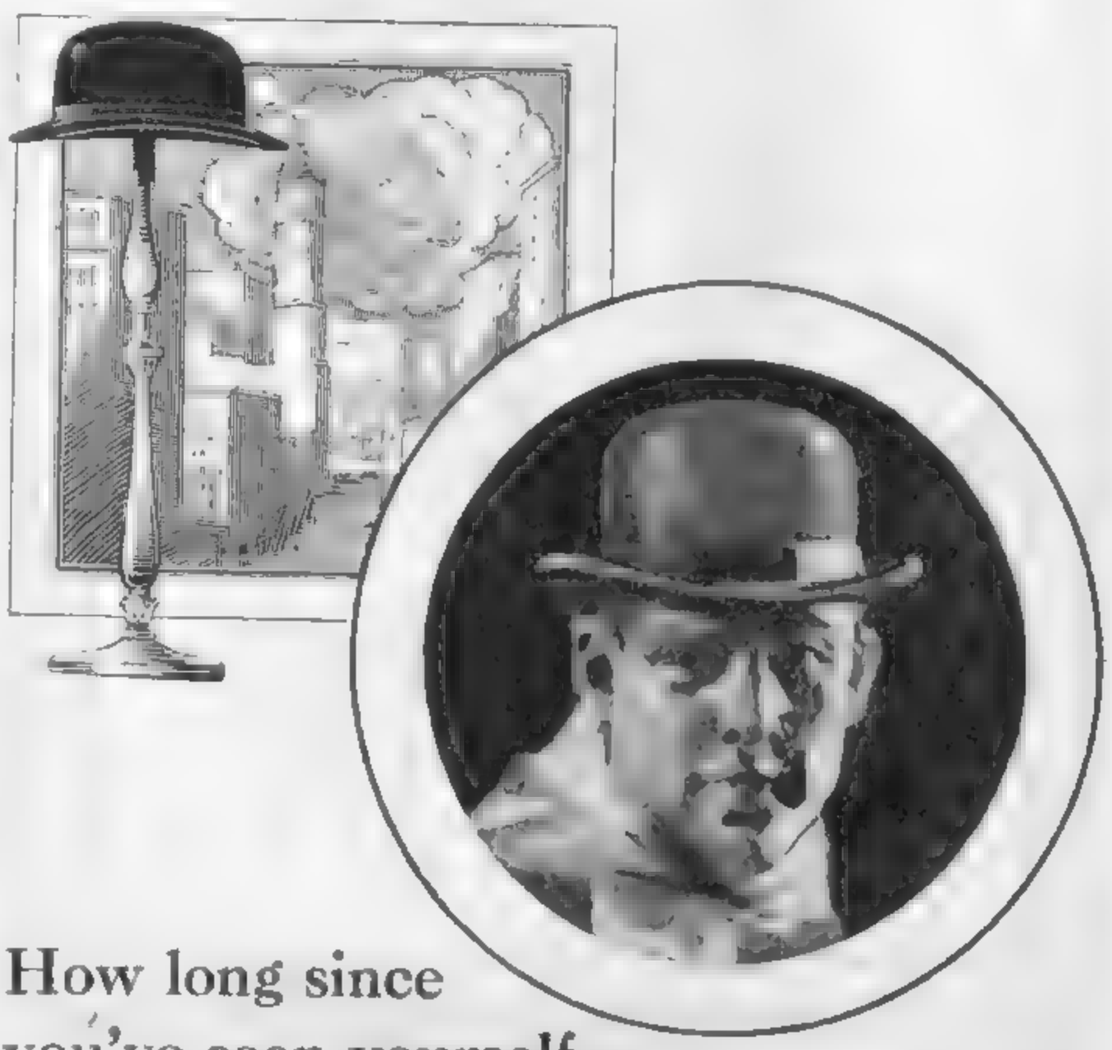
"Certainly not! Golly day, that Tub wouldn't wake up if he was roastin' to death! I'm goin' to let 'em know!"

He attempted to crawl between the postman and the cook. A hand descended on his shoulder with no uncertain grip.

"Keep back there now, an' don't have me a-tellin' yo' no more!" said the voice of law above him.

"But the Tub——" began Beany frantically, torn between fear of the uniform and

MALLORY
FINE HATS



How long since you've seen yourself in a smart Derby?

Every man should have a Derby. There are times when it is just the right hat. And what a welcome change a Derby is—for a day or two—when you're tired of your soft felt.

The Derby is coming back — go look at the new Mallory Models.

You'll be surprised at the wonderful improvement over the old, heavy, head-binding "iron" hat you used to know. Such lightness, such utter head-comfort, and so many trim, smart, youthful styles to pick from.

And you can't buy a more economical hat than a Mallory Derby. Made of the finest fur, in the most careful manner, its smooth, lustrous finish is practically impervious to wear and weather.

Buy a Mallory Derby today.

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234 Fifth Avenue New York
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Mallory Hats are sold everywhere—look for the Mallory Poster in the hatter's window.

his desire to save his fellow clubman from a horrible death. "The Tub ——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned.

"Go on wid y' now, or I'll give y' somethin' to make y' remember y' wished y' had!" With which jumbled threat the law flourished its stick menacingly.

"Come on!" whispered Gangleshanks. "Le's go round the yard an' come up from the side."

They wriggled out of the crowd, ran down the street and entered a yard separated by several houses from the scene of the fire. They took the two intervening fences as if they had been hurdles, and found themselves in the yard adjoining the burning barn. Two firemen were dragging a hose to the rear. A policeman, who was standing near the kitchen door discussing the situation, saw them and started in their direction. Beany began to run, pointing to the barn as he approached.

"There's a fella up there!" he cried.

"Get out o' th' way!" said the fireman as Beany planted himself directly in his path.

"There's a fella in there burnin' to death!" cried Beany desperately. All these people acted as though they were deaf. The two firemen paused and looked at Beany in astonishment.

"Where?" they asked.

Beany pointed to the small upstairs window in the side of the barn. One of the firemen shouted something to the next yard. The chief came over the fence and stared curiously at Beany and Gangleshanks. He appeared to take more interest in them than in the unfortunate being who was being pot-roasted within.

"Come, come!" he said finally, apparently at a loss for any better command.

Beany felt the hand of the law once more upon his shoulder. He wriggled from under it and ran toward the fence.

"A boy—up there—asleep!" he shouted, translating the situation into the simplest possible language and pointing at the same time to the main window of the Invincubel Atheletic Club.

The chief turned to a fireman who was standing behind him and gave an order. A ladder was raised against the window. A fireman ascended and with a few blows from an ax demolished it to the approval of the most exacting spectator. He crawled in. A moment later the face of the astonished Tub appeared in the opening with the fireman behind him.

The Tub looked out at the confusion of the yard, at the crowds, at the smoke which hung heavily in the air. Then he rubbed his eyes in bewilderment and looked again. The fireman said something to him. Very gingerly the Tub climbed out of the place where the window had been and began to descend the ladder. At this unexpected treat the crowd went wild. Then they began to criticize the Tub's physique, which was admirably displayed against the evening sky.

"He won't burn! He's too fat!" cried a voice which sounded like that of the bad-blooded young man.

"Where'd you get them legs?" inquired another interested spectator.

A gentleman on the outskirts of the crowd requested the firemen to save his child.

While this dramatic incident was taking place an automobile drew up near the house and a large, red-faced man got out hastily. It was Mr. Hemingway, who had just received word from a neighbor that his vacant house was on fire. He pushed through the crowd in time to see his son make a sensational exit from the burning barn.

The Tub, both mortified and mystified, reached the ground safely. He was seized upon by a waiting policeman and brought before Mr. Hemingway.

"That was a close un f'r th' yung un, sir," said the officer, touching his cap.

Mr. Hemingway needed no explanation. He had seen. Gratitude and thanksgiving filled his honest heart. Grabbing the Tub he hugged him before the entire crowd. Then as that young man's face came close to his he relaxed his embrace to sniff curiously. Disciplinary instincts superseded those of affection.

"You've been smoking," said Mr. Hemingway.

The fire was extinguished. The damage was slight. The crowd melted away disgruntled. The engines departed. Quiet settled down once more on Walnut Street.

Mrs. Fleming held out the paper to Beany as he came down the stairs the following morning. On the front page was the story of the fire. In headlines above it Beany read the words:

YOUTHFUL SMOKER'S NARROW ESCAPE

BOY TRAPPED IN BARN FIRED BY LIGHTED CIGARETTE SAVED BY PASSING COMRADES

QUICK WIT OF JAMES FLEMING AND HARRY BRACEWORTH CAUSES RESCUE

Mrs. Fleming glowed with pride.

"Beany, darling," she cried, "we're so proud of you!"

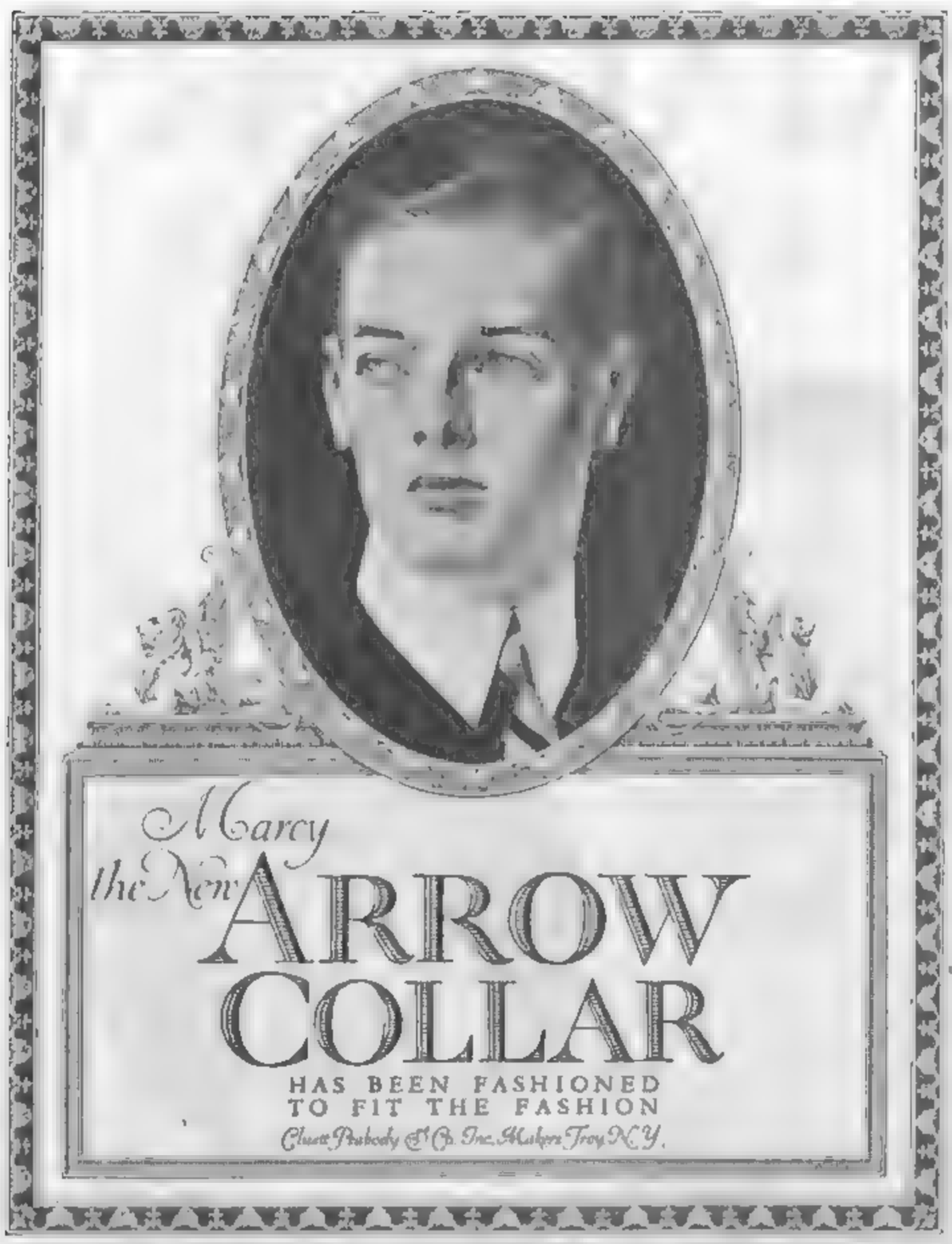
And Mr. Fleming beamed at his son over his coffee cup. He had never noticed what a chip of the old block he was until this morning.

"That was great stuff!" he said. "Great stuff!" Then fearing that someone might accuse him of emotionalism, he added: "I don't see why you didn't save something worth while when you were at it. If I were that fellow's father he'd never pass a cigar store again without a scream of pain."

Beany swallowed his breakfast with great gulps. In honor of the occasion he was allowed an unlimited supply of griddle cakes. He waved them away, however, after the third helping and rose from the table. "Why, you're not going to school yet, are you?" asked his surprised mother. "You're half an hour early."

"It's a good thing to be early," said Beany virtuously.

A few moments later he and Gangleshanks, who had never been known to be on time before in the history of the school, sat on the front steps and said good morning to the first pupil to appear. And never a twinge of conscience and never a doubt as to their worthiness shook their honest souls.



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Help your Boy build his future

Develop the constructive side of your boy. Help him to be a success in life. With an Erector set he can build hundreds of realistic models—skyscrapers, bridges, machinery—or elevators, cranes and steel shovels that he can operate with a powerful little Erector motor. It is steel construction in miniature, with *square* girders like real structural steel. Write today for a free copy of my boys' magazine and a folder of Gilbert educational toys.

GILBERT BOY ENGINEERING—A wonderfully helpful boys' book on science, engineering and manual training. Contains also fine articles on athletics by noted college coaches, trainers, Olympic champions—and complete catalogue of Gilbert toys. Sent postpaid at cost—25c.

Alfred Gilbert Pres.

Famous No. 6 Erector set, shown above, contains many steel girder parts, Erector motor and wheels to make toys that run. Price $10.00 (Canada $15).

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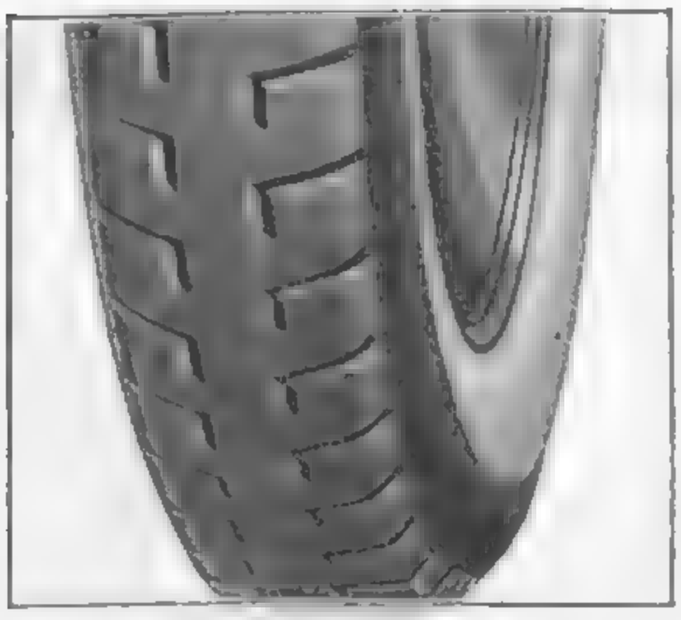
GILBERT TOYS

What is the secret of long life in a tire, anyhow?



IT'S the tread—and here is the reason:

The tread of your tire is the part that takes all the wear, soaks up the road shock and keeps the bumps away from the fabric.

Entirely reasonable then that it should be broad and thick, isn't it?

That's the idea back of the Super Tread Tire. It's important and it means a lot more miles to you.

GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO
Makers of
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Ordinary Tire

Super Tread Tire

Note from the diagrams that the Super Tread makes a broad instead of a narrow road contact. The tread wears down slowly and evenly over its entire width. This kind of tread contact gives your whole tire greater resistance to road shock. The blow is better absorbed. There is less strain on the side-walls—less bending and flexing to cause blowouts. Naturally, your tire lasts longer.

GATES SUPER TREAD

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Made by the makers of Gates Half Sole Tires

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"Ancient history" is of interest only as it bears on the present day. The first starting and lighting battery was made possible through the experience of the manufacturers of Exide in building batteries for every purpose since the birth of the storage battery. So today the experience and resources of the oldest and largest manufacturers of batteries in the world make possible an Exide for your car that will surprise you by its long life and care-free service.

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No matter what make of battery you have, if it needs attention it will be given unprejudiced, expert attention at the nearest Exide Service Station, and will be made to last as long as possible until you are ready to replace it with an Exide—*the long life battery*. There is an Exide Service Station near you.

Oldest and largest manufacturers in the world of storage batteries for every purpose

BIRD OF PRAY

(Continued from Page 11)

Therefore the sun shone, however faintly, for Keefe Gaines. That gentleman, his day's work as an undertaker and expert embalmer finished, called upon Butterfly whenever she was willing, and sat dumbly in a chair staring his adoration. Keefe was a good business man and a patient lover. His dogged courtship could not but have its effect on Butterfly. She liked Keefe; as Mrs. Gaines she would be secure in an enviable position and pretty much the boss of her own ménage. But, on the other hand, she could not bring herself to pass up the brummagem brilliance of Pluvius Jackson. There were too many other women eager to take her place as the courtee of Pluvius.

If only Keefe were not quite so substantial! If only Pluvius shone with a trifle less luster! With either dear charmer away, Butterfly's problem would have resolved into the quintessence of simplicity.

But both were very much on deck. And, to make matters worse, instinct informed Pluvius that Keefe Gaines was making headway a trifle too rapidly.

Whereupon he changed his tactics a trifle. Not much—but yet a trifle. Instead of openly singing his own praises he schemed to impress upon Butterfly a sense of that magnificence. He hatched an idea—a great idea. He invited Butterfly to make a flight with him!

The question of his aviation prowess had always been a sore spot between himself and the voluptuous damsel whom he was willing to marry. Butterfly was strangely apathetic to his aërial feats. She took them too much for granted. Of course she responded to his triumphs, but by that she was acknowledging more the plaudits of the multitude than her own personal opinions.

The sight of airplanes had long since lost their thrill for Butterfly. During the war she had worked in a home in Montgomery. Just outside Montgomery was an aviation field. From morning to night airplanes thrummed over the city; stunting and stunting still more. Novelty wore away quickly, and then came the complete indifference which is indicated by the failure even to look skyward at the sound of an airplane motor. Further, in the home where Butterfly worked there was a particularly blond young lady who had been much sought after by a dozen young aviators. They were there nightly and Butterfly absorbed their conversation. They were keen about movies and dancing and things normal. Flying? Pooh! That was an everyday affair as humdrum as riding to the office on a street car.

And so Butterfly found nothing startling in Pluvius' performances in the azure. It wasn't that she was unwilling to credit him with signal achievement; it was simply and solely that she didn't consider he was doing anything to raise a rumpus about.

Had colored society not bowed down humbly before him she would have paid him no heed. But there were few in Birmingham's Darktown to whom aëroplanes and the men who piloted them were familiar sights. And they were all eager to pay tribute to the only negro aviator of whom they had ever heard. It was merely that Butterfly followed the beaten track of applause, and was too human to fail to take advantage of the triumph of having him for her very own. But as to thinking that he was a superman ——

Pluvius knew all this. And he knew that once alone with him in an airplane her indifference to aviation would vanish and remain vanished. She might like it, she might detest it—but at any rate it was a thousand-to-one shot that she would return from her flight with a profound respect for the man whose livelihood was grabbed from the skies. And it was her indifference which at once thwarted his ambitions and piqued his pride.

"Jes' one li'l' flight, Butterfly?"

She shook her head positively. "Nossuh. I remains where the good Lawd intended."

"'Tain't nothin' to be skeered 'bout."

"I know it," she said matter-of-factly.

"Then if'n you ain't skeered why'n't you fly with me—jes' once?"

"'Cause."

"'Cause why?"

"'Cause I ain't gwine to, tha's why. They ain't nothin' to ridin' in a airplane—an' what they ain't nothin' to, I ain't carin' pretickerly about." And from that position she refused to budge.

Keefe Gaines called on alternate nights. He had come to realize that he must do his courting single-handed. Florian's unimpressive rout at the hands and brains of Pluvius Jackson had proved a disheartening blow. If Florian had been unable to accomplish anything save disaster when bucking up against Pluvius, what could he—a simple, honest undertaker—hope for?

Florian protested that the fight had not yet begun. Keefe shook his head. "Mebbe so it ain't, Florian; but if'n it ain't began yet—I adwises that you don't begin it!"

Florian raved. Keefe dared question his ability! Hadn't he told Keefe that he would arrange things—would send Butterfly hurtling eagerly into his arms? Hadn't he?

Florian progressed craftily. He emerged from retirement and spiked Pluvius' guns somewhat by turning the laugh on himself.

"You is sho'ly some smaht feller, Pluvius," he announced cheerfully to that gentleman in the presence of a crowd. "Ain't many men c'n say they has stang Florian Slappey."

Pluvius surveyed the other cautiously. He sensed a hidden meaning. "Says which?"

"Says you sho' put one over on me. Co'se I be'n a li'l' bit sore at fust, but I reckon I c'n laugh at myse'f same as I c'n at anybody else."

"Means that?"

"You said it. Hot dam, boy! I removes my hat to you!"

Even the suspicious Pluvius could not long resist Florian's Machiavellian blandishment. He did not capitulate immediately, being by nature not overly gullible. But when two weeks passed and Florian's encomiums continued to increase in number and fervor Pluvius buried the hatchet deeply.

Florian, he decided, was an exceptionally good sport. The two men had met, clashed—and victory had perched on the Jackson banner. It was quite clear, figured Pluvius, that Florian realized the futility of trying to buck him, and therefore sought an entente cordiale.

Once sure of his ground Pluvius met Florian a trifle more than halfway. Florian reported progress to Keefe Gaines.

"I an' him is frien's now, Keefe. I is got him where I want."

"Huh! Now you got him there, what you is gwine do with him?"

"Dunno. But it's a heap easier to double-cross a man than it is to jes' cross him."

"You cain't do nothin' with him."

"Foolishment is what you talks, cullud boy. Gittin' revenge on him is the on'y thing I ain't plannin' to do nothin' else but."

"An' meanwhile Pluvius Jackson is jes' about to go an' ma'y Butterfly Gryson fum under my nose."

"He ain't gwine ma'y nobody fum under yo' nose"

"'Tain't yo' gal."

"An' 'tain't hisn. N'r neither 'tain't gwine be hisn. Florian Slappey sees to that"

"Well," said Keefe pessimistically, "yo'd better be sho' he don' put you on to makin' some mo' easy money!"

It was unkind of Keefe to make that dig, and Florian winced. But in his soul there was the white fire of passionate determination. What if Keefe did rub it in a bit? What if the colored community of Birmingham was willing to let another supplant him upon the pinnacle of their esteem? It was only temporary. And his luster would be just so much greater when he should have proved himself.

The time was coming. Florian knew that it was. He knew that it must!

Ordinarily bored to extinction and somewhat peeved at the cosmic scheme, Florian dropped that attitude for the benefit of Pluvius. Toward that gentleman he employed a demeanor that was fifty per cent studied hypocrisy and fifty per cent soft—oh, very soft—soap. Pluvius digested hook, line and sinker.

Keefe Gaines meanwhile struggled manfully on in his battle to find matrimonial favor in the eyes of the desired Butterfly Gryson. Keefe was miserably convinced that he was playing a lone hand. He fancied that his tongue-tied adoration made little impression against Pluvius' voluble courting.

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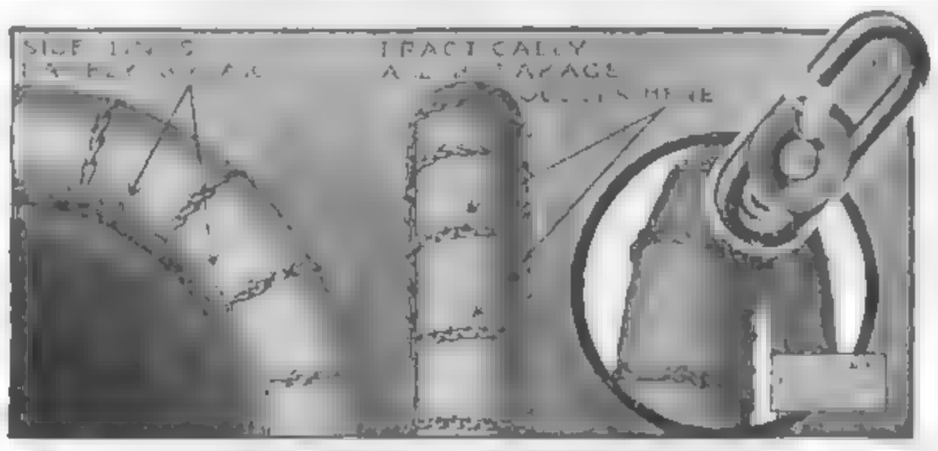

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HOLDS HOSE
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As for Butterfly, she was frankly in a quandary. Each man had his strong points, Pluvius' principal one being the honors accorded him by society. They seemed to regard a colored aviator as a personage of importance. Butterfly didn't agree, but she was willing to claim as her particular prize the most sought after man in the city. He was the lion. She was not at all averse to the rôle of lion tamer.

But to his proposals of marriage she turned an almost deaf ear. True, she made it plain that she did not object to his protestations of perpetual passion nor to the gifts with which he showered her. But she could not bring herself to say the jugal yes. And Keefe Gaines, knowing that there was life, hoped.

The friendship between the unsuspecting Pluvius and the crafty Florian flourished. Florian inserted the wedge of confidence when he manufactured troubles about which he besought the advice of Pluvius. Pluvius stepped two-footedly into the snare and opened up his own heart. And eventually Florian maneuvered so adroitly that Pluvius introduced the subject of his devotion to the incomparable Butterfly.

"H'm!" spake Florian. "That gal is lovin' Keefe Gaines pretty much."

"You ain't tellin' me nothin' I don' know a'ready," returned Pluvius with as close an approach to humility as he was capable. "I cain't on'erstan' how a gal c'n pass me up fo' a mis'able li'l' ol' undertaker."

"Brother Gaines is a frien' of mine," said Florian with disarming candor.

"I ain't meant no hahm agin him, Brother Slappey. But I'd be a moughty happy mo'ner if'n he was the corp'."

"He's pretty healthy," discouraged Florian.

"I knows it. I don' like undertakers anyway. No aviators don't."

"'Bout Butterfly Gryson now"—Florian was determined to keep the lady in focus—"what she got agin you?"

"Not nothin'. But she ain't got nothin' fo' me either. N'r neither she ain't got so much fo' Keefe Gaines. All she says is that if'n she was his wife he'd give her a elegant fun'ral, an' I argified with her s'posin' he died fust. But she said he woul'n't."

"Seems to me she'd know what a swell feller you is. A aviator ——"

"Aviators don' mean nothin' to her. She 'lows aviatin' ain't no diff'ent fum drivin' a autymobile."

Florian's eyes narrowed craftily. "Is she ever flew?"

"No. If'n she had she'd know the diff'ence."

"You said it, boy! She sho'ly would. She'd know then that you was the greatest cullud man in the world."

"Don' see how she stays so ign'runt not to know it a'ready. Seems like to me she thinks I ain't no better'n common fellers like'n to you an' Keefe Gaines."

Florian winced, but smiled gamely. "Wimmin is that-away. Come somebody else to say sumthin' is good, they wan's it whether they wan's it or not."

"You said it, brother. But the p'int is, the on'y way I c'n make her see what a great man I is is by takin' her up fo' a flight—and she won't do that."

Florian shrugged. "They's mo' ways of makin' a woman extravagant than 'lowin' her to buy on the 'stallment plan."

"What that gotten to do with aviatin'?"

"What Butterfly Gryson know bouten what she desiahs to do? I an' you is got to make her fly in yo' areoplane."

Pluvius' eyes lighted. "How you gwine do that?"

"They's ways. Ain't no gal ever flew with you yet, is they?"

"Not in Bummin'ham."

"Then we is got to make her see what a swell thing it'd be if'n she was the fust ——"

"An' the on'y one!" seconded Pluvius enthusiastically. "We c'n promise her if'n she'll fly with me I won't take up no other gal—no time. An' I won't, neither—ontil mebbe after I an' Butterfly is done ma'ied."

Florian thought intensively. "They's big doin's out to the Fair Groun's, Sa'd'y, ain't they?"

"You said it. Moto'cycle races an' a barbecue; an' I furnishes the big feature with my death-defyin' stunts."

"Good!" Florian rubbed the palms of his hands together unctuously. "Tha's the ve'y time what we is gwine make Butterfly go up with you."

From the street came the warning shriek of an automobile siren. A white ambulance skidded round the corner and dashed wildly for the Hillman Hospital. On the driver's seat—face set and emotionless—was Keefe Gaines. Pluvius shivered and glanced at Florian.

"Ev'y time I sees that cullud man I gits me a chill!"

"Huh," retorted Florian with an air of innocence that almost cloaked the significance of his remark, "you is a aviator. He ain't nothin' on'y a undertaker!"

Florian's passion for revenge upon Pluvius—coupled with a sincere desire to see his friend, the undertaker, safely smuggled into a life of connubial bliss—imparted to him a subtlety with which he had hitherto not been blessed. He did not at first go straight to Butterfly and argue about the social desirability of making a flight with Pluvius. Instead he made his way to the home of Sis Callie Flukers, champion long-distance gossip of darkest Birmingham.

For twenty minutes they chatted aimlessly, and twenty minutes was long enough to lull any suspicions Sis Callie might have entertained regarding Florian's motives. Then Florian let drop a baited question:

"I don' b'lieve tha's true, what I hearn 'bout Sis Butterfly Gryson, does you?"

Sis Callie keened to the scandal scent. With Butterfly in the society spotlight anything someone had heard and did not believe was fraught with interest.

"Says which?"

"I says I don' b'lieve it."

"B'lieve which?"

"Ain't you hearn?"

"Sho'ly I has. But which does you mean?"

"'Bout Butterfly an' Pluvius Jackson?"

"What 'bout 'em?"

"Folks is sayin' that out to the Fair Groun's, Sa'd'y, she is gwine fly in his areoplane with him."

Sis Callie raised her hands in pop-eyed horror. "No!"

"Tha's what I said. But folks says she is."

Sheer terror at the idea robbed Sis Callie of all aplomb. "Lawsy massy! Cain't be so."

"Hope 'tain't," replied Florian easily. "Hopes so fo' many good reasons."

Florian departed. So did Sis Callie. Florian dropped into Bud Peaglar's place and insinuated himself into a game of two-bit Kelly pool, knowing that he had planted a seed that was certain to grow a harvest in a trifle less than no time at all.

Nor was he wrong. Sis Callie streaked toward the home of Miss Butterfly Gryson. But on the way she met no less than a dozen particular friends, and to each of them she imparted the information that she knew positively Butterfly was to make a flight at the Fair Grounds Saturday as the passenger of Pluvius Jackson.

Butterfly was as surprised as Sis Callie's other hearers, but she sensed in Sis Callie's attitude a reverence for her daring. Butterfly liked that. Sis Callie was usually so icily distant and frigidly critical that anything which warmed her up in the slightest degree and caused her to express admiration must be worth considering.

So Butterfly stalled: "I ain't ezac'ly decided yet, Sis Callie."

Miss Flukers was quivering with apprehension. "You ain't rilly thinkin' of it, is you, Butterfly?"

"Ise thinkin', but I ain't shuah."

"Lan' o' Moses! You is the on'iest woman in Bummin'ham would do sech as that."

It was music to Butterfly's ears and balm to her soul. "'Tain't nothin' to be skeered of."

"I'd die of fright," admitted Sis Callie. "If'n you flies with him, Butterfly, I han's it to you as the darin'est woman in this town."

Butterfly shrugged; after all, if a single flight brought her such as this, there was really no reason why she should not. Airplanes were nothing to be afraid of. She found herself planning to close her eyes before the take-off so that she could not visualize altitude during the tour of the skies.

"Flyin' ain't nothin' to cause no escitement."

Sis Callie left. And then into the home of Butterfly Gryson there came a steady stream of colored ladies who had heard of the proposed initiation into the mysteries of aviation.

Within the hour the last vestige of opposition had disappeared. As a matter of fact, Butterfly could not now have refused

(Continued on Page 173)

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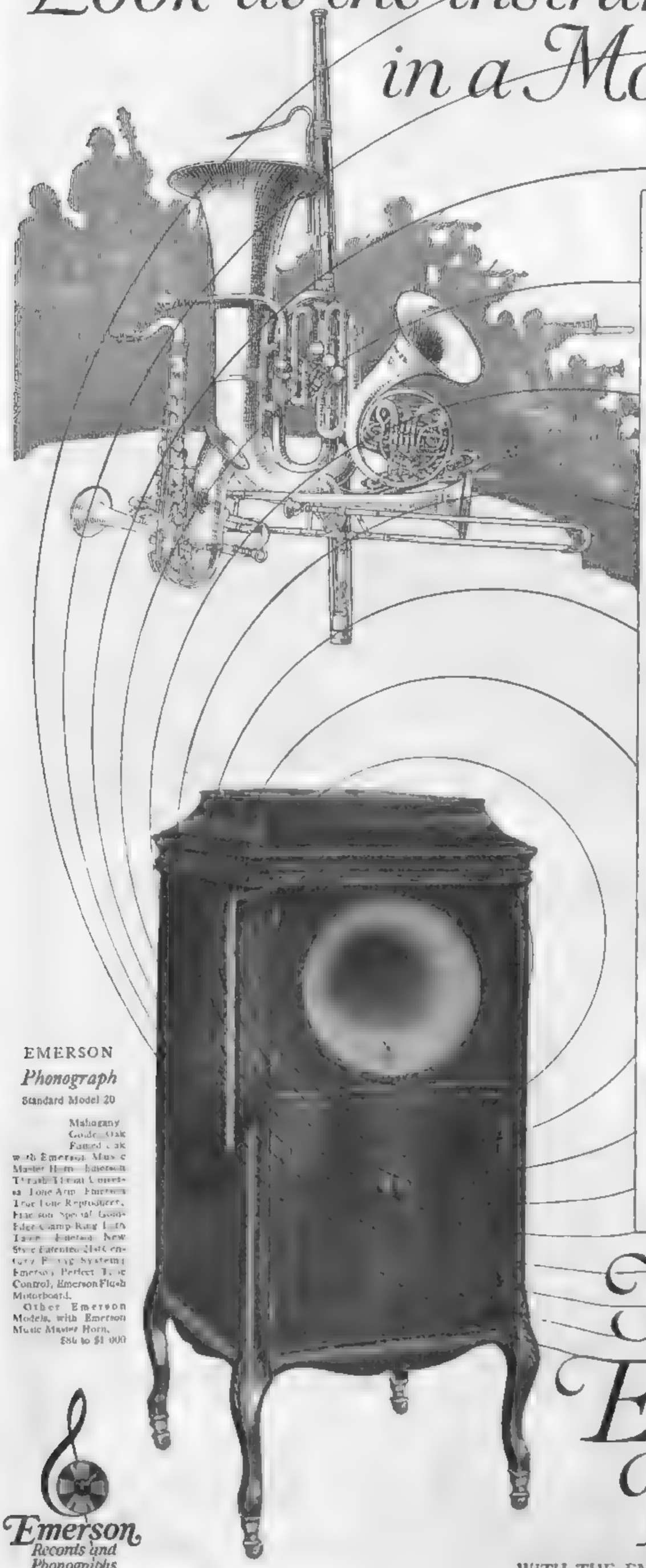

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Patented May 13, 1913—May 6, 1919

(Continued from Page 170)

the flight had she so desired. She found that, bit by bit, she had committed herself. And now failure to fly with Pluvius would ruin her socially forevermore.

Florian broke the news to Pluvius. Pluvius thrilled with rapture at the prospect.

"You is suttinly a swell frien' to me, Florian Slappey."

"Ise a good frien' an' a good enemy," returned Florian candidly. "An' when Ise a frien' they ain't nothin' I won't do to he'p out."

"You is tootin', cullud boy. Tell me what you said to Butterfly to make her fly."

"Ain't said nothin'."

"Huh?"

"Nary word."

"Then how she come to?"

"I jes' spread the word she was gwine do it, an' when folks stahted tellin' her she was she jes' nachelly 'greed with them."

Pluvius was lost in vast admiration for his friend. "Wiggilin tripe! Florian—you sho' uses yo' head fo' sumthin' mo' than jes' to keep yo' neck stiddy. I silutes you."

"I silutes myse'f," returned Florian complacently. "I ain't as smaht as what you is, Pluvius—but I gits along sometimes."

Birmingham's colored folk quivered under the news. Jaws wagged with speculation and eyes shone in anticipation. Butterfly came in for chorused extolment which raised her to the zenith of beatitude. Certainly, she now knew, this was worth any momentary discomfort. And fear, she had none.

But Keefe Gaines retired to the morbid quietude of his embalming plant, a victim of melancholia.

This was the end, and Keefe knew it. Had he suspected that the idea for the flight germinated in the fertile brain of Florian Slappey he would have seen to it promptly that his erstwhile friend became a valued client. But Keefe did not suspect. He suspected nothing save that Butterfly was forever lost to him.

He knew what it would be. All along he had recognized that his sole strength lay in the fact that Butterfly was contemptuous of Pluvius' calling. Aviation was to her nothing wonderful, and an aviator, as such, entitled to none of the homage Pluvius was receiving in tremendous gobs.

But once off the ground—the story was told. Nothing remained but to inscribe "Finis" and read the engagement announcement in The Weekly Epoch. Butterfly—and Keefe knew it—would return to earth considerably frightened, excruciatingly grateful to the man who had piloted her safely, and convinced beyond argument of his magnificence.

And so on Saturday morning Keefe seated himself on his new glass cooling board and gave himself over to consideration of the ways and means of painless suicide. He was determined on one point only—he would remain as far away from the Fair Grounds as the calls of his profession permitted.

But Keefe was the sole member of Birmingham's colored society who could have attended and did not. The cars to the Fair Grounds were crowded to suffocation, and every dusky taxi driver was called from his Eighteenth Street stand to pilot the more affluent of the dusky citizenry.

For two hours Butterfly Gryson made up for the occasion. It was a lengthy ceremony. Her face was first cold-creamed, then anointed with a strenuous application of Nemonia Collins' Very First Quality Lavender-Brown Complexion Powder. Her eyebrows were carefully penciled. Two daubs of rouge imparted a delicate touch of color to the complexion concoction. Her coiffure took the better part of an hour. It emerged from her labors a thing magnificent. Her nails were manicured to the point of scintillant perfection. Then she dressed.

White stockings, with black embroidery. And beneath them a pair of sizable sport shoes of white overlaid with filigreed tan leather. Her flaring skirt was of white and yellow, and she coyly donned a decidedly décolleté waist of green Georgette crêpe. A large, floppy white hat garnished with a lugubrious black ostrich plume completed the ensemble, and Butterfly, radiantly satisfied with herself, took her place on the front porch to await the coming of the aviator.

She had not long to wait. Pluvius arrived in Clarence Carter's carmine taxicab. He was dressed in his professional costume, but the silver wings which decorated the black derby had been scrupulously polished. Beside Pluvius reclined the languid and faithful Florian Slappey, a sartorial epic in new clothes of extreme checkerboard design, a screaming cerise scarf and a pearl-gray fedora hat. Butterfly entered the car on the arm of Pluvius. As a trio they invited long and lingering gazes, and as they passed through Eighteenth Street and turned down Third Avenue for the trip to the Fair Grounds the occasional comments wafted toward them from the sidewalks were sweet music to their ears:

"Yonder they goes!"

"Ain't they elegant?"

"You said it, sister. Lookit them wings on Brother Jackson's hat—how they shines!"

"Butterfly sho'ly is one mo' hot sport."

"What Florian Slappey is doin' with 'em?"

"Florian? Shucks! He ain't doin' nothin' on'y hangin' roun'!"

Florian heard that remark. It had been meant that he should. He turned in his upholstered seat and favored the critic with a slow grin of supreme contempt. It was a grin of superior sardonic amusement.

Ain't doin' nothin' on'y hangin' roun', huh? Maybe not. Maybe he wasn't doing anything else. But Florian was intoxicated by a profound hunch that his hour of triumph was not far distant.

For some minutes Butterfly Gryson maintained a decided silence. Then she leaned forward and touched Clarence Carter on the arm. "Ain't you drivin' kinder fas', Brother Carter?"

Clarence looked round in surprise. "No'm, Sis Butterfly; ain't drivin' on'y twelve miles a hour."

Florian's amusement increased. He understood.

And Butterfly was beginning to understand. She was beginning to understand that aviation was a different proposition when regarded from the personal angle. Through her mind there seeped the idea that perhaps if the Lord had meant mere mortals to fly he would have equipped them with wings—and parachutes. What right had any man to defy Nature and all the principles of gravitation?

Of course there wasn't anything to flying. You just sat in a plane and flew. Nothing else. That is, provided you kept on flying.

Butterfly shivered. Apprehension had come and was wrapping chilly tendrils round her hitherto indifferent heart. It was this psychological reaction upon which the astute Florian Slappey had depended.

Butterfly recalled instances where planes did not alight on three points, as the aviators termed it. Instead they had been known to light on all points at once, or on a single point—one being as ghastly as the other. Suppose to-day——

"Mebbe yo' plane ain't in condition, Pluvius," she suggested hopefully.

He grinned with pride. "Runnin' smooth as a river, honey. I seen to that this mawnin'."

Butterfly experienced no surge of gratitude for his forethought. "Ain't it soht of—of—windy fo' flyin'?"

"Ain't a breff stirrin'."

"Y-y-you ain't goin' high, is you?"

Pluvius shrugged. "High don' make no neverminds in a areoplane. The higher you gits the safer you is."

She thought it over. "That don' make sense, Pluvius."

Florian put in a malicious explanation: "Sho'ly, Butterfly. If'n you is high up an' sumthin' goes wrong an' the plane busts, the pilot is got a chance to fix things up befo' he hits the groun'. If'n you is close when you stahts to fall you jes' nachelly gits bus' up into li'l' pieces. Ain't that right, Pluvius?"

Pluvius agreed that it was. Butterfly didn't argue, but she didn't like the implications inherent in Florian's explanation.

They turned from the concrete road at Fairview and rolled like a royal entourage through the gates. Acting under instruction, Clarence Carter piloted his car to the one-mile race track and circled the oval at high speed, pulling up short before the grand stand, where they were greeted with loud huzzas from the early comers. Pluvius rose and bowed acknowledgment and forced Butterfly to do likewise. And Butterfly felt that anything short of utter annihilation was paid in advance.

Then Pluvius excused himself and strutted pompously through the gates of

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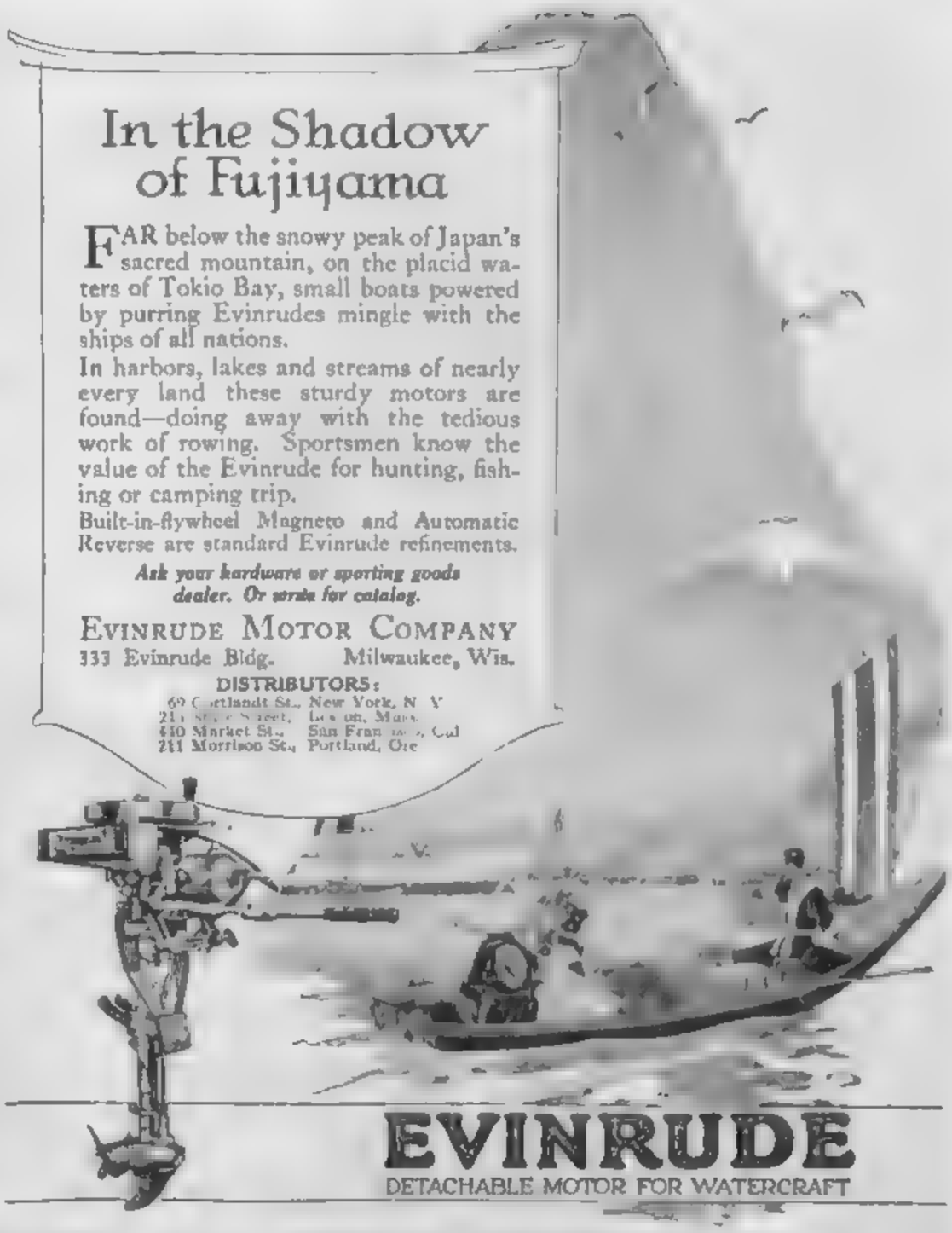

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the infield to inspect his plane. He made the tactical blunder of leaving Florian alone with his prospective passenger.

To Florian, Butterfly unbosomed herself. "Ise skeered."

"Nothin' to git skeered of, Butterfly. Pluvius ain't never been kilt yet."

"That ain't sayin' he ain't gwine be."

"Well," said Florian consolingly, "we is all got to die sometime, ain't we?"

Butterfly admitted the truth of the statement, but didn't thrill to the fatalistic prospect. Out on the field Pluvius' mechanic spun the propeller and the engine roared terrifying response. Butterfly did an involuntary shimmy and turned a pale green under her make-up.

"D-d-does it make that noise all the time, Florian?"

"Sho'ly does."

"Then how c'n you talk in a areoplane?"

"You cain't—'ceptin' to yo'se'f."

"S-s-s'posin' I wants to come down?"

"I dunno. Gives a signal, I reckon."

The crowd was still pouring through the gates and filling the big frame grand stand with a riot of color. All eyes were focused upon the radiant figure of Butterfly Gryson, and none suspected her sickening trepidation. Under any other combination of circumstances Butterfly would have reneged, but as matters stood that course was impossible. Too much was at stake; Butterfly herself had allowed matters to progress too far. Take wing she must, come what might.

Pluvius shut off his motor and strode across the track to the car. Florian spoke for the lady.

"Pluvius!"

"Huh?"

"Butterfly's skeered."

Pluvius was delighted. If Butterfly was frightened it was certain that her respect for a man who made his living by doing something which terrified her was mounting.

"Nothin' to be skeered of, Butterfly."

"S'pose sumthin' happened?"

"Nothin' ain't gwine happen."

"How you know that?"

"Ain't you said yo'se'f that aviatin' is safe?"

"Y-y-yeh! But I di'n't know as much bouten it then as what I does now."

"Ise gwine bring you down safe all right."

She looked up hopefully. "Is we gwine have signals?"

"Sho'ly. Whatever you says. But you ain't gwine be skeered when you gits up in the air, honey. Chances is you is gwine want me to do stunts when we gits up there."

"Do stunts? O-o-o-oh!"

"Sho'ly. Flyin' ain't never hurt nobody onless he fell. Now Ise gwiné sit you in front of me an' run the areoplane fum the back seat. Tell you what we'll do—if'n you is skeered when we gits up you raise yo' right han'. That'll mean c'mon down. But as you ain't gwine git skeered—you raises yo' lef' han' if'n you wants me to do a few li'l' stunts. How 'bout that?"

"Y-yassuh! If'n I raises my right han', that means come down?"

"Tha's it, Butterfly."

"An' if'n I signals to come down—you comes?"

"I does."

Butterfly breathed a sigh of relief.

Pluvius informed her that the zero hour had been reached. He would return to his plane and put everything in readiness, said he, if Mistuh Slappey would escort Miss Gryson to the passenger's seat. Florian agreed readily. Pluvius swaggered toward the plane and Florian followed, leading a mentally limp and bedraggled lady by the arm.

Butterfly's mind was a whirling kaleidoscope of terror. If only the hands of the clock might be moved ahead one hour and the experience safely in history! Even the enthusiastic cheers of the morbid crowd failed to arouse in her bosom the proper response; or any response at all, for that matter. Butterfly was, to resort to the vernacular, absolutely and entirely all in.

Florian whispered reassuringly into her ear. He didn't stop talking for a single instant. Pluvius, safe in his helmet, was already ensconced in the pilot's seat, and his engine was roaring, the bronze-tipped propeller turning over swiftly but without sufficient speed to tear the plane from the restraining grasp of the mechanician.

Florian, still talking earnestly to Butterfly, assisted that lady into the plane. It was a delicate and difficult operation. He almost had to shove her in. The task of fastening the web belt about her was even more difficult. And just before he adjusted her helmet Florian repeated reassuring instructions regarding the signals. He gave these instructions several times so that she could not forget them. He hammered them home on her dazed and almost blank mentality. He stepped from the plane to the ground, having instructed her in the signal code no less than a dozen times.

Silence settled like a pall over the multitude. Pluvius gave the motor a little more gas and was answered by a deafening roar. Butterfly closed her eyes and wondered vaguely how her heart managed to remain in its proper place. She was suffering with a terror surpassing acute physical pain.

Pluvius nodded to his mechanician. That individual released his grip of the plane. Pluvius turned on a trifle more gas. The plane forged slowly ahead. The spectators yelled wild acclaim. Butterfly felt herself growing ill, and her lips moved.

"O-o-o-oh! Lawsy!"

Florian Slappey stood regarding his handiwork with ill-concealed satisfaction. Upon his lips there was a broad, triumphant grin. Then suddenly he turned and sped to the telephone booth under the grand stand. Within two minutes he was connected with Keefe Gaines' undertaking establishment.

"Keefe?"

"Yeh."

"This is Florian Slappey talkin'. I is out at the Fair Grounds."

"I ain't care."

"Lis'en heah, Keefe—I is fixed ev'ything, jes' like I promised you I was gwine do."

A faint note of hope crept into Keefe's voice. "You is which?"

"I is got ev'ything fixed fo' you to ma'y Butterfly."

"I is hearn of you fixin' things befo', Florian, an' ——"

"Stop talkin' words with yo' mouth, Keefe Gaines!" snapped Florian impatiently. "You is wastin' vallible time. Lis'en to me! You hop in yo' car an' git out heah in fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes!"

"Yeh—but Florian ——"

"You git heah!"

"I cain't!"

"You got to!"

"But my ambulance is out on a call!"

"I don' care where it is. You is got to git out to this Fair Grounds in fifteen minutes or yo' las' chance fo' gittin' Butterfly is gwine be ain't!"

Florian hung up. He returned to view the spectacle in the sky.

Meanwhile things had been happening!

The plane forged ahead with gathering speed, bumping gracefully over the uneven terrain. Butterfly, limp and lachrymose, lay back sobbingly. Her eyes were tight closed, one hand clutched at her palpitating heart. If she ever returned alive ——

Suddenly the bumping ceased, to be followed by a gentle swaying motion, soothing and reassuring. Butterfly opened her eyes, convinced that the flight was at an end. She took one look and uttered a frightened squawk. The ground was dropping away from her. The right wing of the plane seemed to envelop half of the city of Ensley. Her eyes closed again.

The hum of the motor grew monotonous. She didn't know how long she lay in abject terror before opening her eyes again. But what she saw this time was even worse: The city lay spread before her like a toy town. Apparently the plane was motionless. After all, there was nothing at which to be frightened. She deigned to look. A mite of her terror disappeared.

Higher and higher mounted Pluvius, sailing triumphantly on an even keel. And then he made the mistake of banking his plane for a sharp turn.

Something happened within Miss Butterfly Gryson. The momentary confidence deserted her. She remembered horribly that there was nothing between the plane and the ground save loose air.

The signal! A signal had been agreed upon! If she wanted to return to earth ——

She signaled.

Straight skyward, so that the pleased pilot behind her could not miss the signal, her hand shot up!

But it was her left hand!

In the rear seat Pluvius chuckled contentedly. He quietly mounted to a higher altitude and then dived into a loop. For Pluvius had not forgotten that the raising of the left hand was the signal for stunting. His triumph was complete.

(Concluded on Page 177)

IF not ready to replace all the old plumbing fixtures, start with the kitchen sink. Ordinarily it can be replaced in a short time, at a moderate labor cost.

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WITHIN the last two months the Tractor has furnished the power to seed millions of acres to winter wheat for the great crop of 1921. It is difficult to realize that seeding by hand is still within the memory of living men.

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(Concluded from Page 174)

What occurred immediately thereafter Butterfly has never remembered. She doesn't care to. Three loops came in quick succession, followed by a nauseating nose dive, a climb and then an Immelman turn.

It was the Immelman turn which reduced Butterfly to the consistency of a jellyfish. Her eyes were open now—wide open. Terror shone from them.

Pleased with himself, Pluvius mounted high again and started a spiral. Nose pointed earthward, engine cut off, the plane whipped round and round.

And the eyes of Butterfly Gryson, staring earthward, saw something!

It was driving solemnly, ominously and prophetically through the Fair Grounds gates. It was white and inviting. Butterfly knew what it was and what it portended. It was an automobile hearse. That was when Miss Butterfly Gryson swooned.

Safe on terra firma, Florian advanced to meet Keefe Gaines.

"What you mean, Keefe—comin' in yo' hearse?"

"Ain't you tol' me to git heah quick?"

"Yeh."

"Well, my ambulance been out on a call an' this was the only else thing I had to come in! An' heah I is."

They turned their eyes on the nose-diving plane. Two minutes later Pluvius effected a perfect landing. He stopped his plane and turned in anticipation of the sweet surrender of his passenger. He gazed in horror upon a limp and unconscious body.

Florian and Keefe Gaines sped forward. They dragged the figure of Butterfly Gryson from the passenger's seat. When Pluvius would have interfered Keefe shoved him masterfully aside.

"You is done enough a'ready, Mistuh Jackson. I craves you to keep yo' han's off."

The crowd surged out on the field. They saw Florian and Keefe bundle the unconscious Butterfly to the solemn white hearse.

"Drive her home, Keefe," commanded Florian.

Keefe did as bidden. He perched himself on the hearse and pillowed the head of the beloved Butterfly in his lap. The driver bumped slowly out of the inclosure and turned toward Birmingham.

On the aviation field a crowd had massed about the bewildered Pluvius Jackson. Florian allowed it to mass. And then, when it had grown densest, he stepped forward for his moment of supreme triumph.

"Pluvius Jackson!"

"Huh?"

"Mebbe you ain't forgot that time when you stang me fo' fifty dollars with that pawn ticket."

Pluvius looked at him apprehensively.

"I ain't know what you mean, Florian."

"You tried to make a fool outen me, Pluvius. An' when you done same, I 'lowed I was gwine git even with you. Well, Mistuh Pluvius Jackson, I has got!"

"Got which?"

"Got even!"

"Wh-wh-what you means?"

"I means you an' I is quits. On'y I is mo' quitter than what you is. On account Keefe Gaines is done run off to ma'y you gal. An' I done it!"

"How you done it?"

"It was this-away," explained Florian, and the crowd pressed closer, that not a single word might be missed. "I knowed that Butterfly would mebbe git over bein' skeered of jes' ord'nary flyin'. An' I knowed that you an' her agreed if'n she wanted to come down she was to raise her right han', an' if'n she wanted you to do stunts she was to raise her lef' hand.

"Also, I knowed she was so scared she on'y had room fo' one idee in her haid—an' that was the signal fo' comin' down. An' so, fum the minute you lef' us alone I kep' sayin' to her: 'Remember, Butterfly, when you wants to come down you raise yo' left hand!' An' when that areoplane stahted up, that was all she remembered. An', Pluvius—I soht of suspicions that she raised that left hand! The left hand, Pluvius—the left hand! An' don' you never fo'git that it was my idea!"

It was five minutes later that Butterfly struggled to consciousness. She sensed the ornate trimmings of the hearse. She knew that it was a hearse. She closed her eyes again contentedly.

"Ise daid!"

Keefe spoke soothingly. "No, sweetness, you ain't daid!"

The eyes again fluttered open and came to rest on Keefe's face. "Ain't this my fun'ral?"

"No, darlin'. You is safe with Keefe. Ise takin' you home."

"I I is alive?"

"Yeh, honey; you is alive." Keefe choked. "Sweetness?"

"Huh?"

"I—I loves you a heap."

"Does you, Keefe?"

"Uh-huh! I—I wishes you would make ma'iage with me."

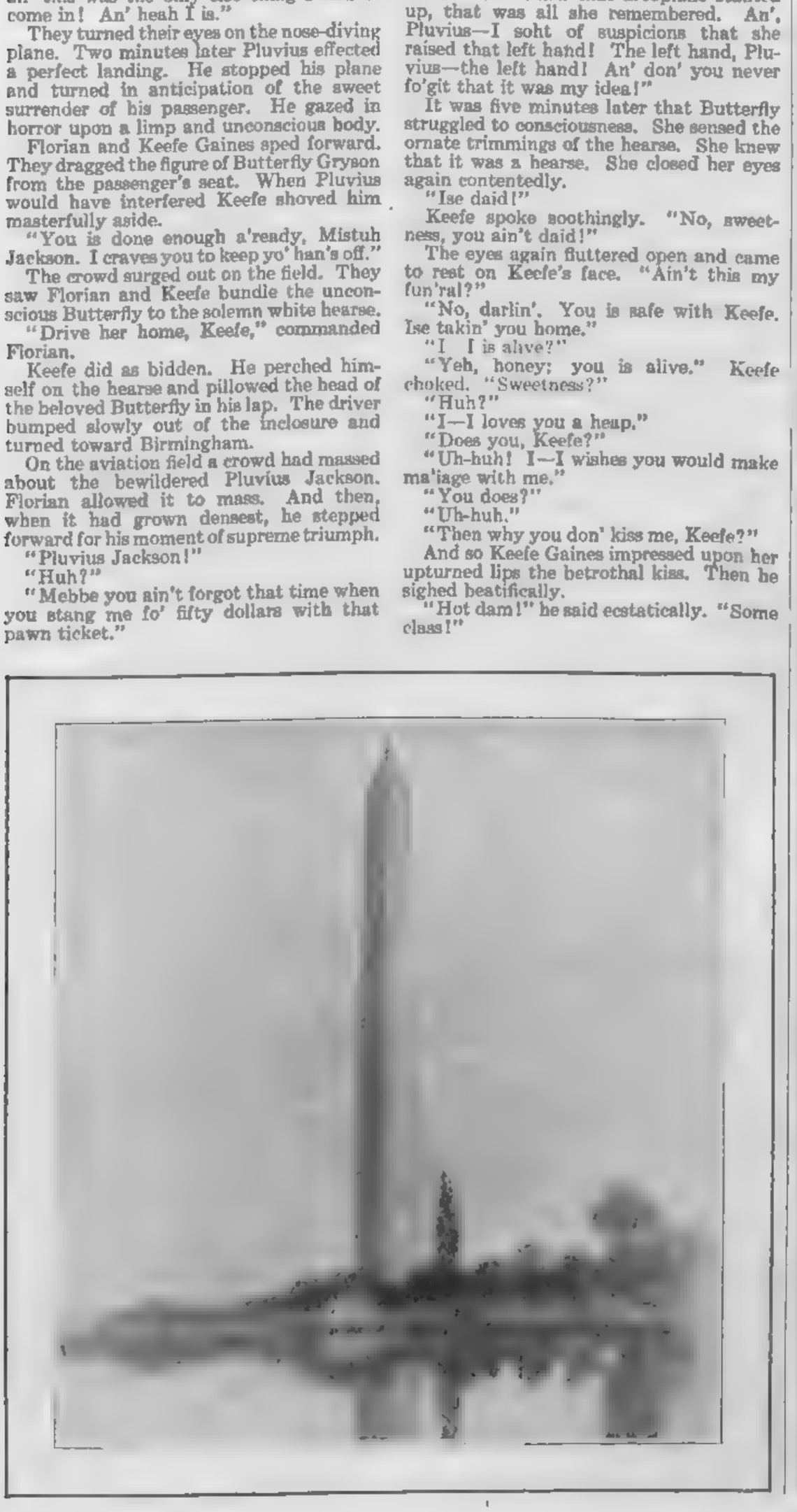
"You does?"

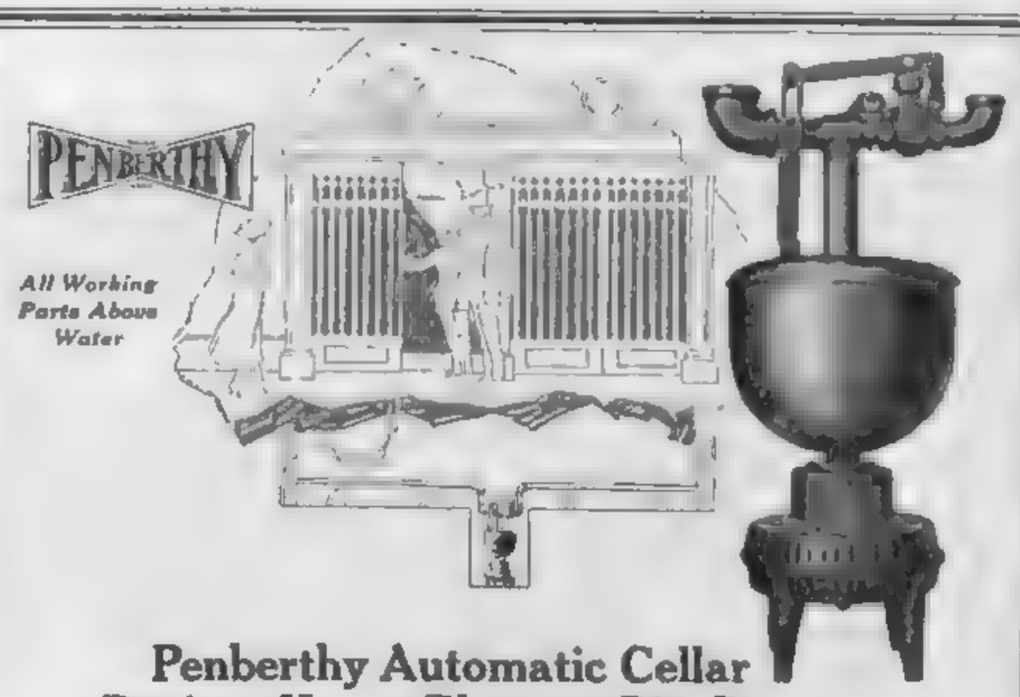
"Uh-huh."

"Then why you don' kiss me, Keefe?"

And so Keefe Gaines impressed upon her upturned lips the betrothal kiss. Then he sighed beatifically.

"Hot dam!" he said ecstatically. "Some class!"





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DIETING IN DEAR PAREE

(Continued from Page 16)

Something nibbles at your feet. Ah, the cushion! The hovering one in black bends perfectly over your table. He fastens an extraordinary mixture of eye and ear attention on you; for well-bred clients are apt to speak low, and it would be unheard of to ask madame or monsieur to repeat an order. The consequence is, the point of the cheek bone is cocked in your direction, and you feel that both eye and ear are fixed upon you.

You choose your dinner, and try to be polite and not let your mouth obviously water as you wait for your order to arrive and watch your neighbor's industry. Beside us the other evening sat a handsome woman who looked like an Oriental female of sorts. Poiret had dressed her in silver brocade, cut in simple Eastern fashion. Her black oily hair was drawn straight back into a wad on the back of her crown, and a toplesa turban of silver and seed pearls ringed her head, low over her brows. She seemed to need jewels and was evidently working hard to get them, for her dinner partner was a loathly individual with greenish teeth, bald head and a cutaway coat.

The lady ate two huge helpings of salmon trout, served with a dab of currant jelly, maddeningly tempting in its unknown rôle of fish adjunct, and a quivering mound of mayonnaise. I didn't blame her for taking two helpings, but I wished our waiter would hurry.

Then she had braised chicory in large branches, then two platefuls of green-gage compote, and then she asked to see the strawberries. I never saw such huge *fraises des bois* as they brought her in a shallow wooden box. Her plate was piled with them, they were well sugared and then deluged in thick *crème d'Isigny*. She shoveled them down—her table manners were distinctly bad—and then sent the *garçon* for more when her companion was called to the phone. She also seized that opportunity to have a large box of *gaufrettes* tied up for her to take home. They had caught her fancy, and what will you? Why shouldn't she have them? Her escort reappeared just as she was fondling the package, and she looked a bit taken aback as she giggled: "*Ah! je suis perdue!*"

"Lost?" returned her hideous friend politely. "Why should you be lost? Why should you not have them?"

Well-known financiers frequent Larue's, its excellent cuisine going far to relax their minds from their heavy responsibilities. I met a distinguished Pole there, just back from an important mission to his native land.

The butter at Larue's is served in a most attractive way, in little earthenware shallow pots, but I looked in vain for a wooden pepper mill. Before I leave Paris I must steal one somewhere; it would never do to buy one, and I really need one.

Luncheon at the Pré Catalan

All outdoors calls you again next day, a gorgeous Sunday, and you feel you must lunch out at the Pré Catalan in the Bois. A table is reserved over the balky telephone, and you arrive at the appointed hour to find the room filled with gay race goers, and a soulful waltz filling the air, drawn from a properly sobbing violin by a pale, black-haired bit of romantic youth. Paris! It gripes you by the throat, by the heart! You long for a hot romance of your own: I swear you do, even if you are a New England schoolteacher in a last year's blue-serge suit and an embroidered muslin collar. Some way that romance has never come off yet in Paris, but I'm still sure it will even if I have to groom my own husband for it. It could easily be done by staying at different hotels and wearing a new colored hair or something.

No hors d'œuvres; they sound too rich and oily this sparkling flowery morning. Melon will be just the thing; melon you can eat right down to the rind. It doesn't look much, this pale-green smooth-cheeked globe, to American eyes; but just dig into its close pink depth and you'll see.

Real sole, done in some mysterious way, lemony and buttery and rich and appetizing, follows the melon, and then chicken drops apart for you in a casserole, just gently longing to be eaten; tender bits of white with little mushrooms, and a gravy that has been coaxed for hours at a slow simmering heat into its present state of delectable smoothness. Have anything else you like—chilled fruits, or ices, or stewed fruits smothered in cream, or perhaps that concoction of peaches in strawberry sauce with shredded almonds sprinkled over them. It is all heavenly, and a pointing finger nail or a mispronounced French name will bring it to you.

The waiters are such a pleasure after our fifty-seven varieties in America. The Parisian will wail that they have no manners left, that all is changed since the war; but I find their manners entrancing. Here is no greasy Levantine, working only for his tip, giving the minimum of service, with his thumb in your soup, and his false shirt front dirtily bulging from a spotty, greasy black suit. In Paris he is a Frenchman in his own land, with the pride of many traditions attached to his calling. He serves you, so to speak, for the fair name of France; he has learned his trade from the post of bus boy all the way up, and he knows it and practices it with care and respect still, in the best houses.

Other Happy Haunts

If you care to see what is left of student life, go to the Café d'Harcourt in the Boul' Miche. The cooking is not famous, but an impromptu entertainment goes on all the time, which is most diverting. There is a good deal of *amour* about, that snuggling display of affection that makes Paris an easy or a hard place for a man to visit with his wife, depending on her loverlike or deadly restraining attitude. She may enter into the spirit of the place and transform herself into a fascinating romance or she may sit with bended brows and pursed lips, judging and misjudging. I recommend the former attitude where possible.

You hear a student chorus in the street:

Bonsoir, Monsieur! Madame!
Bonsoir, Monsieur! Madame!
Bonsoir, Monsieur! Madame!
Bonsoir.

This is repeated over and over in a rhythmic singsong chant, the last two words, in the miraculous French way, forming one word, all the syllables hurled together at one note. A string of young fellows bursts into the café, their hands on each other's shoulders, snaking round the tables, singing at the tops of their voices; round and round they go, and snake out again.

I couldn't begin to give a list of all the good restaurants in Paris, but no mention of the subject would be complete without reference to such a famous cuisine as is to be found at Henry's; *poulet en cocotte* at Paillard's; anything you want at Voisin's, with its famous cellars; or Foyot's, on the other side, rendezvous of senators and, in the old days, of many a celebrated man of letters.

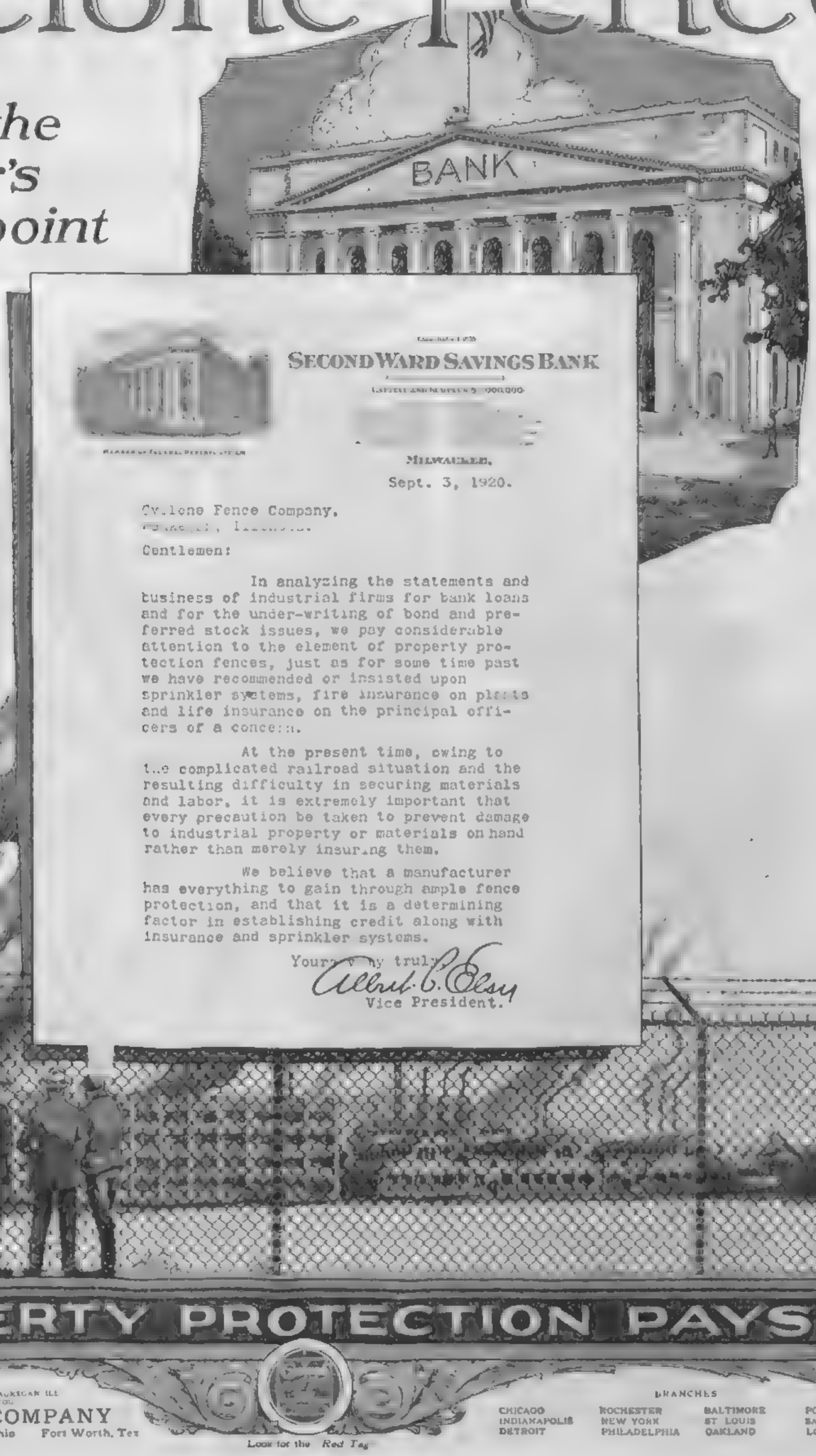
If you want to dine or lunch in the open air and have not the time to go way out to the Bois, stroll up the Champs Elysées and stop at any one of the delightful oases you will see at the right or left of you. Laurent's, for instance, will be sure to have groups of beautifully gowned women; or you may stop at Ledoyen's and sit out on the terrace, while the lights change with the adorable prismatic mysticism of Paris 'tween lights. The big beds of white and scarlet geraniums at the left will cry you welcome; the softly girring pigeons strutting before you waiting for crumbs, these will catch your tired eyes and smooth the wrinkles from beneath them. Don't look at the lady cashier; she looks too tired for words as she sits with her queer tin boxes of change and tickets in front of her. Her only joy seems to be scattering crumbs to the few birds that are sitting up late tonight. Hardly a murmur of Paris traffic will come to you, only a vaguely disquieting rumble of big trams on one side and tearing taxis on the other.

At this hour it seems as though all Paris folded its sordid cares away, shook the bits of thread from its work apron, dug the day's grime from its finger nails, or changed its heavy street shoes for sandals of gilt and silver brocade, and—heigh presto! away to delights, to sweet quiet meetings under discreet trees; to soothing, unhurried strolls, arms entwined, mouth meeting mouth when words give place to gusts of feeling. You must, willy-nilly, forget your own

(Continued on Page 181)

Cyclone Fence

From the Banker's Standpoint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Sept. 3, 1920.
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Gentlemen:
In analyzing the statements and business of industrial firms for bank loans and for the under-writing of bond and preferred stock issues, we pay considerable attention to the element of property protection fences, just as for some time past we have recommended or insisted upon sprinkler systems, fire insurance on plants and life insurance on the principal officers of a concern.
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(Continued from Page 178)

cares too; that bothersome old stock exchange at home, ticking its way into your consciousness even at this distance; that unsigned contract that seems so unsatisfactory and so binding; that stupid letter that annoyed you at breakfast. Forget them all; Paris is whispering and beckoning, and the goddess is in a divine mood to-night.

Shall we go up to Montmartre and dine in the fresher air? Perhaps not; for the fairy Sacré Cœur loses so much allure as you approach it, and the food really is more *soigné* down among the mortals; we are getting on, and such things count. We neither want to have the gleaming white veil torn from the domes and towers that enchant us by day by their dazzling glimpses, nor do we want fleas about our feet, and noisy youth assaulting our ears this evening. That was for our younger years, before we began to mellow in our tastes.

You must choose your companions carefully, so as not to suffer such a shock as my poor mother did when she took some apparently quite nice home people to Foyot's at their earnest solicitation, "as they had heard so much about it," and then translated to the astonished waiter, who in spite of all his traditions radiated contempt, the exact edition of ham and eggs and big cups of coffee that these benighted females insisted upon. How can a person who orders bush-league food at Foyot's in Paris catch glimpses of the ghosts in the shadows or hear the witty whispering that one fancies still echoes just beyond one's mortal ear? Out upon them for flat-footed provincials! Or, rather, let them buy their picture postcards and lace collars in peace, for they serve to point the contrast to us canny ones, and so we get in an extra other-than-thou pat on the back of our self-esteem.

You must start out early for luncheon if you would find a vacant place at Prunier's fish bar. If you love the big crabs, the lobsters and *langoustes*—the wonderful sea food for which this place is famous; if you would have all the oysters you really want for once—then get there early and slip into your place just like a regular man. You might order shrimps and bread and butter with a glass of port; or any one of the masterpieces of cooked sea beasties you can recognize on the menu. If you want more room and have more time, go upstairs and spread out a bit. Linger over your lobster Newburg—it is worth it; and there is the real thing in the sauce. Dissect a huge crab, more beautiful in its cooked death than it ever was in its crawly, leggy life. Wash it down gently with something yellow and smooth, and tell me if I have deceived you as to its merits.

Feasting in Brittany

Just one digression from Paris; we shan't be gone long, however, for we still have many delicacies to explore. If you want a breath of real iodine-laden air, redolent of seaweed, go to the Ile de Bréhat, off the coast of Brittany. At the Hotel Lucas you will hear talk of homard à l'Américaine. Don't shun it as something known and American; order it, and marvel at where it got its name, for I never saw it in America. The red extravagance lies before you, carefully dissected and then put together again. Round him point stars of fried bread, and over all and round all is poured a thick dark red sauce, made, they tell me, of the pressed legs and chosen bits of the lobster. It is hot, this sauce, and highly seasoned; you surreptitiously soak bits of bread in it when everything else is over. It is only a prelude, but it is played by a perfect orchestra, and the best I have ever had is at this hotel. They also have a Pommard there that smells of the sun.

You can make a tea party in almost any place if you half try, only sometimes the tea is lacking. At a tiny fishing place, for example, on this same coast, we were ravenous after sailing for some hours in a spanking breeze. When we landed pickaback on the broad shoulders of my brother, because the tide was way out, I started out to find something to make a party. Up a hill, led by my nose, I dived into a low doorway, down two steps into a mud-floored little shop, and saw, in a great room at the left, huge crusty brown loaves just from the oven, their gashed, rounded sides still cracking from their séance in the heat.

But, no, madame could not cut them, no one would buy a cut loaf, and as they were about the size of a big dishpan I didn't care to stagger along my way under one of them. Out again and up a sunny, smelly alley; flowers tumbling at me over high stone walls, fuchsias, roses, marguerites, unknown beauties luxuriating on every side of me, and so into another little place.

There, just out of the oven, a small crusty loaf, brown and shiny; much crust, little crumb, but that little warm; just the thing. I brush aside a bit of paper on the counter accidentally, and what catches my eye? A loaf of pâté de foie gras, made at Paimpol, famous and creamy. What luck! Half a pound, please, and thank you kindly. Good day, madame!

A rush back to our rendezvous, a tiny café and all-sorts shop, where we are well known and where our purchases range all the way from chocolate to heavy homespun flannel for dressing gowns. Here we inveigle the pretty girl into giving us knives, butter and glasses of port, or fruit sirups and siphons.

I slice away at the crisp crust, saving many a ragged edge for myself—carver's privilege—and thickly pile on the sweet butter and rich pâté. Contented grunts from all the party and frequently outstretched paws attest the success of the chance combination.

Back in Paris, teas are of other and more formal descriptions. The Ritz garden is too well known for comment, and it is only one of dozens of five-o'clock rendezvous. The little cakes are more varied than ever, and just double their former price. You must no longer ask for Café Viennois; since the war it has turned into Café Liègois; but it is as good as ever.

Duck at the Tour-d'Argent

Last February a restriction was reimposed on restaurant keepers, or rather their customers; and printed at the bottom of every menu one read that at each repast either a soup or hors d'œuvres might be eaten, not both; one meat dish; and either dessert or cheese or fruit, not all three. That has just been done away with in form as it has been for some time in substance.

An innovation this summer—and a very charming one they tell me—is to take a little steamboat at the Pont Alexandre at about seven o'clock in the evening. Dinner is served on board, and you circle first the Ile de la Cité, with Notre Dame towering above you, and then cruise gently up and down the almost deserted Seine, dining by the light of the moon. You step off the boat again at about eleven o'clock, after a most charming evening in the fresh air. There is an orchestra, and one dances on the deck.

We have covered pretty nearly all the meals except breakfast, and that every real Parisian takes in bed. But if you do not care for chocolate and crisp rolls and solidly packed unsalted butter, to be consumed lying cozily among your pillows in the almost invariably comfy French beds, why, you may be up and away the first thing in the morning, and hie you to one of the cafés, where, if the dew is on the grass and the sun just benevolently warming you sufficiently, you will be sure to enjoy fruit and *café au lait* at one of the little tables on the sidewalk. You may linger over it perhaps, and read the daily witty article in L'Œuvre, written by De la Fouchardière; its mixture of biting truth, sarcasm and humor will fill you anew with delight at French intelligence, and it will probably grow to be a habit to read his daily remarks.

And now, hush! Hats off! We are approaching one of the oldest and most cherished ceremonies of Paris—a duck at the Tour-d'Argent; you may also call it Frédéric's if you like. It was founded in 1582, and that date is on the quaint stained-glass door that divides the charming entrance hall, with its old dresser filled with interesting plates, its coral-chintz-covered chairs, its bits of old brass and general cozy air, from the small but famous room on the left where the devotees are gathered.

Frédéric himself has departed this life, but the place is the same; only the chairs are more attractive and in keeping with the room, which is almost like a private dining room, with good oil portraits on the walls and a silent ornate clock on the mantel. A few tables are round the walls, and the center of the room is entirely occupied by three sacrificial altars. At one of them stands a white-clad chef, with a silk peaked cap, from which dangles a long white tassel. From the time we entered, at about seven-thirty, until we left, at eleven o'clock, that man and his confrère at the other table basted a series of little piles of duck with

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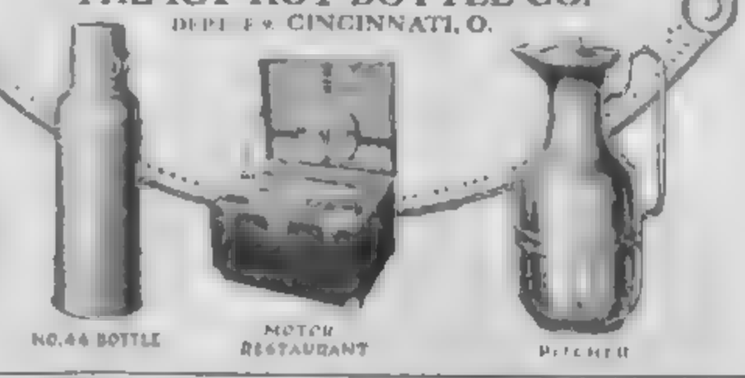

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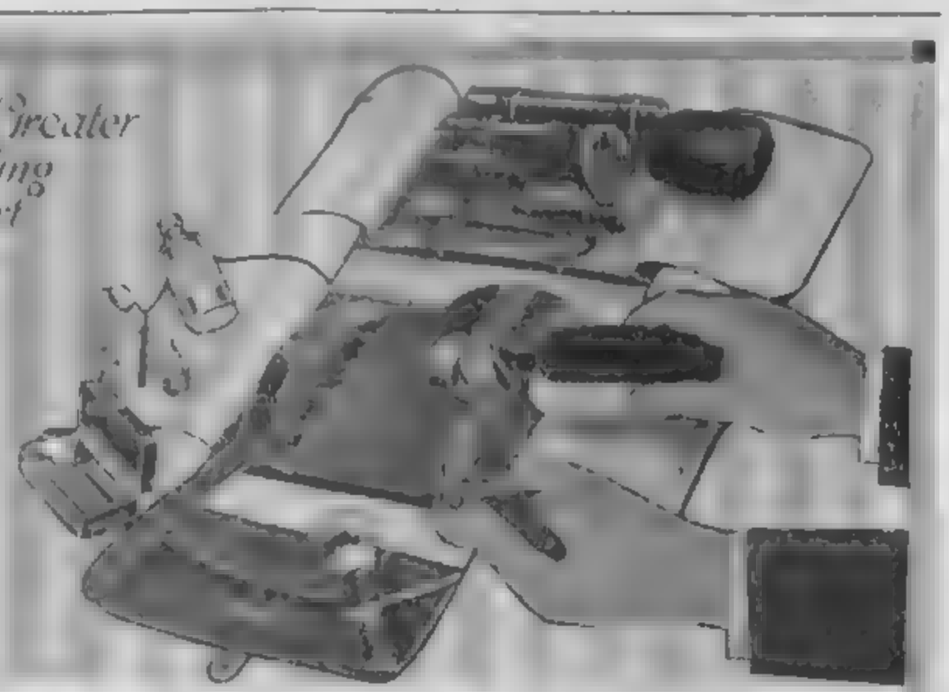

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red gravy, with a fudge-beating rhythm reminiscent of my early years.

The *maître d'hôtel* approached us for our order.

Hors d'œuvre? He was not for them, though we could have them if we liked, but they were apt to take the edge too much off one's appetite if we were going to indulge in duck, yes? Decidedly, duck, yes, we chorused. Well, then, we'll begin with melon, and then the famous *croustade de barbus*. The gentleman in black approved of our taste, the order went forth. The wine gentleman approaches. We consult him, and he shrugs his way through the less expensive red wines down to the bottom one at ninety francs a bottle. That seems to us to be rubbing it in a bit for a red wine, and we skip back to a more simple one, thereby losing caste in the eyes of the waiter. A trifle too much of this atmosphere has crept into the place. At some of the equally famous houses you feel as though you would be as welcome to order a ham sandwich and a bock as the most elaborate dinner. That is really my idea of perfect service; here, however, the prices are a bit thick, and there is just a trifle of condescension, quite out of date in these republican times.

However, the *croustade* is marvelous. It sits like a puff-ball *au gratin* in the middle of your plate, and you gently tear it apart and discover its hollandaise heart.

As you are finishing it a duck, lightly roasted, is brought through the swinging mirror door and up to your table for your inspection. About an hour has gone by and you feel almost unequal to the strain of waiting any longer for it; but it is our own fault for not ordering ahead, and the room is full to-night. Watch now, and don't hurry me. The *maître d'hôtel*, at one of the altars, slices the legs from the body at one fell slice—bravo! It's hard to do that with a duck—puts them on one side, and then slices the entire rest of the flesh into a silver platter. At one end of the table is a press of silver, about two and a half feet high. The stripped carcass, peppered and salted, is next attacked with sharp scissors and snicked and snacked this way and that, and then crowded into the upper pierced drum of the press. A waiting silver sauce dish filled with red liquor is then emptied over these bones, and the press is turned till the juice runs out of the little lip at the bottom of the press. It must be wine, I think, this red stuff, and perhaps currant-jelly juice; my sister says it has the powdered quack in it. Then a second dose of yellow sauce is passed through the press, and the last drop of gravy is wrung from the tightly screwed-down carcass.

This sauce is then poured over the sliced duck on its silver platter, which is placed over the alcohol lamps, and then that tedious basting and beating begins and continues for about half an hour. A card is brought you with the number of your duck written upon it; ours was Number 49,046.

Finally you are served. And oh, it was worth waiting for! It is quite indescribable; gamy and fascinating in flavor. *Pommes soufflées* are served with it, and for a second course they bring you the legs, baked in the oven, and served with a good green salad.

I occasioned the waiter a grin of delight by trying to salt mine from an inverted wooden salt mill. Pepper mills I know, but salt mills were new to me.

For dessert we had peaches smothered in prepared cream, with hot caramel congealing over the top.

The bill was a bit high; the duck, I believe, used to cost sixty francs with the salad and potatoes; now the duck alone is sixty-five francs, and the salad and potatoes are extra. But the room is small, the duck is a wonderful selling point, and they turn people away; so ducky, ducky, ducky, come and be killed. Also, the service is good and the napkins don't rub lint off in your lap as they annoyingly do in cheaper places.

You must order a whole duck, of course, even if you are alone, and one infatuated friend of mine was so haunted by this curious flavor that he felt he must return to the scene of his crime, and not finding anyone to go with him for luncheon on that particular day he went alone to indulge his secret craving and ate the whole duck! His wife found him snoring on the bed some hours later, a perfect advertisement of contentment and repletion.

I am afraid we shall all be bilious if I go on any longer, so here's a toast to the *Bonne Cuisine de Paris*, and may it lure me back year after year!

Teach Him Constructive Ideas

THERE is no better means of character building for your boy than learning the use of fine tools. Manual training is mental training as well, for it develops usefulness, resourcefulness, ingenuity and creative ability. Every boy delights in "making things." Start *your* boy this Christmas with a Millers Falls lathe and fret saw—the ideal beginning for his workshop.

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Two Ideas That Have Shaped American Industry

The Tenth of a Series on the Story of Industrial Justice

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And the other great idea—the Idea that men who must bear risk can band together to insure themselves against loss. In 1696, in England, the first Insurance Company was formed. This, the Hand-in-Hand, was a *mutual* company; the members pooled their risks and pooled their profits.

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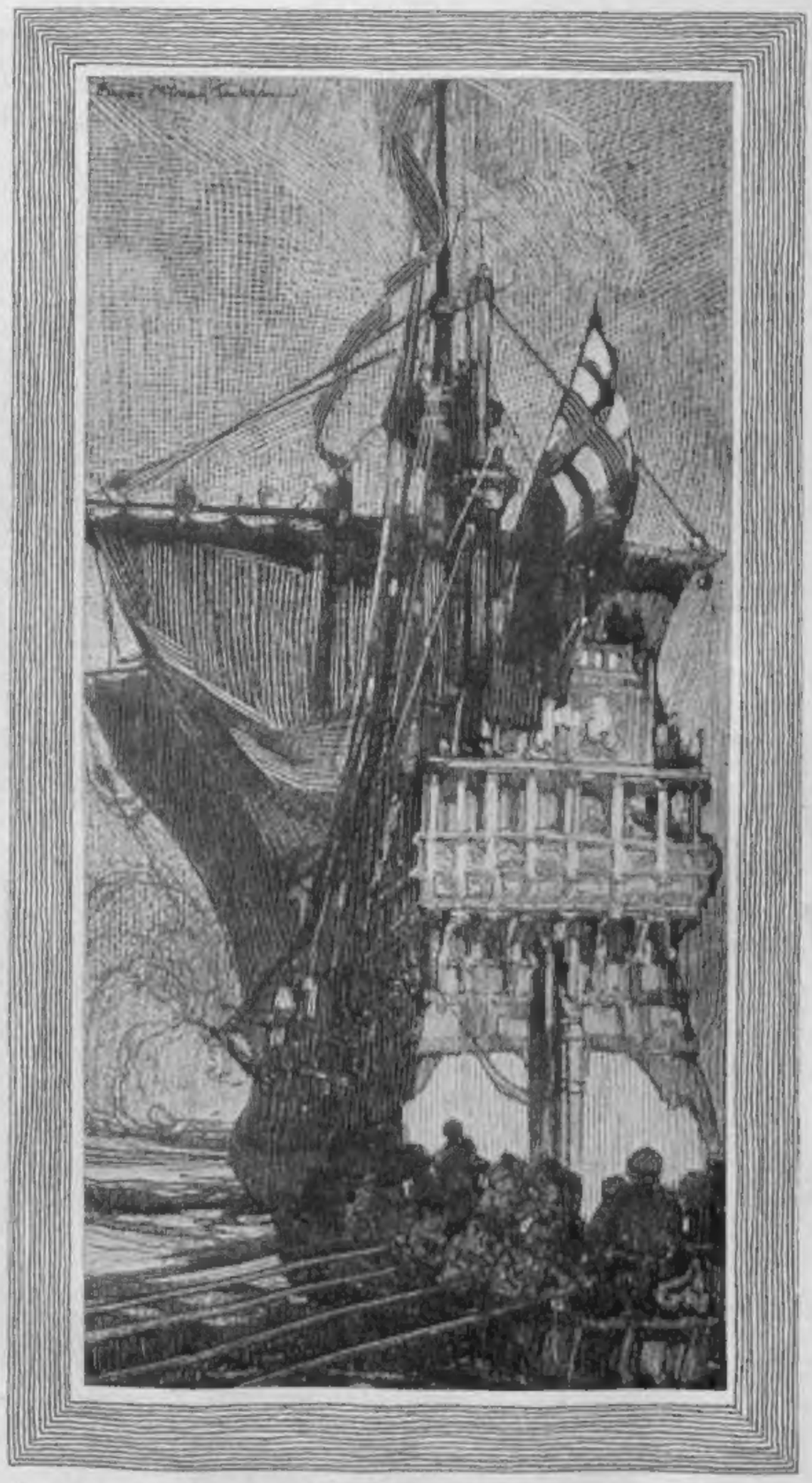

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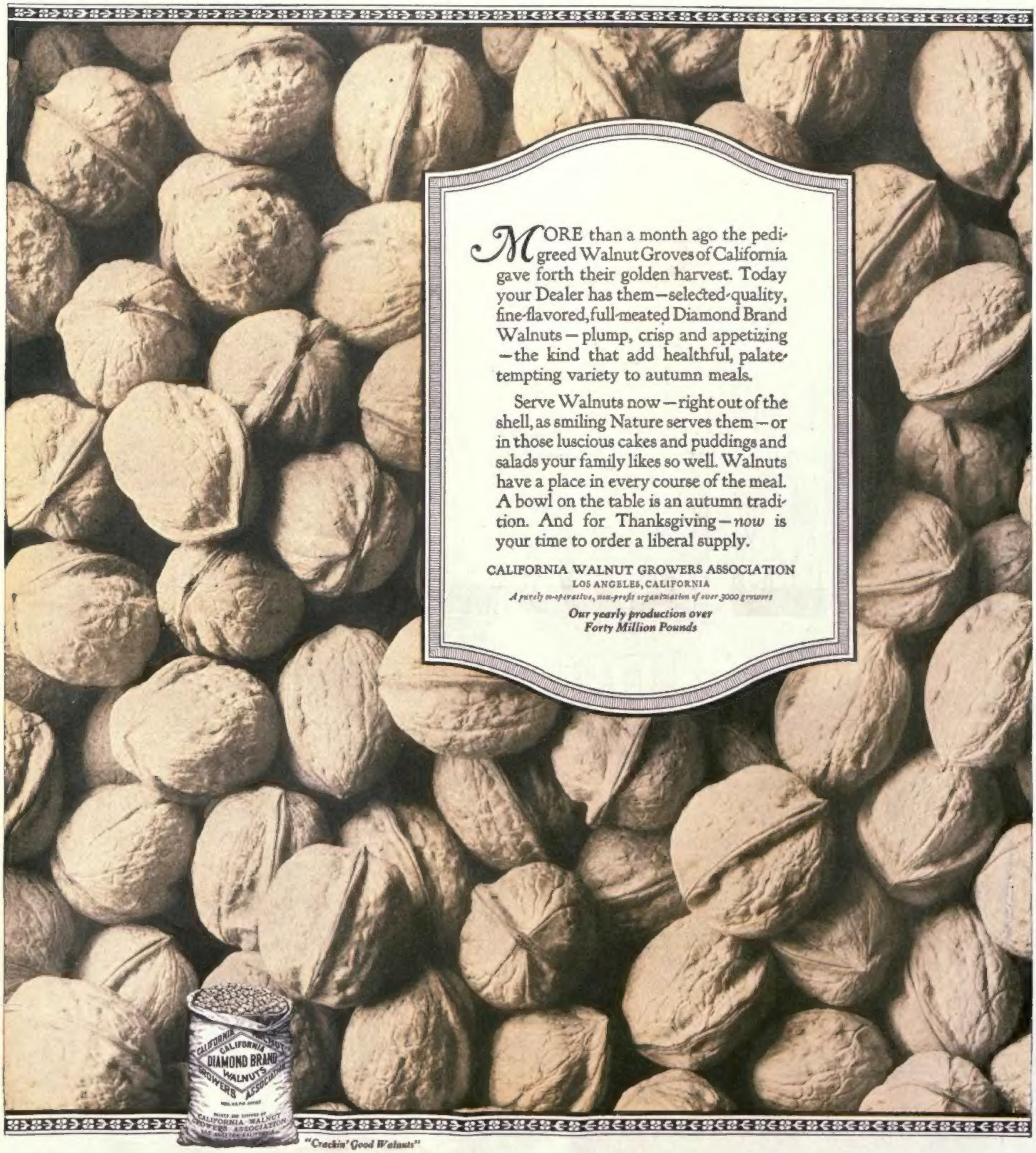

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